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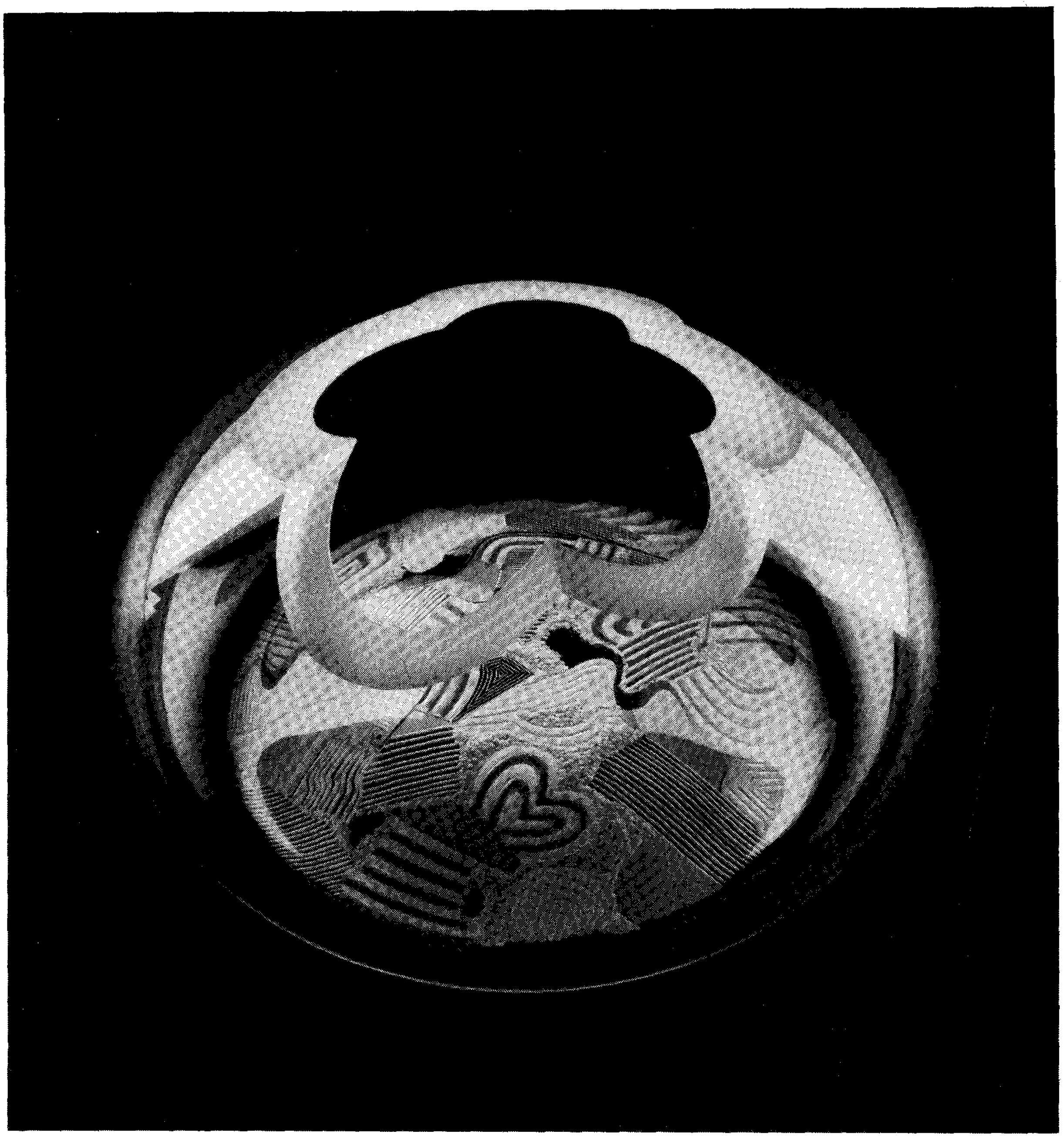

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a cheering musical for doctors if not for lay people. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 30.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is dynamic, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Friday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Jill Clayburgh, Raul Julia, and Frank Langella. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. Preview Wednesday, June 27. Opens officially on Thursday, June 28, at 6:30. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Found a Peanut—Among the adult actors who portray small children at play behind a Brooklyn apartment house are Peter MacNicol, Robert Joy, Kevin Geer, and Evan Handler. Donald Margulies' script is clever enough for all practical purposes. Incidental music by Allen Shawn; scenery and lighting by Thomas Lynch and Beverly Emmons. Claudia Weill directed. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's funny, sad comedy about la vie de Bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols's dynamic direction. William Hurt, Christopher Walken, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, To Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, an Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lorte Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tues days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday at 3.)

Kennedy at Colonus—A play by Laurence Car about the last eight years of Robert F. Ken nedy's life. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W 47th St. 265-0794. Nightly, except Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert an Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Jul 1: RUDDIGORE. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jul 4: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (Eastside, 334 E 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Sat urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, an Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Linda Her and **The Fairy Garden**—Two one-ac plays by Harry Kondoleon. (McGinn/Cazal Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 580-131 Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Mirror Theatre Company—John Patrick's TH HASTY HEART *is the current production in a sea son of revivals.* (Theatre at St. Peter' Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223 6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, an *Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2* an Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley' play about a beauty contest in a small Mis sissippi town hasn't quite the finesse of he

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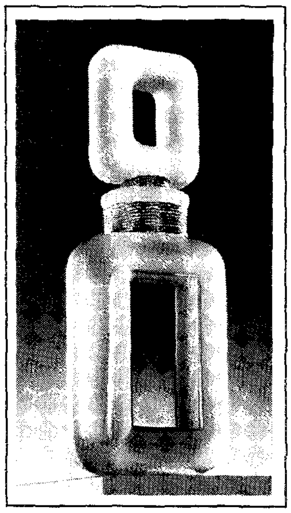


ESTĒE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, June 27, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Nest of the Wood Grouse—Eli Wallach plays a fraudulent Soviet bureaucrat in Victor Rozov's domestic comedy, which aims at satire but settles for entertainment. Mary Beth Hurt, Rosemary De Angelis, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Anne Jackson are among the supporting actors. The play is a long-running hit in Russia. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. Starting Monday, July 2, John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt will take over the leading roles. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

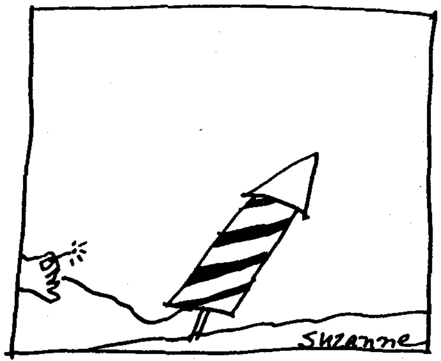
The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Seurat to the life and Bernadette Peters is lovable as Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1, for three weeks.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tender-hearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,056 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday, July 1, at 3, and Wednesday, July 4, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinée Wednesday, July 4, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Phoebe Neville Dance Company—A program of new and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, June 28-July 1, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 431-7476.)

New York International Ballet Competition—The final round will take place on Monday, July 2, at 7:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano singing vintage American popular tunes through Sunday, July 1. Music in the Oak Room Wednesday through Saturday from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. On Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, **DAKOTA STATON**, whose best work comes across when she's singing bluesy, up-tempo numbers, performs with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND'S** trio, and on Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** will guide a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, June 27, Margret Taylor, Keith Gale, and Rockers Unlimited; Thursday, June 28, Street the Beat, Sisters Without Habits, Cindy, and Two One Two; Friday, June 29, Dressed to Kill, Blackout, and Double "O" Zeros; Saturday, June 30, Native Blend, G-Jam, and Class Action; Sunday, July 1, the Blue Riders and Royal Blue & the Fabulous Shades; Monday, July 2, Wonka Tonka Monday; Wednesday, July 4, Kim Parent, the Secret Lovers, and Bill Block & the Big Band; Thursday, July 5, Kid Stuff, Dawn Lewis, and Plexibus; Friday, July 6, How 'Bout It, Spellbound, and Billy & the Buttons; and Saturday, July 7, Five Guys Named Moe, Psychic Pet, and the Shades. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**CARMEN MC RAE** sings with her trio opposite pianist **JOHN LEWIS** and *his* trio through Sunday, July 1; Monday, July 2, will belong to drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** and his **SUPERBAND;** and on Tuesday, July 3, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** will bring in his band, Word of Mouth. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Thursday, June 28, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY;** Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown band; Thursday, July 5, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** and bassist **VIC JURIS;** Friday, July 6, soul singers **SAM & DAVE** and Darlene Love; and Saturday, July 7, **DOC** and **MERLE WATSON,** the stunning flat-pickers and singers from the North Carolina hills. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, June 30, and **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **GEORGE MRAZ** starting Monday, July 2. On Sunday, July 1, flutist Ali Ryerson and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** will be here. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays piano, supported by his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** whose piano style was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, June 27, the Egyptians, Fantastic Life, and Of a Mesh; Thursday, June 28, Raunch Hands, the Clintons, and Killdozer; Friday, June 29, the Ordinaires, Fishman, Details at 11, and Museum; Saturday, June 30, Human Switchboard, Costa Rocka, and Antietam; Sunday, July 1, Reagan Youth and Cause for Alarm; and Tuesday, July 3, Ground Control, the Losers, and Indecision. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Irish music on Mondays and Fridays; Saturday, June 30, the Spatz Family; and Saturday, July 7, the Arnie Solomon band. Music from nine on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Wednesdays through Saturdays; on Sunday, July 1, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will be on the stand; and Mondays and Tuesdays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs during the same hours. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

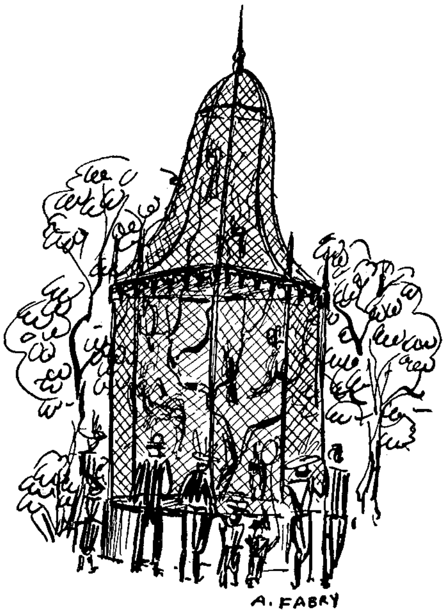
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The jazz: Wednesday, June 27, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **ART TAYLOR;** Thursday through Sunday, June 28-July 1, the **TERRY GIBBS—BUDDY DE FRANCO ALL-STARS;** and Friday through Sunday, July 6-8, guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Monday through Thursday, July 2-5.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, June 27, at nine and eleven, Rain Parade and Mark Rebo & David Conrad; Thursday, June 28, at eight and eleven, the Robin Flower band and **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE;** Friday, June 29, at eight and eleven, Frank Christian; Saturday, June 30, at eight and eleven, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Wednesday, July 4, at nine and eleven, the Trypes; and Friday, July 6, at eight and eleven, **DAVE VAN RONK.** Sundays are comedy nights. Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday, June 27, pianist **RAHN BURTON;** Thursday through Saturday, June 28-30, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** Sunday and Monday, July 1-2, singer Carol Fredette; Tuesday, July 3, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE;** Wednesday through Saturday, July 4-7, pianist Kenny Brawner. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio through Sunday, July 1, and on Wednesday, July 4, Kitt Moran and the Mike Moran trio will move in. Mondays singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten, and the same hours on Sundays are devoted to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a fireball of a stride pianist, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays **JIMMY LYON** is at the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.



Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **ROLAND HANNA** and **RON CARTER** through Saturday, June 30; and **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Tuesday, July 3. Music from ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, June 27, **JOHN LEE HOOKER;** Thursday, June 28, Pure Prairie League; Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4, **STEVE FORBERT;** and Thursday, July 5, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A music-education alert: drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his labor-of-love, occasionally Birth-of-the-Cool-sounding nonet, **DAMERONIA,** are here through Sunday, July 1. The charts are compositions (transcribed off old recordings) by Tadd Dameron, who died nearly twenty years ago and who left a body of music that, although written for Kansas City and New York swing bands of the forties and the early repertoires of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and John Coltrane, straddles the worlds of bebop and popular standards. Two of his lusher compositions, for example, "On a Misty Night" and "Soultrane," are as beautiful and lyrical and accessible as anything by Richard Rodgers, but because Dameron's music has remained in the confines of jazz, very few people have ever heard of him, much less heard his music. The last time Dameronia played here, it had the all-smiles pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** the fluent, fluid baritone sax of **CECIL PAYNE,** and the wonderful **FRANK WESS,** on alto and tenor saxophones, in its ranks. On Tuesday, July 3, alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON,** still hard swinging and bluesy, will bring in his quartet. Mondays belong to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI—LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND.** Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Claudine Cassan, Leilani Mickey, Anthony Mucci, and Richard Roemer sing in an original-song revue, "Bittersuite," Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, June 29, Love Tractor and Mike Angelo & the Idols; Saturday, June 30, Rain Parade and Charlie Pickett & the Eggs; and Saturday, July 7, Tim Scott and the Egyptians. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **PANAMA FRANCIS,** a wily, adept drummer-bandleader, celebrates Chick Webb music from the thirties with his orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that dates from 1935 when the building was *remodelled—the building itself dates from* 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, June 27, the Big Breakup; Thursday, June 28, Siouxsie & the Banshees; and Sunday and Monday, July 1-2, **STEEL PULSE.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz *club in which most of the walls are refresh*ingly austere. The roster: drummer **STIX HOOPER'S** combo, which features violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK,** through Sunday, July 1; Monday, July 2, Mike Capo; Tuesday, July 3, Paul Shapiro; and Thursday through Saturday, July 5-7, Undercover. The music runs from nine-thirty. Closed Wednesday, July 4.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28, **DJAVAN;** Friday, June 29, and Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Saturday, June 30, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Wednesday, July 4, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN;** and Thursday, July 5, Mikata. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Lilting, rhythmic South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM'S EKAYA,** with **CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVIS, DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE,** and **BEN RILEY** through Saturday, June 30; Sunday, July 1, Brazilian percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON;** Monday, July 2, **SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA;** and starting Tuesday, July 3, **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON & THE SUNRISE ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

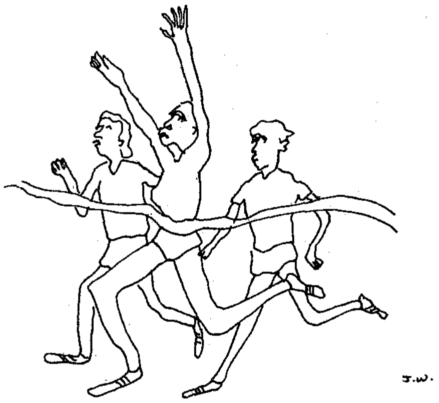
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues and Irish-music hangout. Wednesday, June 27, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Saturday, June 30, Firesign; and Wednesday through Saturday, July 4-7, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, from New Orleans. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on July 2, **JOE CUBA, CHARANGA AMERICA,** and guest jazz soloist violinist **BILLY BANG** will all be onstage. On Friday, June 29, at ten-thirty, **TERUMASA HINO, JOHN BLAKE, JAY HOGGARD,** and **GRADY TATE** will perform; and on Saturday, June 30, various ensembles featuring music, dance, and poetry will be presented, with participants including **AMIRI BARAKA, JERRY GONZALEZ, RASHIED ALI, SAM RIVERS, SONNY FORTUNE, FRED HOPKINS, STANLEY COWELL,** and **RONNY BURRAGE,** among others. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** play piano-bass duets through Sunday, July 1; on Tuesday, July 3, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will move in. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. The athletic **ELVIN JONES** leads his quintet through Sunday, July 1; on Tuesday, July 3, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will move in with *his* quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz musicians. Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28, **CHARLES EUBANKS;** Friday through Sunday, June 29-July 1, and Thursday through Sunday, July 5-8, pianist Charles Blenzig and bassist Jim Brogan; and Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4, Frank Jolliffe on the Chapman Stick and pianist Joe Ruddick. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, the **COUNTSMEN,** the Basie-alumni band (from the thirties and forties, that is), led by saxophonist-singer **EARLE WARREN;** Saturday, June 30, veteran big-band reed-section soloist **BENNY WATERS;** Sunday, July 1, a birthday jam for Earle Warren; and starting Tuesday, July 3, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ.** Mondays are the property of saxophonist Percy France. Music from about nine.



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Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. Singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** performs with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** through Saturday, June 30. Music from eight. Closed Sunday, July 1, through Sunday, July 8.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Kool Jazz Festival—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga performers, see page 16, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 27, at 5: Stanley Cowell, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8: Philip Glass and the Philip Glass Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8: Lionel Hampton and Artie Shaw. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8: The Quartette Indigo and Mario Rivera and the Salsa Refugees. (Irving Plaza, Irving Pl. at 15th St.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 5: Kenny Burrell, solo guitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8: Mel Tormé, George Shearing, Maureen McGovern, and others in an evening of American songs. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8: The Maynard Ferguson All-Stars, the Wynton Marsalis quintet, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8: James (Blood) Ulmer, the Skeleton Crew, and Arto Lindsay's Ambitious Lovers. (Irving Plaza.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 5: Jorge Dalto, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 7 and 11: Gladys Knight & the Pips and the Ray Charles Show '84. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8: Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, and Sun Ra & the Omniverse Jazz Arkestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8: "Night of Percussion," with Milford Graves, Kenny Clarke, Don Moye, Andrew Cyrille, Daniel Poncé, and others. (Irving Plaza.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: On the Staten Island Ferry—the James *Cotton Blues Band and the Dirty Dozen Brass* Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 5:30: Joe Bushkin, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8: "A Salute to Count Basie," with Joe Williams, Illinois Jacquet, Harry (Sweets) Edison, Frank Foster, Benny Powell, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8: The Sonny Rollins quintet and Flora Purim & Airto. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 10: Test Dept. (Irving Plaza.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 8:30: The George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of the above, call 787-2020.

Giants—A 2-Day Tribute to Red Garland—*Friday*, June 29, from 5 to 8:30: Chuck Wayne, Lee Wilhite, and Phineas Newborn. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, from 9:30 to midnight: Lou Donaldson's quintet, with Bill Hardman, and George Coleman's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, from 4 to 6:30: Bill Lee & the New York Bass Violin Choir and the Phineas Newborn trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, from 7:30 to midnight: Major Holley & Jamil Nasser, Harold Vick, Clifford Jordan, Lou Donaldson, and George Coleman. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.)

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 27; Friday, June 29; Sunday, July 1; and Thursday, July 5, all at 8.

Go-Go's—With Inxs. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, June 28, at 8.)

Barry Harris Trio—With C-Sharpe. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday through Sunday, June 29-July 1, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

John and Phil Cunningham—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday and Sunday, June 30-July 1, at 8.

Kip Hanrahan–Jack Bruce Band—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, July 2, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed on Wednesday, July 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Mark Adams—Watercolors and one large tapestry. Through Friday, July 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Shirl Goedike—Fresh-looking oils and watercolors, mostly of inviting spots in France and Spain. Through Friday, June 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Kazuko Inoue—Recent abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949) / **Bill Noland**—Still-lifes, landscapes, and even a couple of abstract paintings, but most of all his cool-eyed circus women in their showy uniforms. Through Friday, June 29. / Abstract welded-aluminum wall sculptures. Through July 13. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Gerry Nichols—Relief constructions made of wood and Plexiglas and based on other art work—Winslow Homer's painting of a fox hunt, for instance. Through Saturday, July 7. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exercise involving fourteen painters and sculptors, two works by each. Susan Rothenberg chose Albert York, for instance, and Jedd Garet chose Lucas Samaras. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by gallery artists Howard Newman, Robert Ohnigian, Romare Bearden, and others. Through July 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by the artists who make up the gallery's stable. Through Friday, June 29. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Mother Nature was the common denominator in this selection of paintings by a half-dozen artists, among them Michael Mazur and Ree Morton, whose treatments range from the representational to the abstract. Through July 25. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A tender Modigliani portrait of a young woman, several pen-and-ink sketches by Matisse, and a vintage Utrillo are included in an all-star show. Through Friday, June 29.

Sculpture—Works in stone by Max Bill, Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen, and Masayuki Nagare. Through July 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Ruth Bauer—Bouffant trees dot these paintings of landscapes in New England and on the Gulf Coast of Texas. Through Saturday, June 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro—The artist's sixtieth birthday is the occasion for a two-gallery exhibit of his recent output. Massive steel sculptures and small, painted lead-and-wood table pieces. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Large-scale free-standing bronzes, plus smaller works in steel. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.) Both shows through Friday, June 29.

Franco Ciarlo—Figurative works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, June 30. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Rainer Fetting / James Rosati—Neo-Expressionist paintings, mostly very large, in which a found strip of timber is laid across the picture plane and sometimes incorporated into the action—a painted figure, for instance, is shown using a saw on the collaged wood. / Recent sculptures, monumental in size and abstract in design. Through Friday, July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

David Finn—Three dozen paintings based on two Yeats poems ("Sailing to Byzantium" and "Byzantium") by an artist known primarily as a photographer. Through July 13. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 30.)

Cecily Barth Firestein—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through Saturday, June 30. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Rudi Frank—Watercolors of flowers, with attractive oddments in the background. Through Saturday, June 30. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Hollweg and Hitch Lyman—Watercolors by both artists—the English countryside, mostly, by the former, and gardens in Spain by the latter. Through Friday, July 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oliver Johnson—Accomplished oils and pastels of jazz people, notably Louis Armstrong in his shirtsleeves, and a concert at Preservation Hall. Through July 13. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Richard Ryan—Figures and medieval-looking architecture painted in exceptionally low-keyed reds and browns. The artist teaches at Vassar. Through July 13. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pieri Vagnetti—Shimmery paintings with Cubist overtones, among them a large triptych of the Arno riverside, by an artist who lives in his native Florence. Through July 13. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

akob Weidemann—Large canvases by a senior Norwegian abstractionist. Through Saturday, June 30. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Representative works by gallery artists Sarah Canright, Jonathan Santlofer, Jeff Way, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is the compositional device of a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through July 27. (Open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by American abstractionists, primarily from the first half of the twentieth century, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through July 18. (Open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Doug Anderson and Joel Handorff are among the half-dozen artists showing paintings and sculptures in this gallery—all but one of them for the first time. Through Friday, July 6. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: A changing exhibit of representational landscape, figure, and still-life paintings by Robert Birmelin, William L. Haney, Ida Kohlmeyer, and others. There are also a couple of abstract wall pieces thrown in for contrast. Through Aug. 31. (Open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Frederic Amat, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley are some of the artists represented in a rotating show offering paintings and works on paper that deal with the theme of the artist's studio. Through July 27. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Harry Koursaros, Richard McKown, Andrew Tavarelli, and Joyce Weinstein. Through Friday, July 6. (Open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: Another changing exhibit, this one of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans—Vuillard, Pissarro, Botero, Moore, Meadmore, Nevelson, and so on. Through Aug. 31. . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, including Ernst, Magritte, Man Ray, and Motherwell. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century landscape paintings of the American West, by Albert Bierstadt, Samuel Colman, Sanford R. Gifford, and others. Through Friday, July 6. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Emlen Etting, and many others, plus sculptures by Fred Meyer. Through Sept. 7. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSS,** 162 W. 56th St.: Drawings and works on paper by nineteen artists, among them Sandy Gellis, whose contribution can be seen on a rooftop out the gallery window, where metal shavings combine with the elements to produce oxidized configurations on sixteen paper panels. Through Friday, June 29. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Unconventional landscapes by sixty artists, among them Claes Oldenburg, Judy Pfaff, Saul Steinberg, and David Hockney. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **TILTON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Four new painters—Stano Filko from Czechoslovakia, Guy Goodwin from Alabama, Stefan Triffa from Rumania, and Margrit Lewczuk, a local. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Edgar Buonagurio, Harry Bartnick, and Mark Hadjipateras. Through July 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **MARIAN GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that emphasizes the wide variety of first-rate contemporary sculpture. The artists include Richard Artschwager, Claes Oldenburg, Tony Cragg, and Sol LeWitt. Through Friday, July 6. (Open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Peter Agostini, Lee Bontecou, Raoul Hague, Reuben Nakian, Richard Stankiewicz, and George Sugarman in a show of works and related drawings, all executed in the nineteen-sixties. Through July 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—This conceptual artist's installation "La Salle Blanche" is set up at the Boone gallery precisely as it was when it was first shown in Paris in 1975. Through Saturday, June 30. (417 West Broadway.)

William Freed (1902-84)—Still-life paintings by an artist widely known in Provincetown, who died a month before this show opened. Through Saturday, July 7. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Open Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, and Thursday through Saturday, July 5-7.)

Futura 2000—The signature of one of the graffiti artists who is showing paintings at the Shafrazi gallery. Through July 14. (163 Mercer St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Pencil drawings of nature sketched out-of-doors. Through Saturday, June 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

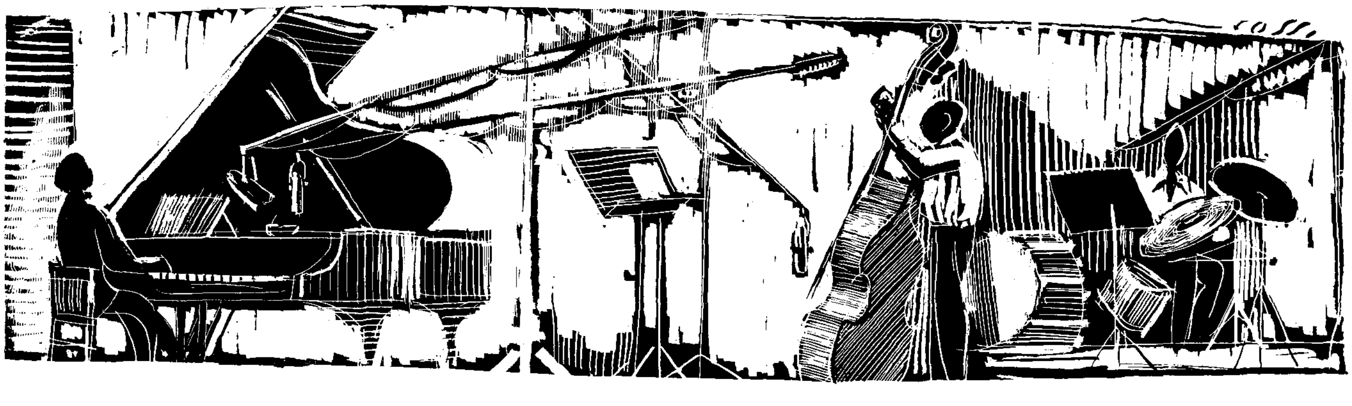
Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through Sunday, July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.)

Jeff Mendoza and Stephen Whisler—Sculptured landscape forms—mesas and plateaus in abstract wall pieces by the former and rugged freestanding characterizations of canyons and geysers by the latter. Also drawings by both men. Through July 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St. Open Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, and Thursday and Friday, July 5-6.)

Yhuda Porbochrai—Paintings of New Image figures seen in environments where conventional fish and flowers abound. Through July 13. (Concord, 451 Broome St. Open Wednesday through Saturday, June 27-30, and Thursday and Friday, July 5-6.)

Dario Villalba / Peter Alexander—Large paintings made up of disparate elements—painted abstractions, for instance, juxtaposed with vastly enlarged photographs of a couple of fingers or a bundle of clothes. / Fiery sunsets in acrylics and oils on canvas. Through Saturday, June 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: The chefs d'oeuvre of the current show are Frank Stella's twelve-foot-nine-inch mixed-medium construction; Richard Serra's twenty-ton Cor-ten-steel sculpture; and Robert Rauschenberg's high-fire ceramic painting, just under nine feet tall, incorporating David's portrait of Napoleon on a rearing charger. Through July 27. (Open Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, and Thursday and Friday, July 5-6.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.:



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **ENO,** 164 Mercer St.: Recent paintings, sculptures, collages, photographs, you-name-it, by gallery members Constance Dodge, Joyce Sills, Gary Rauchbach, and others. Through Thursday, July 5. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St.: The one permanent fixture in an otherwise revolving summer show of gallery regulars is a wall covered with seventy-two paintings on seventy-two different subjects by the painter and sculptor Martin Johnson. Through July 27. (Open Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, and Thursday and Friday, July 5-6.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: A sort of yearbook show, featuring painters who are alumni of this gallery's past season—David Bowes, K. H. Hödicke, and Sabina Mirri among them. Through July 31. (Open Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, and Thursday and Friday, July 5-6.) . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: A smorgasbord of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Philip Corey, Mimi Korach Lesser, Carol Unger, and numerous others, inspired by the artists' feelings about their kitchens. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through July 21. (Opens at noon Tuesdays, except July 3, through Saturdays.) . . . **SONNABEND,** 420 West Broadway: One new work each by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Mel Bochner, Robert Morris, and Barry Le Va. Through Friday, June 29. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: A summer offering of paintings and drawings by gallery artists, including Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Mimmo Paladino, and others. Through Friday, June 29.

SCULPTURE—Wall pieces done in various carved woods and in slate by Jeffrey Plate; trim marble posts standing in a bed of glass shards by Arden Scott; and Jim Raglione's group of skeletal chairs and chaises made of pipe and meant to be hooked up to the water supply. Through July 13. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St. Open Wednesday through Friday, June 27-29, and Thursday and Friday, July 5-6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GREGORY BOTTS / TED ROSENTHAL—Large bold compositions painted in black-and-white, mostly. / Painted-steel sculpture, hand forged, much of it depicting flames and demonic creatures. Through Friday, June 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

URSULA VON RYDINGSVÄRD / GEORGIA MARSH—Recent large-scale architectural sculptures in cedar. / Bannerlike abstract gouaches. Through Saturday, June 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS SPACE,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St., and a new, additional location, at 223 West Broadway: This enterprise is giving itself a pat on the back on its tenth anniversary with a show of sixty-five artists who got a start here. Each painter and sculptor is represented by an early piece and a recent one. Troy Brauntuch, Stephen Frailey, Rebecca Howland, Tom Otterness, Christy Rupp, and others. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: A new-talent show of works by eighteen artists, among them twin Cuban-born sisters, Sahara and Haydee Scull, who now live in Miami and together have created a painted bas-relief of Hemingway's favorite Havana haunt, the Floridita, showing him and a lot of other revellers, including Ronald Reagan and Carmen Miranda. Through Friday, June 29.

PHOTOGRAPHY

WILLIAM CLIFT—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

EILEEN COWIN—The photographer and her family pose in various attitudes in a large black-and-white mural and other prints. Through Saturday, June 30. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)

WALKER EVANS (1903-75)—Photographs that appeared in *Fortune* or in the Museum of Modern Art publication "American Photographs," including many of the original exhibition prints made by Evans. Through Tuesday, July 3. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

GYÖRGY KEPES / LEWIS W. HINE (1874-1940)—A full-scale retrospective by a photographer-painter usually identified with experimental work in light and abstraction; large-scale Polaroids made this spring are his latest contribution. / Photographs from a 1936-37 W.P.A. project, which studied working conditions in factories and mines. Through July 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

SHEILA METZNER—Color portraits and still-lifes that have been seen on the pages of, for instance, *Vogue* and *House & Garden.* Through Friday, June 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

LUCIA MOHOLY—Photographs of Gropius's Bauhaus buildings in Dessau and a portrait of Florence Henri are among forty works. Through July 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.)

JUDY SEIGEL—Tourist-type photographs (views from the World Trade Center, or in Monet's garden at Giverny) developed in such a way that some sections have an iridescent, metallic quality. Through Friday, June 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

TED VICTORIA—Eye-level frames enclosing various objects that are reflected by a lens, light and mirror system; also, a darkened-room installation on the same principle, only here viewers can walk around the objects. Through Saturday, July 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

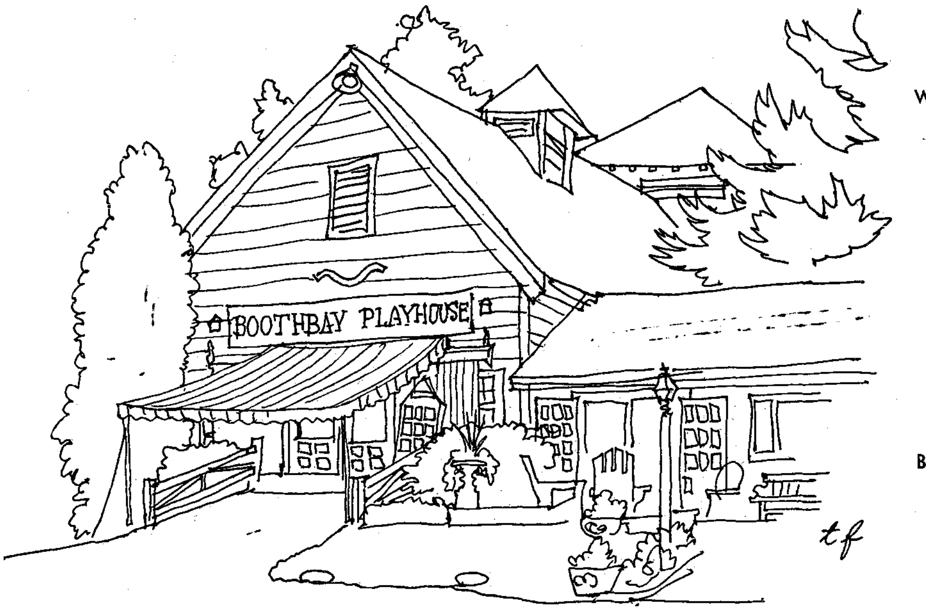
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Jack and Belle Linsky galleries, the new and permanent home for the Linskys' vast collection of European art and decorative objects (among them Old Master paintings, eighteenth-century French furniture, Russian porcelains, Baroque bronzes, and Renaissance jewelry), are now open to the public. . . ¶ "African Ivories," eighty carved objects spanning the past four hundred years of sub-Saharan culture, including figures, masks, ornaments, musical instruments, and two huge ivory tusks that are engraved with the images of African rulers and deities. . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesday through Saturday, June 27-30, from 10 to 4:45. Thereafter, daily, again except Mondays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

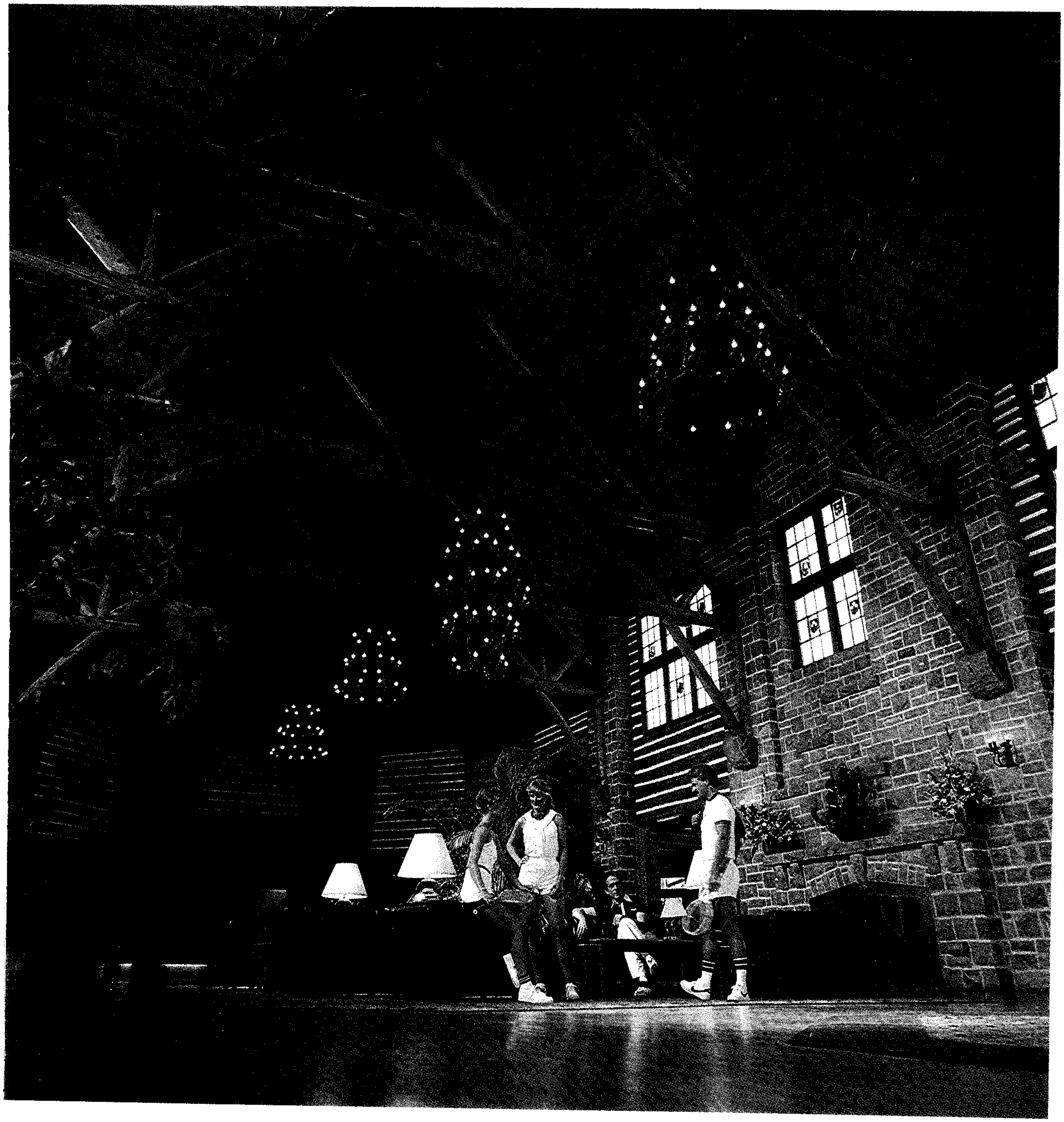
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures in America covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works, by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Starts Thursday, June 28. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer





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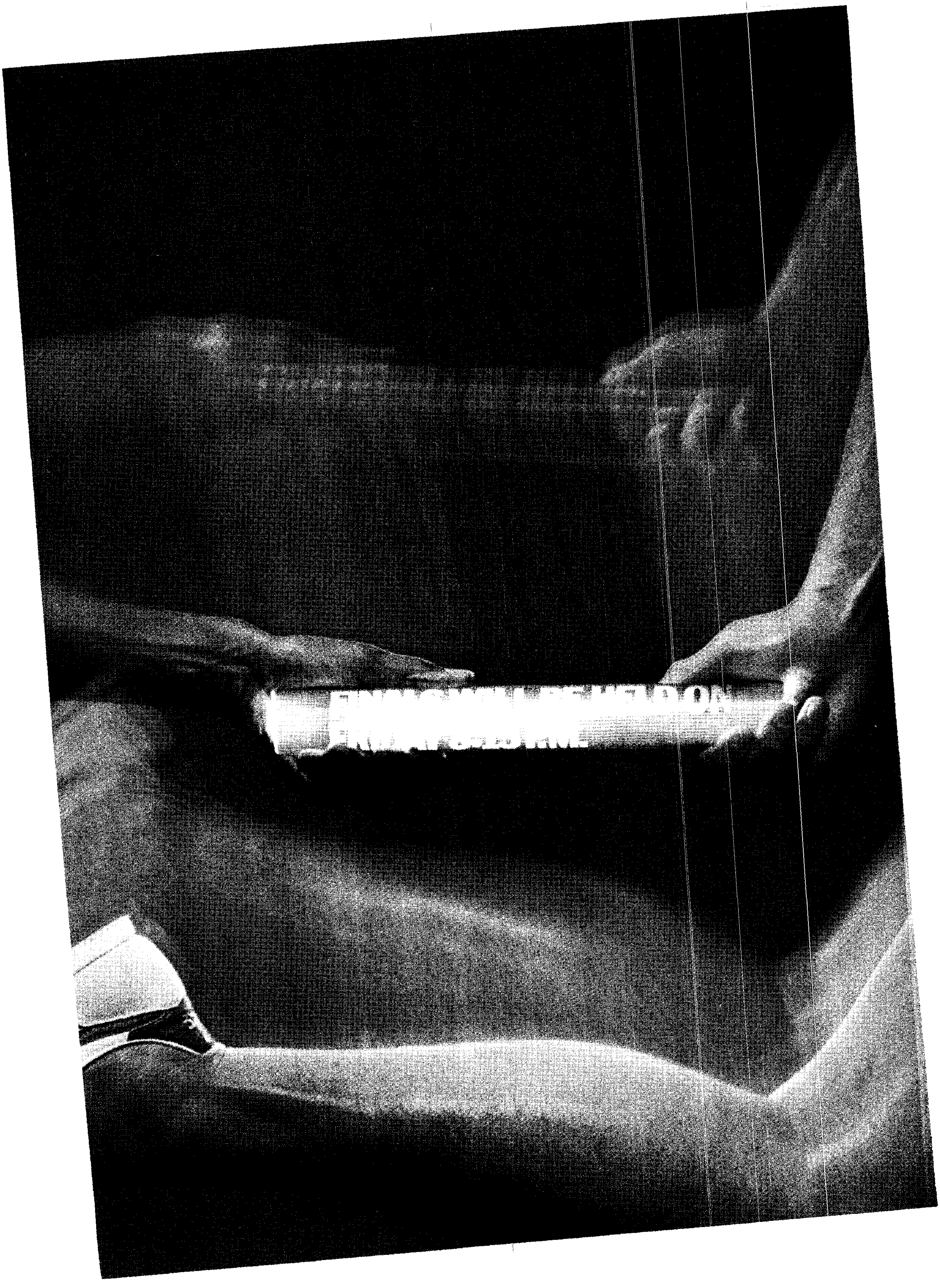
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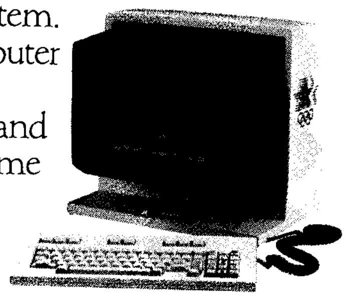

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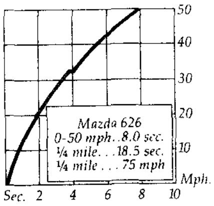

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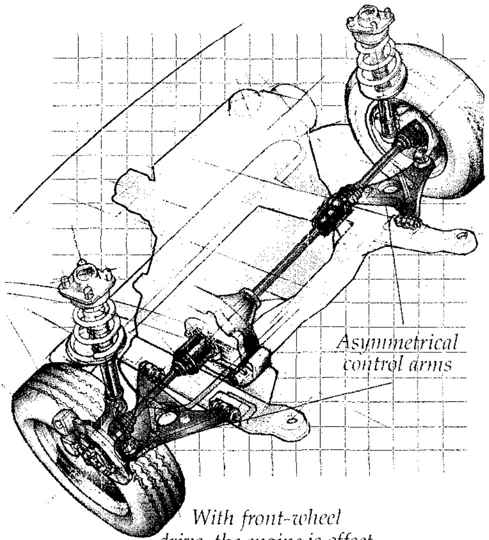

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series "Nancy Outside in July." Through Sunday, July 1. (Open Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

merican Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

sia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Monday, July 2, Wednesday, July 4, and Friday, July 6, from 11 to 6; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

ooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ A show, organized by the Denver Art Museum, that examines the predominance of the circle as a motif in the designs of the Plains Indians for their tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, and other social and domestic necessities. Through July 15. . . . ¶ Silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

ck Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July . Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to ; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

wish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of pproximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, ynagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, xcept Wednesday, July 4, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; undays and Wednesday, July 4, from 11 to .)

rgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniverary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from he collections: French drawings, 1550 to 825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manucripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" o Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of Travels with Charley." Through July 31. Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

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Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade. Scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesday, July 3, from 10:30 to 2; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—In this show the emphasis is on contemporary artists from all over the country who have had little exposure in New York until now. Each of the painters and sculptors (there is also one photographer) is represented by a number of works, and there are fourteen artists all told. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of European and American playing cards dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, the themes of which range from political (a Napoleonic deck illustrating his battles, for instance) to geographical to fortune-telling. Card-game accessories and early board games are also on display. Starts Thursday, June 28. . . . ¶ The Statue of Liberty is the basis of a loan show of seventy-five photographs, many of which have not been seen in public before. A third of them document various stages of the statue's construction; another twenty show immigrants at Ellis Island, photographed between 1892-1925 by an employee there; and the rest present more recent so-called portrait views of the statue, by Berenice Abbott, Kenneth Snelson, and others. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Gottesman Exhibition Hall has opened with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. (Open Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

English National Opera—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, June 27, and Friday, June 29, at 7: Prokofieff's "War and Peace" (in English), with Eilene Hannan, Ann Howard, Kenneth Woollam, and Neil Howlett; conducted by James Lockhart. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8: Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," with Patricia O'Neill, Anne Collins, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Victor Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 2: Britten's "Gloriana," with Sarah Walker, Elizabeth Vaughan, Arthur Davies, and Richard Van Allan; Noel Davies. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8: Verdi's "Rigoletto" (in English), with Valerie Masterson, Jean Rigby, Dennis O'Neill, and John Rawnsley; Mark Elder. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 18—Friday, July 6, at 7: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Walter MacNeil, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Maryanne Telese, Richard Leech, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Festival of the American New Music Consortium—Final performances. Wednesday, June 27: Dinos Costantinides, violin, and the New York University Forum for New Music Players at 6, and the New York Harp Ensemble at 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28: Gary Dranch, clarinet, and Catherine Rowe, soprano, at 6, and Composers in Red Sneakers and the New York University Contemporary Players, with Patricia Brown Avantario, soprano, at 7. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29: Yoko Ceskina, harp; the New York University Contemporary Players; and the Guild of Composers at 6. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

James Richman—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, June 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Thursday and Friday, June 28-29, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:30: Bella Davidovich, piano, in an all-Chopin program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 7: Jules Eskin, cello, and Leonard Slatkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Dvořák-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Brahms-Haydn-Ravel program, with Leon Fleisher, piano; Joseph Silverstein,

violin; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Mr. Eskin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting a Rachmaninoff-Shostakovich program, with Miss Davidovich. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 5:30: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a Gershwin-Copland-Bernstein program, with William Blount, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Elizabethan and early-Stuart music. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center—on Wednesday, July 4, a special bus will leave at 1:30; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, June 28, at 8:15: Aerosmith and Orion the Hunter. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8:15: Jimmy Buffett. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Saturday, June 30, at noon: Gladys Knight & the Pips; Mel Tormé and the Mike Renzi trio; Dizzy Gillespie; Betty Carter and her trio; the Stan Getz quartet; and others. . . . Sunday, July 1, at noon: Al Jarreau; Spyro Gyra; the Toshiko Akiyoshi–New York Jazz Orchestra, with Lew Tabackin; and others. For information about tickets, call 787-2020, in New York. . . . ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 21. Tuesday, July 3, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4, at 8:15: "Mozartiana," "Concerto Barocco," "Sonatine," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 2: "Mozartiana," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Concerto Barocco," "Sonatine," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:15: "Mozartiana," "Concerto Barocco," "Sonatine," and "Glass Pieces." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, June 30: Gregory Osborne, Gizella Witkowsky, Patrick Bissell, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 3-7: The Bucket Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At the Meadowlands: United States Grand Prix, Sunday, July 1, at 4.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, June 27, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Thursday, June 28, at 7:35; Friday, June 29, at 8:05; Saturday, June 30, at 1:20; and Sunday, July 1, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Thursday, July 5, at 7:35; Friday, July 6, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 7, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Dwyer, Saturday, June 30; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, July 1; the Astoria, Monday, July 2; the Suburban Handicap, Wednesday, July 4; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: *Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays* at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, July 24.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights, except Wednesday, July 4, at 8, and Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

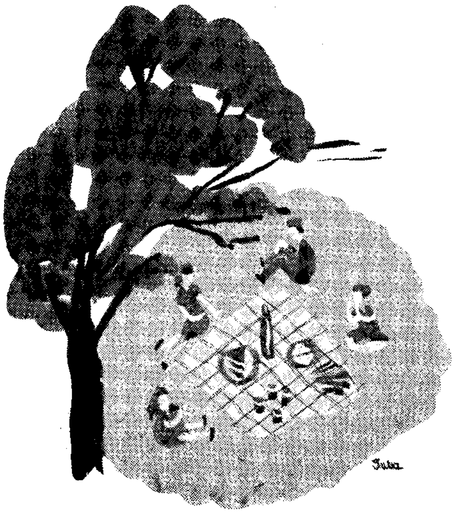
ET ALIA

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. —Thursday, June 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, June 29, at 10:15: Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ *Thursday, June 28, at 2, and Saturday*, June 30, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorative arts. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 2: Musical instruments. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 10:15: American folk art, furniture, and decorative arts. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St.—Thursday, June 28, at 10 and 2, and Friday, June 29, at 10: Chinese ceramics, jades, and other works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 2: Classic and contemporary Chinese paintings.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. **SATURDAY THROUGH TUESDAY, JUNE 30–JULY 3:** Eight international yachts will compete in a series of races in New York Harbor, for the Liberty Cup. . . . **SATURDAY, JUNE 30:** At six, the United States Army Field Band and Soldiers' Chorus will perform on Pier 16 at the South Street Seaport Museum. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 1:** A ten-thousand-metre running race across the George Washington Bridge to Inwood Hill Park begins at eight. . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 4:** At eleven, at the Battery Park Seawall, a roll call of the states, accompanied by a fifty-gun salute, will start the day. . . . ¶ A street fair, with music, booths for arts and crafts, and other entertainment will take place on Water Street, between Battery Park and the South Street Seaport, from eleven until about four. . . . ¶ This year's parade, which kicks off at twelve-thirty, will start in Brooklyn, cross the Brooklyn Bridge, and head down Broadway to the Battery. . . . ¶ At one, international teams will compete in races on the Hudson River off the Battery, for the International Lifeboat Race Trophy. . . . ¶ Between one and five, a flotilla of pleasure boats under power and sail will be in the area of the Statue of Liberty. . . . ¶ The windup will include two fireworks displays—Jersey City's show from the Statue of Liberty at about nine, and Macy's traditional fireworks, set off (precisely at nine-fifteen) from barges in the East River between 23rd and 42nd Streets. (The F.D.R. Drive will be closed to automobiles and open to pedestrians from 14th to 51st Streets between the hours of eight and one.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **HENRY V,** with Kevin Kline and Mar Elizabeth Mastrantonio. The first of tw productions to be presented in the Delacort Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W 81st St. Nightly, except Wednesday, July at 8. Through Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)



Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—"E nani," with Guillermina Higareda, Vladimi Popov, Louis Quilico, and John Macurd conducted by Thomas Fulton. (Marine Par Brooklyn. Friday, June 29, at 8:30; rain dat July 1.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee C conducting the Goldman Memorial Band i this summer's series of concerts. (Wedne days through Fridays, and Sundays, at through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Dino Ana nost directing the Metropolitan Singers/T Greek Choral Society and Orchestra in program of music from Broadway show (Wednesday, July 4, at 4.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts Pier 16. Thursday, June 28, at 8: Cedar Wa ton and Company. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, 8: The Barry Harris–Clifford Jordan qua tet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4, at 6: Alber Hunter. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8: The K McClure Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at Valery Ponomarev and the Universal La guage. (East River at Fulton St.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer pe ple's summertime concerts. Wednesday, Ju 27: King Crimson. . . . ¶ Saturday June 3 Ted Nugent and Alcatrazz. (Pier 84, Twelf Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; throu Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tic ets, call 249-8870.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Ro Garden is open for the season, with mo than five thousand rosebushes representi nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays throu Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays, Sundays, a Wednesday, July 4, from 10:30 to 4:30.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinna July 8 (day). St. Louis, July 23-24 (nig and July 25 (d). Chicago, July 27 (n) a July 28-29 (d). Pittsburgh, Aug. 9-10 (. . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kans City, July 12 (night), July 13 (twi-nig doubleheader), July 14 (n), and July (day). Texas, July 16-17 (n) and July 18 (Minnesota, July 19-20 (n) and July 21-22 (Milwaukee, July 30-Aug. 2 (n). Clevela Aug. 3 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 4 (and Aug. 5 (d). Chicago, Aug. 7 (twi-nig doubleheader), Aug. 8 (d), and Aug. 9 (n).

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championsh (Salem Country Club, Peabody, Mass. J 12-15.)

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dubl Ireland. Aug. 7-11.)

Olympic Games—At Los Angeles: July 28-A 12.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Aug. 1-27. . . . **WOODB** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, July 22.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, t Meadowlands: Vs. Tampa Bay, July World All Stars, July 22. San Diego, July Golden Bay, July 29.

Tennis—North American Tennis Open, forme the Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Newa Academy, Livingston, N.J. July 28–Aug. 5.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbu Aug. 5-Nov. 3.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmo July 14-21.) . . . ¶ Around Long Island Reg ta. (July 26.)

Music—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Av Fisher Hall, July 9-Aug. 25. . . . ¶ New Y Philharmonic in Central Park, July 24 a Aug. 6 and 13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchest at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, A 8-25.

Dance—Alvin Ailey American Dance Theat at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 9- . . . ¶ Twyla Tharp Dance, at the Gershv Theatre, July 11-22.

Other Dates—The Democratic National C vention will start on July 16 in San Fran co. . . . ¶ The John Curry Skating Compa at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 29. . . . ¶ The Republican National Conv tion will start on Aug. 20 in Dallas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 1: "The Eagle with Two Heads" (†) and "Les Parents Terribles" (†).
July 3: Theatre closed.
July 4-5: Free showings of "Unknown Chaplin," a documentary.
From July 6: A program of six Charlie Chaplin shorts—"Making a Living" (1914), "Behind the Screen" (1916), "The Tramp" (1915), "The Masquerader" (1914), "The Immigrant" (1917), and "The Pawnshop" (1916).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (directed by Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 28: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†) and "Educating Rita" (†).
June 29-July 5: "Splash" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From July 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 28: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 28: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
From June 29: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 28: "The Natural" (†).
From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
June 27: "Splash" (†).
From June 28: "Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

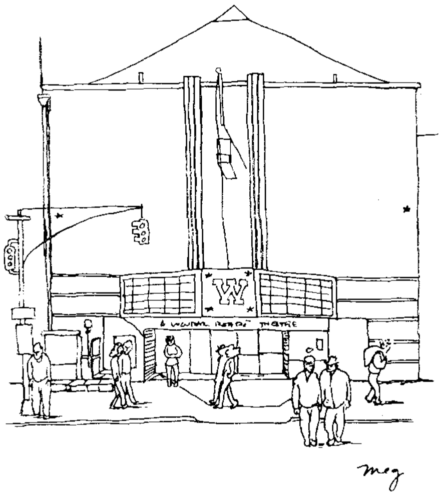
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 5: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
From July 6: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Under the Volcano" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Jacqueline Bisset.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. From June 29: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 28: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
From June 29: "Splash" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 28: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.
From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 3: "Marigolds in August" (1979; directed by Ross Devenish), with Winston Ntshona, John Kani, and Athol Fugard. From July 4: "The Last Sea" (1979; Haim Gouri, Jacquot Ehrlich, and David Bergman; in Hebrew, Yiddish, French, and English, with English subtitles).
Theatre 2: "My Night at Maud's" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman), a four-hour film.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Le Dernier Combat" (Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.
Theatre 3: Through June 28: "Splash" (†). June 29-July 5: "Diva" (†). From July 6: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 4: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Edith and Marcel" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Eréndira" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "El Norte" (†). From June 29: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.
Theatre 2: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom Deluise.
Theatre 3: "The Pope of Greenwich Village"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 4: "Ghostbusters" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†). From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. From June 29: "Zelig" (†) and "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 3: Through June 28: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Risky Business" (†). From June 29: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†) and "Against All Odds" (†). June 29-July 5: "Diva" (†). From July 6: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Rhinestone" (directed by Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 3: Through June 28: "Scarface" (†). From June 29: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 4: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 28: "Sixteen Candles" (†). From June 29: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 6: 'Escape from Women's Prison."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: June 27: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From June 28: "Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.
Theatre 4: June 27: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 28: "Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 28: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
From June 29: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

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New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "The Natural" (†). From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
To be announced.

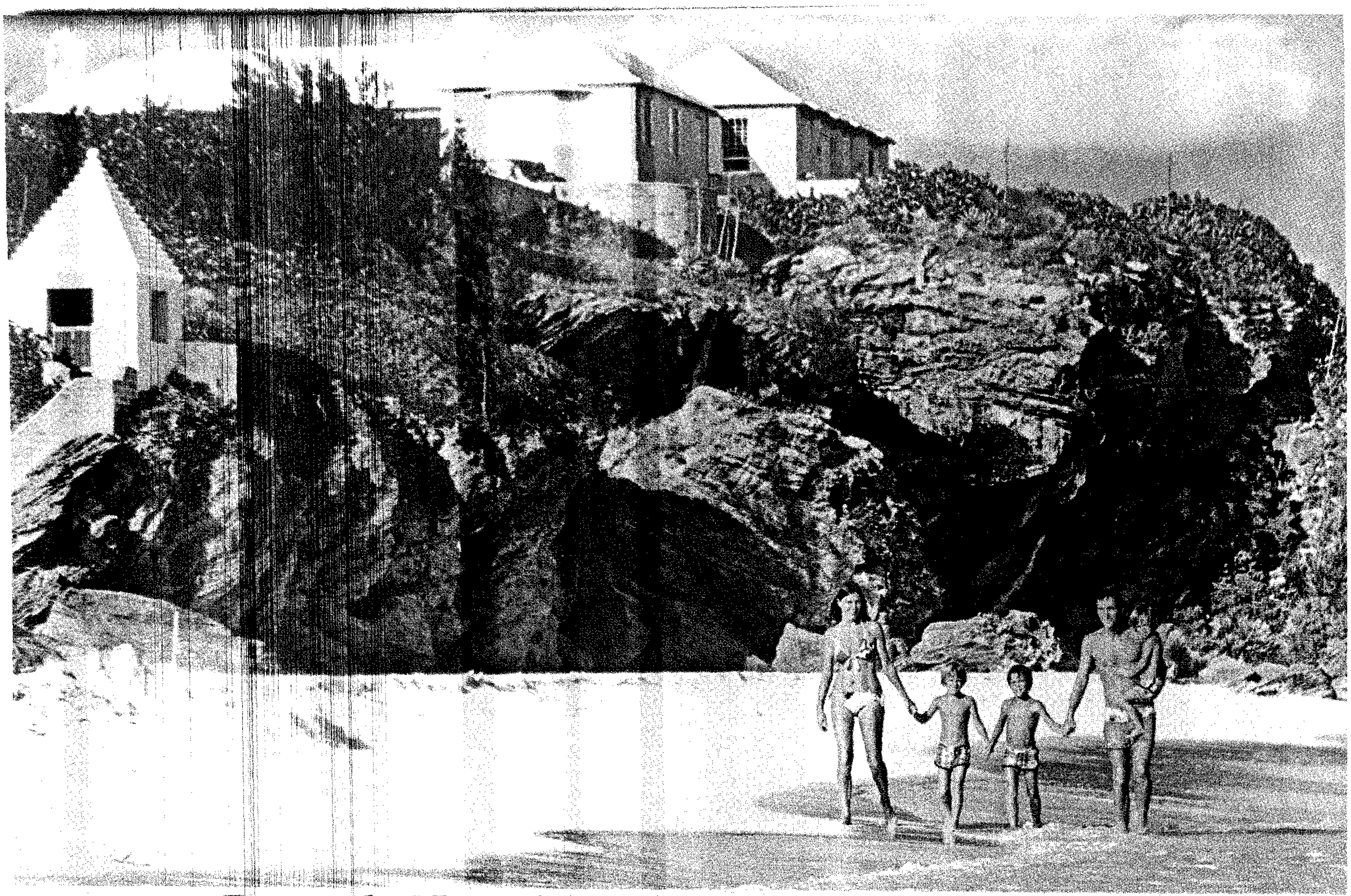
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 28: "Betrayal" (1983; directed by David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.
June 29-30: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
July 1-3: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "Anne of the Thousand Days" (†).
July 4-5: "Catch-22" (†); and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
July 6-7: "Barbarella" (†); and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Harold Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 28: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 29-30: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
July 1-2: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 3: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 4: "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese); and "Throne of Blood."
July 5: "Kill!;" and "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita.
July 6-7: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 27: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "Room at the Top" (1958; Jack Clayton), with Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, and Heather Sears.
June 28-30: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
July 1-2: "The Deer Hunter" (†); and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
July 3-4: "Rumble Fish" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
July 5-7: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, and Mary Kay Place; and "Educating Rita" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 28: "High Road to China" (1983; Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong; and "Lassiter" (1984; Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
June 29-30: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow.
July 1: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1981; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazz and Michel Serrault.
July 2-3: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Ha Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort and "King of Hearts" (†).
July 4-5: "Monty Python's The Meaning o Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life o Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
July 6-7: "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo; and "The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline Linda Ronstadt, Angela Lansbury, Rex Smith, and George Rose.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through June 28: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Nazarin" (1958; Lui Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
June 29: "Risky Business" (†); and "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche.
June 30: "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda in French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettor Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel Marcello Mastroianni, Laura Betti, and Andrea Ferreol.
July 1: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nige Terry.
July 2: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith (1978; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film, with Tommy Lewis; and "Walkabout (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).
July 3: "Nashville" (†).
July 4: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953



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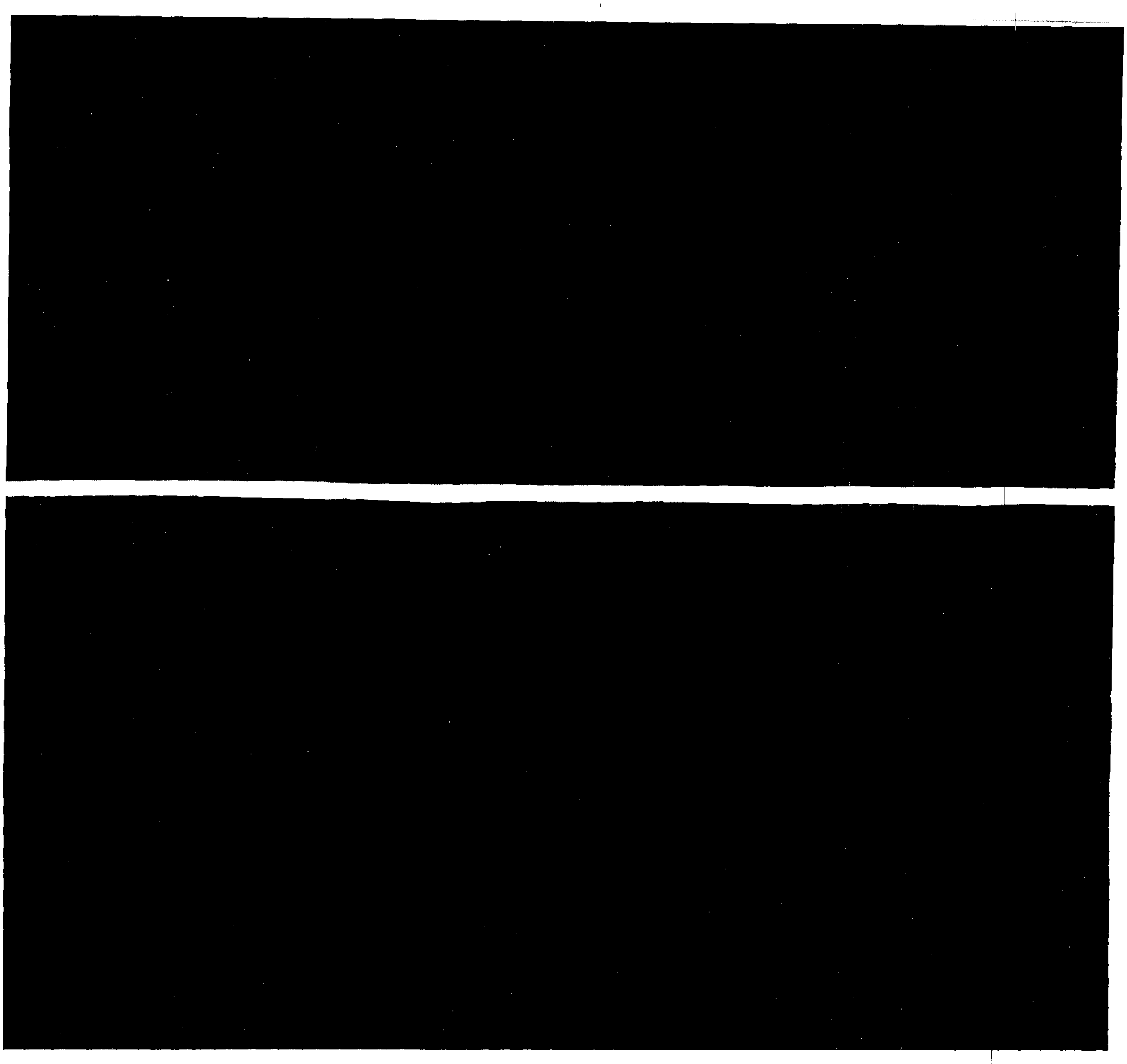

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Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.

July 5: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

From July 6: "The Hidden Fortress" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 27: "Two Girls and a Sailor" (1944; Richard Thorpe), with Gloria De Haven, Van Johnson, and Jimmy Durante; and "Girl Crazy" (1943; Norman Taurog), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, and Nancy Walker.

June 28-30: "Ivanhoe" (1952; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders; and "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer.

July 1-4: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.

July 5-7: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (†); and "Bells Are Ringing" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 27: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley.

June 28: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

June 29-30: "It's Never Too Late" (1977; Jaime de Arminan; in Spanish), with Angela Molina and José Luis Gómez; and "Cría!" (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.

July 1: "The Elephant Man" (†) and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).

July 2: A program of cartoons.

July 3: "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders); "Report from Hollywood" (1982; Wim Wenders); and "Three American LPs" (1969; Wim Wenders).

July 4: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" (†).

July 5: "Swamp Water" (1941; Jean Renoir), with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore; and "The Woman on the Beach" (†).

July 6: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan; and "Get Crazy" (1983; Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell.

July 7: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), both films with Giancarlo Giannini.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 27: "Nightmare Alley" (1947; Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, and Coleen Gray; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

June 28: "Dance Fools Dance" (1931; Harry Beaumont), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Cliff Edwards; and "Chained" (1934; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Otto Kruger.

June 29-30: "The Uninvited" (1944; Lewis Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell; and "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave.

July 1: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935 †) and "Captains Courageous" (†).

July 2: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Persona" (†).

July 3: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

July 4: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both films with Warner Oland as Chan.

July 5: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

July 6-7: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 28 at 2:30 and 6: "The Camera: Je" (1977; directed by Babette Mangolte; in English and French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "I Married a Witch" (1942; René Clair), with Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley, and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ June 29 at 6 and June 30 at 2:30: "The Ghost Goes West" (1935; René Clair), with Robert Donat, Jean Parker, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ June 30 at 5: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, and Arthur Shields. . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30 "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles), with Brigitte Fossey. . . . ¶ July 1 at 5: "The Ritual" (1969; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnar Björnstrand. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "Secret Cinema" (1966; Paul Bartel); and "Dementia 13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell and Luana Anders. . . . ¶ July 2 at 6: "The Student from Prague" (1926; Henrik Galeen; a German silent film). . . . ¶ July 3 at 2:30: "The Troublemaker" (1964; Theodore J. Flicker), with Tom Aldredge, Joan Darling, and James Frawley. . . . ¶ July 3 at 6: "Le Joli Mai" (1963; Chris Marker and Pierre L'Homme; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30 and 6: "A Nineteen-Year-Old's Map" (1979; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuji Homma, Keizo Kanie, and Hideko Okiyama. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Caught" (1949; Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6: "The River." . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "The Student from Prague." . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "L'Amore: La Voce Umana" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, no English subtitles), with Anna Magnani; and "L'Amore: Il Miracolo" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through July 1: American video, 1967-80; showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Against All Odds—Suggested by the 1947 Jacques Tourneur suspense film "Out of the Past," this revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. With a plot that borrows from "Chinatown" and "North Dallas Forty," it has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (played with considerable cool by Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static, and some sequences—such as the lovemaking set in the ancient Mayan steam house at Chichén Itzá—should earn their place in the annals of camp. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz, who has only two or three minutes onscreen (as a lawyer's secretary) but gets a relationship going with the audience; she's the only member of the cast who doesn't seem to have been pulped. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Olympia Quad; through June 28.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical, and the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton's Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless; it's almost as if he *remembered* how to act but couldn't work up much enthusiasm or involvement. Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl who keeps the King waiting for her sexual favors for six years—until he can marry her and make their children heirs to the throne. Bujold works at the role with all her will and intelligence, and her readings are often extraordinary, but she's too tight and too self-contained; one admires her as an actress but does not really warm to her performance. The adapters sharpened Maxwell Anderson's play, and the dialogue is often much crisper than one anticipates, but the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne the King would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. And at the end we're left with Maxwell Anderson's glowing, fatuous hindsight: a final shot of Anne's posthumous triumph—the baby Elizabeth wandering about, deserted, as her foolish father, who doesn't know what *we* know, goes off to beget a male heir. The director is Charles (Static Camera) Jarrott; with Irene Papas, Michael Hordern, John Colicos, and Anthony Quayle. Script by John Hale and Bridget Boland. (Cinema Village; July 1-3.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. With John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi, and Claude Dauphin. (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Olympia Quad; starting June 29.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

M-G-M powerhouse "family" entertainments: beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese) and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by experienced hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

CATCH-22 (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure. He gave Joseph Heller's Second World War novel—a black comedy about the insanity of military life—a grandiloquent staging, with Terry Southern-style caricatures out of "Dr. Strangelove" and Fellini-style episodes set in Rome, and the picture got so heavy and full of message that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture goes on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. It goes on so long that it cancels itself out, even out of people's memories; it was long awaited and then forgotten almost instantly. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry (who also wrote the script), Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major you're a monster. Cinematography by David Watkin. (Cinema Village; July 4-5.)

THE DEER HUNTER (1978)—A romantic adolescent boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Four Feathers"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro, as a Pennsylvania steelworker), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. It has no more moral intelligence than the Clint Eastwood action pictures, yet it's an astonishing piece of work, an uneasy mixture of violent pulp and grandiosity, with an enraptured view of common life—poetry of the commonplace. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, John Savage, George Dzundza, Chuck Aspegren, Shirley Stoler, Rutanya Alda, and Amy Wright. Screenplay by Deric Washburn; story by Cimino, Washburn, and others; music by Stanley Myers; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Supporting Actor (Walken), Sound, Editing (Peter Zinner). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 1-2.)

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DIVA (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; June 29-July 5.)

THE EAGLE WITH TWO HEADS (1948)—The structure is similar to that of "Beauty and the Beast" but with inversions—this time it is the Queen (Edwige Feuillère) who is awakened from her trance by the revolutionary poet (Jean Marais), who has come to assassinate her. And, while the Beast addressed Beauty with only a few simple words, here the Queen dunks her Angel of Death in a torrent of elegant language. This is a sweepingly romantic picture—a beautiful trifle. Feuillère has a sense of gesture that almost any actress might envy, and Marais demonstrates once again that despite his almost comical square-headed handsomeness he can act. Jean Cocteau adapted his own play, and directed. It's the least known of the few films that he actually did direct; a dozen or so are falsely advertised as his. (Antonioni made a video color version of the play in 1979, under the title "The Oberwald Mystery.") In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 1.)

EDUCATING RITA—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 28. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 5-7.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN (1980)—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here—it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is per-

haps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (Thalia; July 1.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman (1981)—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she isn't mysterious. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art": every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, even in the interpolated modern story about the actors who are performing in a movie version of the Fowles book. There are some lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones, but most of the picture might be taking place in a glass case. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Charlotte Mitchell, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (In the modern scenes Streep wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby.") Production design by Assheton Gorton. Made at Twickenham Studios, London, and on location in England. (Thalia; July 1.)

Ghostbusters—A scare comedy, with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. The film cost roughly thirty-two million, and the producer-director Ivan Reitman may have been overwhelmed by the scale of the sets and special effects; his work here is amateurish, with kids-movie pacing. Audiences respond to the picture, though, and their laughter helps to fill the dead spots. The movie does have some things going for it. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. When he asks her for a date, he rises in the viewer's estimation. (And in his own, too—after she agrees to go out with him, he lifts his arms toward heaven and twirls.) The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs and the images have a heavy, overdeliberate look—they're too rigid for comedy. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th St. Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T."—a demonstration that the underside of E.T. is like the monster in Ridley Scott's "Alien." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. When one of them blows his snout on a drape, he's like Jean Renoir's Boudu expressing his contempt for bourgeois life by wiping his shoes on a bedspread. These demons are like bad pets making messes. The movie never comes together, but Dante is a genuine eccentric talent with a flair for malice, and it's certainly clear why Spielberg, whose production company made the film, believes in him—there are some crack sequences. At one point the lewd hipster dragons take over the town movie theatre, where "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is playing; they pad up and down the aisles, eating, laughing, tearing up the place. And when the Seven Dwarfs on the screen start to sing "Heigh-Ho," they join in the singing. In their enthusiasm, they spin around on the projectors, and rip the screen to shreds. It's a delirious, kitschy travesty—a kiddy matinée in Hell. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch-Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; starting July 6.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable ver-

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sion, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6-7.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 2-3.)

Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid (1948)—William Powell fantasizing a romance and Ann Blyth with a lot of scales on her dress. So-so, and that's putting it generously. Audiences loved the idea, though. Irving Pichel directed; the cast includes Irene Hervey, Andrea King, and Clinton Sundberg. Based on a novel by Guy and Constance Jones; the script is by Nunnally Johnson, who was also the producer. (Thalia; July 4.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Festival. . . . ¶ Embassy; June 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gemini, and Olympia Quad; through June 28.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—A stirring eighteenth-century sea adventure in the big M-G-M manner, freely adapted from the Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall books. The story of H.M.S. Bounty, its brutal Captain Bligh, and the mutineers who fled to Pitcairn Island has narrative push and a popular theme—the revolt against a tyrant. The movie doesn't fall into the usual trap of setting strong heroes against weak, cowardly villains. As Charles Laughton plays him, the corrupt, sadistic Bligh is the strongest person on the screen; it is not merely that Bligh is a great sailor, capable of remarkable feats of navigation, and a man who is defiant even when defiance takes courage—it's that Laughton has a genuinely horrible mad power. He's a great villain—twisted and self-righteous—and you can't laugh him off. He transcends campiness. Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is well cast as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Gable's Americanness works to his advantage—makes him seem more of a plain, rough-hewn man. Franchot Tone plays the pivotal character—the highborn officer who is taken back to England to stand trial; Tone is perhaps a shade too engaging and decent, and when he delivers his courtroom speech he seems carried away by his own eloquence. The director, Frank Lloyd, goes after "human interest" details in a broad, conventional manner and some of the bits of business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded. But for the kind of big-budget, studio-controlled romantic adventure that this is it's very well done; it took the Academy Award as Best Picture of the Year. With Herbert Mundin and Eddie Quillan (there could be less of both), and Douglas Walton, Donald Crisp, Dudley Digges, Ian Wolfe, Movita, Mamo, Henry Stephenson, Spring Byington, and Francis Lister. Script by Talbot Jennings, Jules Furthman, and Carey Wilson; cinematography by Arthur Edeson; music by Herbert Stothart. (Remade in 1962, with Trevor Howard as Bligh and Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

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My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Film Forum.)

Nashville (1975)—Robert Altman's movie is at once a "Grand Hotel"-style narrative, with twenty-four linked characters; a country-and-Western musical; a documentary essay on Nashville and American life; a meditation on the love affair between performers and audiences; and an Altman party. The basic script is by Joan Tewkesbury, but the actors have been encouraged to work up material for their roles, and not only do they do their own singing but most of them wrote their own songs—and wrote them in character. The songs distill the singers' lives, as the mimes and theatrical performances did for the actors in "Children of Paradise." With Ronee Blakley as a true folk artist and the one tragic character, and David Arkin, Barbara Baxley, Ned Beatty, Karen Black, Timothy Brown, Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Robert Doqui, Shelley Duvall, Allen Garfield, Henry Gibson, Scott Glenn, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Harris, David Hayward, Michael Murphy, Allan Nicholls, Dave Peel, Cristina Raines, Bert Remsen, Lily Tomlin, Gwen Welles, and Keenan Wynn. Also with Richard Baskin (who arranged and supervised the music), and Elliott Gould and Julie Christie (who do bits as themselves). Cinematography by Paul Lohmann. (Metro Cinema; July 3.)

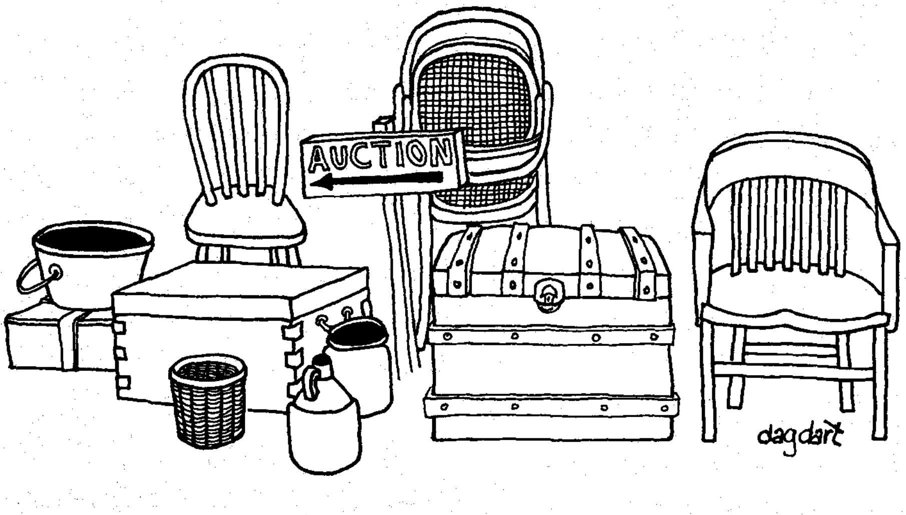
The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Sutton. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through June 28. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting June 29.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 28.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 1.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: in it, an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we *are* given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-



boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Olympia Quad; through June 28. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; June 29.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciousness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, Gotham Cinema, U.A. 85th St. East, and New Yorker; through June 28.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres; through June 28.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big, highly praised musical, set in Oregon in 1850, and adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women" (based on Plutarch's "The Rape of the Sabine Women"). It's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the M-G-M back-lot Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is ambitious in its use of dance, and was unusual in that it features male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, Marc Platt, Matt Mattox, Jeff Richards, and Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. The most prominent among the women is Julie Newmar (then Newmeyer). The choreography is by Michael Kidd; the script is by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett; the score is by Gene dePaul and Johnny Mercer. (Regency; July 5-7.)

Sixteen Candles—Samantha (Molly Ringwald), a high-school sophomore, is having her sixteenth birthday, and, in the midst of preparations for her older sister's wedding, the whole family has forgotten about it. When she goes to a school dance and longs to be noticed by the handsome senior (Michael Schoeffling) who's the man of her dreams, she's subjected to the humiliating attentions of a scrawny freshman (Anthony Michael Hall), who's known as Geek. Less raucous than the usual eighties pictures about teen-agers, this comedy by the young writer-director John Hughes is closer in tone to the gentle English comedies of the forties and fifties. Molly Ringwald has a lovely, offbeat candor, and Hall's Geek, with his pitchman's hard sell, is a truly weird creation. With Paul Dooley, Carlin Glynn, Blanche Baker, Justin Henry, Gedde Watanabe, and Haviland Morris. (5/28/84) (Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres; through June 28.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; June 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 28. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 29-July 5. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting June 29.)

The Woman on the Beach (1947)—This Hollywood film by Jean Renoir was cut, reëdited, and partly reshot after a disastrous sneak preview in Santa Barbara. Renoir has said that he was trying to do "a love story in which there was no love," in which the attractions "were purely physical," but that after he remade it, it was "neither flesh nor fish," having "lost its raison d'être." What's left suggests that Renoir was attempting an American film with the sensual atmosphere of his French work, such as "La Bête Humaine;" it's a seventy-one-minute melodrama, but it's slow-rhythmed and full of dreamlike ambiguities, tensions, suspicions. Joan Bennett is the petulant femme fatale, married to a great painter (Charles Bickford) who has gone blind. Robert Ryan is the Coast Guard lieutenant who finds her so irresistible that she has him trying to do in her husband. The film, hampered further by a fiercely obtrusive Hanns Eisler score, was a box-office calamity, and finished Renoir in Hollywood; he didn't make another movie until the fifties, when he went to India for "The River." Some critics (most notably Jacques Rivette) consider this mutilated film a masterpiece, and that's an appealing idea, but one may have to strain to see it as more than an over-aestheticized, interesting failure. The script, by Frank Davis and Renoir, was adapted from Mitchell Wilson's novel "None So Blind." (Thalia; July 5.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Olympia Quad; starting June 29.)

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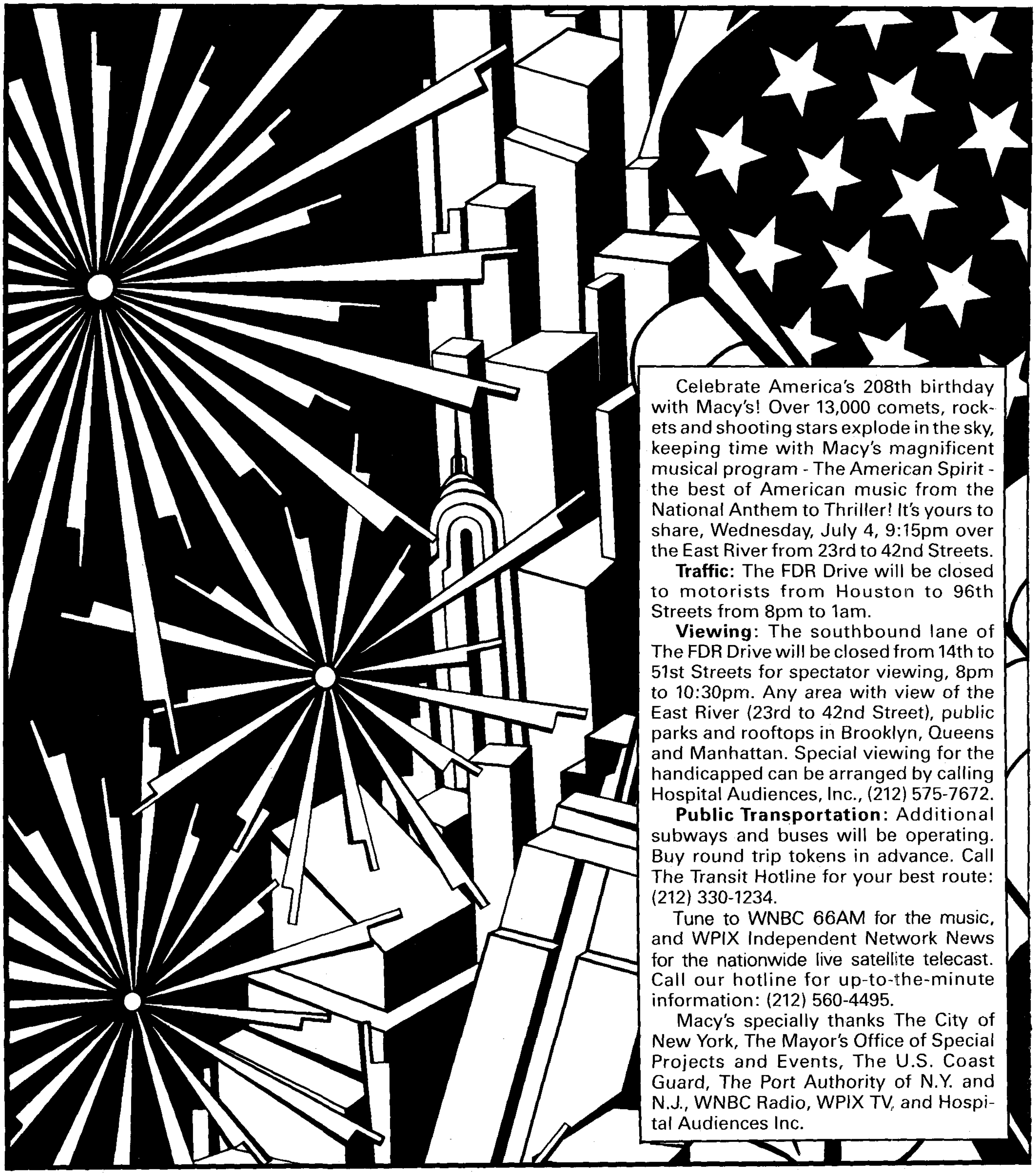

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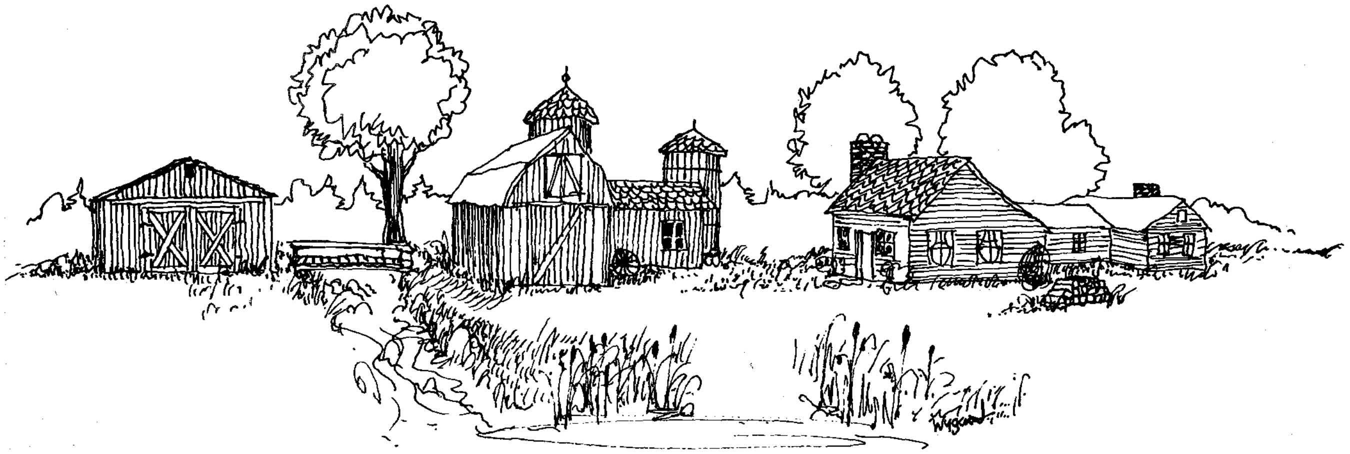
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RIGHT at the moment, swaddled in scaffolding, the Statue of Liberty holds high the torch of Aging Infrastructure Repair. But even at her dressiest the Lady is an uncomfortable symbol for Americans—a promise from a stout heart, a pledge made in the noblest of national moods and sealed with a long draught of pride, and hence a proclamation that seems a little rash by the light of morning. It is the boast of a sailor who, by God, loves Joan, and one night, by God, pays to have her name tattooed across his chest, and a month or so later—well, it makes matters dicey with Diane. As Congress debated immigration policy in the month just past, more than one commentator noted that we are a nation of immigrants and therefore are of two minds about closing our borders. The reasoning goes like this: Since our forebears came from abroad, and since we are pleased that they did, we feel guilty about shutting out others simply because they had the same idea a hundred years later. Undoubtedly this analysis is true, but so may be its converse. Some part of our unease with restrictions on immigration, as with a lot of other things, comes from an inarticulate understanding that the generations now in ascendance in America are, by and large, generations of non-immigrants. We owe our place in the world to the accident of birth, and that place is enviable. The world, most of it, is poor, and we are rich—some of us in absolute terms, but almost all of us in relative terms. We have enough. To some degree, each of us achieves what he or she achieves by working hard and living more or less clean; but to some degree—to a great degree—being born here, or elsewhere in the industrialized West, was a prerequisite for this prosperity. Anybody who has ever calculated the odds of being born an American—and perhaps a white, healthy, middle-class American—knows what we mean.

Of America's two great attributes—that she is a free democracy and that she is enormously rich in a poor world—the first stirs no ambivalence. But the second, our wealth, gives most of us a little pause. After pausing, one can decide that this is a swell situation and sit down to dinner or one can feel, in a very abstract sense, a little guilty. Not guilty in the sense that as individuals we have caused anyone else's misery but guilty in the vague way we feel guilty when, on the way home from the office, we pass some poor fellow asleep on a park bench. Guilt may be too strong a word. Sadness, perhaps, is closer to what we feel: sadness not at something we have done but at something—who knows what?—that we haven't done and have no real intention of doing. When it comes to the rest of the world (and often when it comes to bums on park benches), two ideas have helped us contain our discomfort, but both these fortresses are nowadays under siege.

The first is the doctrine that we are better than other people, better than poor nations and their populations—that our material advantage stems from an inherent superiority in race or morals or industry or intelligence or attention to hygiene. The twentieth century, heaven knows, has witnessed little enough progress, but it has seen this notion drained of its vigor—certainly for Americans. Nationalism's tenets no longer point exclusively toward xenophobia; to the extent that there is a shared religious identity in this country, for instance, it increasingly preaches the need for international altruism. The second bulwark against guilt, a psy-



chic defense especially dear to liberals, is that we *are* doing something to help the rest of the world—that by lighting up our city on a hill and providing foreign aid and exporting private development so others can generate their own electricity we are building a world in which others, eventually, won't be poor. Would that it were so. But one can look in any direction—south, say, to Latin America—and see these fond wishes for the air they are. Much of the foreign aid not wasted on endless weaponry has found its way into the pockets of the Somozas, and the Fourteen Families of El Salvador, and other oligarchs and dictators of the area. Private development, far from freeing nations, has often turned them into wards of our country, children to be disciplined should they misbehave. Right now, instead of growing economically these countries are struggling to find some way to pay off their debts to our banks; living standards for the bulk of their people have declined over the last few years. Perhaps we are responsible—perhaps we have been exploiters. Perhaps it is not our fault, and things would have been worse without us. Who cares, except ideologues? Metal cannot be mined in sufficient quantities, or fuel burned, or split-level ranch houses produced, to allow all the remaining ninety-five per cent of the world to live like Americans. It is a problem—in truth, it is a pleasure—we are stuck with.

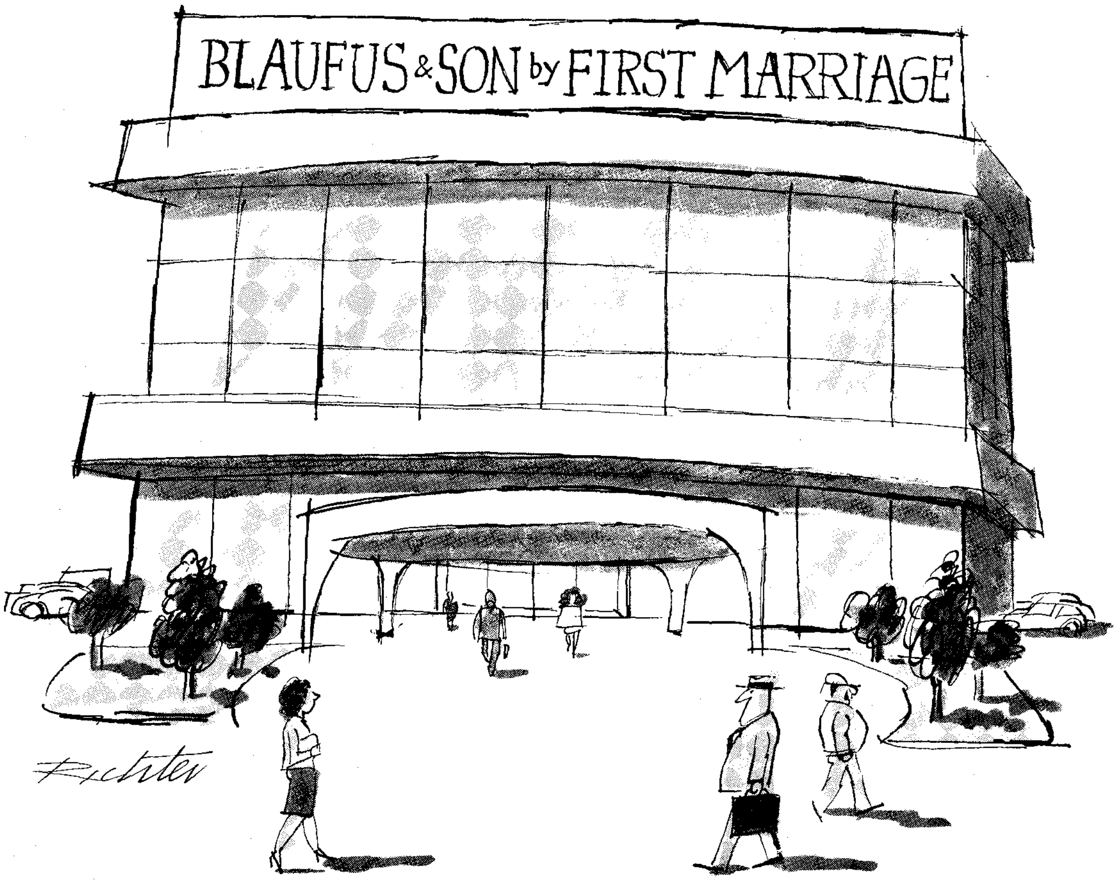
If a totally dispassionate observer could be found (he would probably have to descend in a spaceship), he might decide that it makes no sense for our country to control so much of the world's wealth. And yet is that our fault? We were born into our relative fortune, just as peasants are born into poverty, and we merely act out its inevitable demands. Year after year, all the candidates for President agree on two things—the need for a nuclear deterrent and the need for economic growth. And if to most people in most of the world our debates about how best to achieve "prosperity" would seem absurd, so what? The debates will go on, forever, because the unease they cause us (especially those of us who feel that our wealth should be more fairly distributed among Americans, and also have a hard time explaining why such justice should stop at the Rio Grande) weighs less—far less—than our desires. We have, then, only one shield left against our sadness: probably we couldn't make things better even if we wanted to. A rich nation incapable of housing and feeding all its own stands little chance of doing the job for a vastly poorer world. But that, of course, is less an answer than it is another sadness.

* * *

Exiles

IN large rooms almost at the top of the Asia Society, on Park Avenue, there was a sound that would have seemed strange in any other Park Avenue house—a kind of gentle gonging, perhaps of yak bells. It was a refrain in a tape of Tibetan music that ran along as an undercurrent to the talk and laughter typical of social gatherings. This social gathering was a reception in honor of a new book, "In Exile from the Land of Snows," by John F. Avedon, published by Alfred A. Knopf. Though the people there were generally much like people at any New York party, they included numerous slender ladies in long wraparound gowns—the national dress of Tibet.

"Originally, the book was much longer," said Andrew Wylie, who is Mr. Avedon's agent. "We had to cut it, not because it wasn't all good stuff but because you just can't print a really long book in one volume nowadays. There are a lot of good photographs, too, and those we couldn't leave out."


BLAUFUS & SON by FIRST MARRIAGE
Richter

"I think it's very rare when the story of an entire people is completely unknown to the world at large," said Mr. Avedon, an intense young man, who spent four years writing his book. "But Tibet, because of its place physically as well as in history, was largely unknown to Westerners until the Chinese invaded it. My main mission, as I saw it, was to make people aware of the immense destruction that has been wrought there, and the holocaust now going on. One-seventh of the nation has died as a result of the invasion and occupation. But another mission, I felt, was to tell the great story of the hope and resilience demonstrated by the Dalai Lama and his fellow-refugees, who are fighting constructively instead of turning to terrorism. They are setting a universal example."

But, we asked, did Mr. Avedon think that Tibet had always been completely unknown?

"Oh, no," he said. "There have always been a few American people, among others, fascinated by that Buddhist country. But they are scattered. One doesn't usually find them in crowds."

Only two things about Tibet were in our mind before we read the book: that Tibetan names look strange, like familiar words spelled backward, and that Tibetan officials, or perhaps Tibetans in general, are apt to give people scarves as a polite gesture. We saw no scarves at the party. As for the names, a gentleman standing next to us near the refreshment table—a tall gentleman with wide cheekbones—obligingly spelled out his name. (We sensed long experience.)

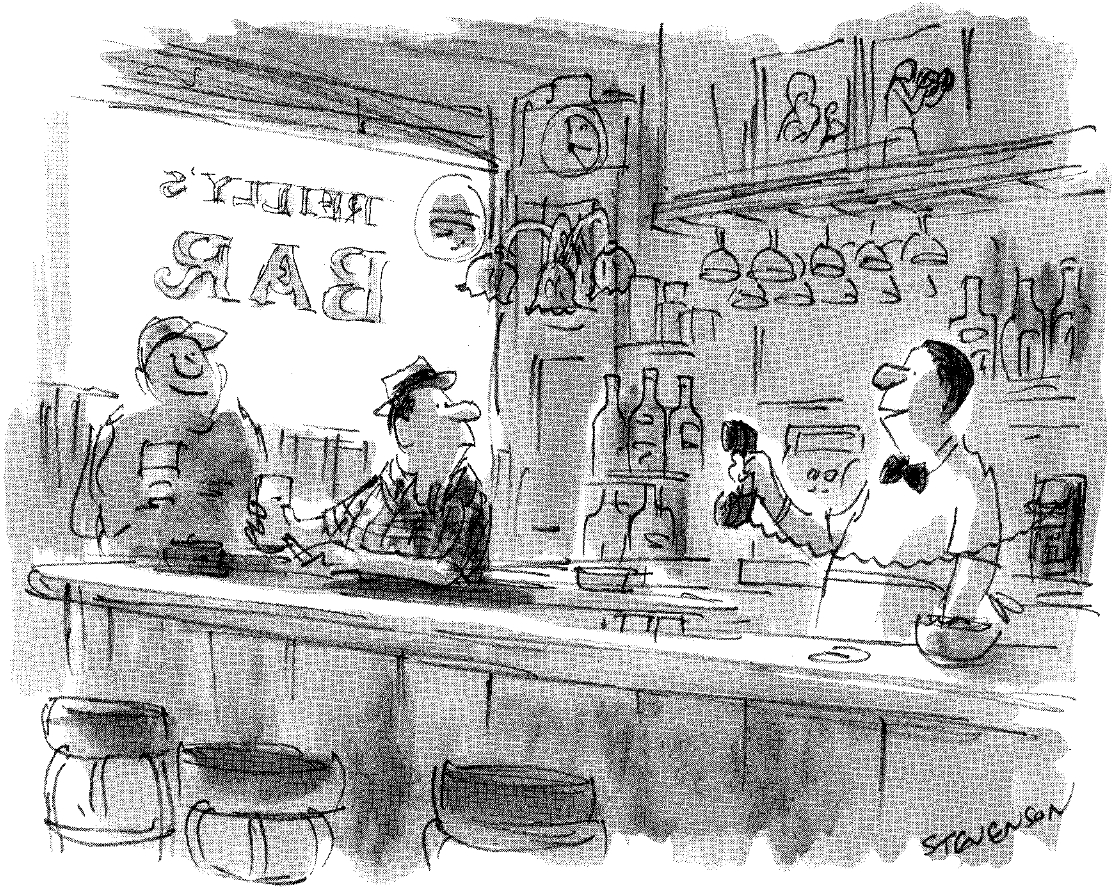
"My name," he said slowly, "is P-h-i-n-t-s-o. That's my first name, and it is pronounced Fintzo. My second name is T-h-o-n-d-e-n, Thonden. I first came here to America in 1965. I was then an official of the Tibetan government in exile. After a while, I was transferred to a new post, in India. Then I left government service, and now I am here in New York on my own." He turned to the refreshments. "Would you like some Tibetan food? These are dumplings. These"—he pointed out a tray of orange-colored pieces of something—"are very good, but not if you don't like spicy things." They proved to be potato heavily flavored with a kind of paprika. "There is one—only one—Tibetan restaurant in the entire Western Hemisphere," he added, "and it is run by my wife."

Gentlemen and ladies, American and Tibetan, moved about the rooms, or paused and talked, while the bells tinkled in the background, bringing thoughts of high places and ruined monasteries. We met W. D. Shakabpa, a small man with very white hair, who was Finance Minister in Lhasa before the invasion and later served under the Dalai Lama in India. We spoke with him of American Indians and the possibility, advanced by some ethnologists, that their place of origin was Tibet. It was possible, said Mr. Shakabpa, but he seemed doubtful of the general theory, though he noted that one tribe in Tibet is much like the Eskimos in appearance and way of life. Our conversation was carried on through an interpreter. The Tibetan language did not remind us of any other language we have ever heard.

We told him we had once gone west from Chengdu, in China, and crossed a deep ravine on a terrifying bridge without railings, a bridge that swayed in the air. We rather thought at the time that we had gone into Tibet, but we were not sure.

The interpreter talked with the Finance Minister, then turned to us, smiling, to say, "If you crossed that bridge, you were indeed in Tibet."

The bells tinkled.



"For you, Jerry. Mondale."

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Aahhh

SWALLOW your pride, Mr. Lucas, and rinse. Choke back your envy, Mr. Spielberg. We have seen the funniest, farthest-out film of the sound era, and it's a low-budget classic made with a single camera in one bare room. This is avant-garde—not some weak new wave foaming up on culture's fast-eroding shore but a giant comber building up somewhere in mid-Atlantic. Once you've seen it, Cinerama seems like a 3-D postcard, and Sensurround feels like a car with shot shocks. But you won't ever see it—nobody will who isn't a laryngologist, or maybe an otolaryngologist, attending a conference that is also attended by that Fellini of the fibrescope Dr. Robert J. Feder, of the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, in Los Angeles. Or almost nobody. We were at one such conference recently, at Lenox Hill Hospital, on the East Side, and we saw it: saw Mel Blanc's vocal cords as he did the voices of Pepé Le Pew and Porky Pig and Popeye and the rest; saw Willie Tyler's vocal cords as he worked out with Lester, his dummy; saw Rich Little's vocal cords as he did his Richard Nixon and his Jimmy Stewart and his Peter Sellers.

The fibrescope, four millimetres in diameter, sends back a video picture from the gullet. "The V you see in the middle is the vocal cords," Dr. Feder told us. "Since the invention of the fibrescope, we have been able to study the motion of the vocal cords as people speak. Now, these men are vocal gymnasts—they are Dr. Js of the vocal cords. A Mel Blanc or a Rich Little alters his normal vocal use to create his sounds. He puts his vocal tract into configurations that will change his normal voice production—he squeezes, lengthens, opens, shuts his cords. Now, I may have a patient come to me complaining of hoarseness. I might be able to see that his 'normal' configuration looks like Mel Blanc doing Yosemite Sam. And that could help. I didn't do this for the entertainment value."

We believe Dr. Feder, but that doesn't diminish for a moment the brilliance of his achievement. The audience never sees Rich Little—only his glistening vocal cords, at a magnification of up to twenty-five times, flapping, dilating, nibbling like the mouths of trout. They might *be* Gerald Ford's vocal cords, they might actually *be* Carol Channing's vocal cords. Mr. Little essays a number of small jokes: "This is me, Rich Little, talking in my real voice," he says. "It's not one of my better voices, but I'm working on it." If Rich Little said that on a Bob Hope "Salute to Leggy Blondes," we wouldn't even consider laughing. But when his vocal cords say it, convulsing, fluttering and sealing and yawning, the layers of irony are too deep to number—we stopped counting and started rolling in the aisle. Willie Tyler does the "Who's on First?" routine, as weary a comic dialogue as exists. But sometimes his vocal cords open wide and you can look right down his windpipe.

Healthy, Balanced

YOU are what you're served, and at the moment we're a little worse for wear, having attended in one twenty-hour stretch a series of gastronomic events that can only be described as promotional. Our report follows:

Conventional wisdom holds that individuality had its final flowering in the nineteen-sixties, which is when tie-dyeing was quite popular. Remember, though—always suspect conventional wisdom. Did conventional wisdom know in advance about the luxury dog hotels that have opened in recent months? What we're getting at is that nonconformity is making a comeback. The company that imports Tia Maria, a coffee liqueur from Jamaica, held a party a week or so ago at the Plaza Hotel, and when we talked with the public-relations woman Donna Lynn she said, "People in bars are not ordering the same old thing. People are asking, 'What can you give us that's new and different?' They're *asking*. It goes with a whole era of experimentation."

Miss Lynn introduced us to Bert Greene, a noted food expert who has just published a vegetable cookbook called "Greene on Greens," and who went on a transcontinental bar-hopping trip on behalf of Tia Maria. As a result, he was able to tell us, "There is a definite flow in the direction of coffee. The people are drinking less straight coffee, because of the heavy caffeine implications, but they still need it, and they're getting it in devious ways. Coffee-ice-cream sales are booming. David's Cookies have a cookie called Coffee Walnut Chocolate Chunk. And the bartenders in every bar I visited said people were drinking Tia Maria." However, he cautioned, "We're talking microcosm here, not macrocosm." Greene also let slip another nugget from his store of data. "At the moment, there's a very big frozen trend," he said. "Everywhere, people are freezing. And freezing curious things, like Tom Collinses. It's really an adventure out there. It all started, I think, with piña coladas. I don't recall anyone drinking sweet things twenty years ago. But now at lots of bars they have ice cream right there to put in drinks."

Eventually, Mr. Greene showed a number of slides of his bar-hopping tour, and then some judges picked the Miami Express (Tia Maria, Grand Marnier, a squeeze of fresh orange, and hot coffee) as the best drink. Our own personal belief—and we are not a noted food expert—is that on a scale of one to ten coffee-flavored liqueurs are somewhere in between.

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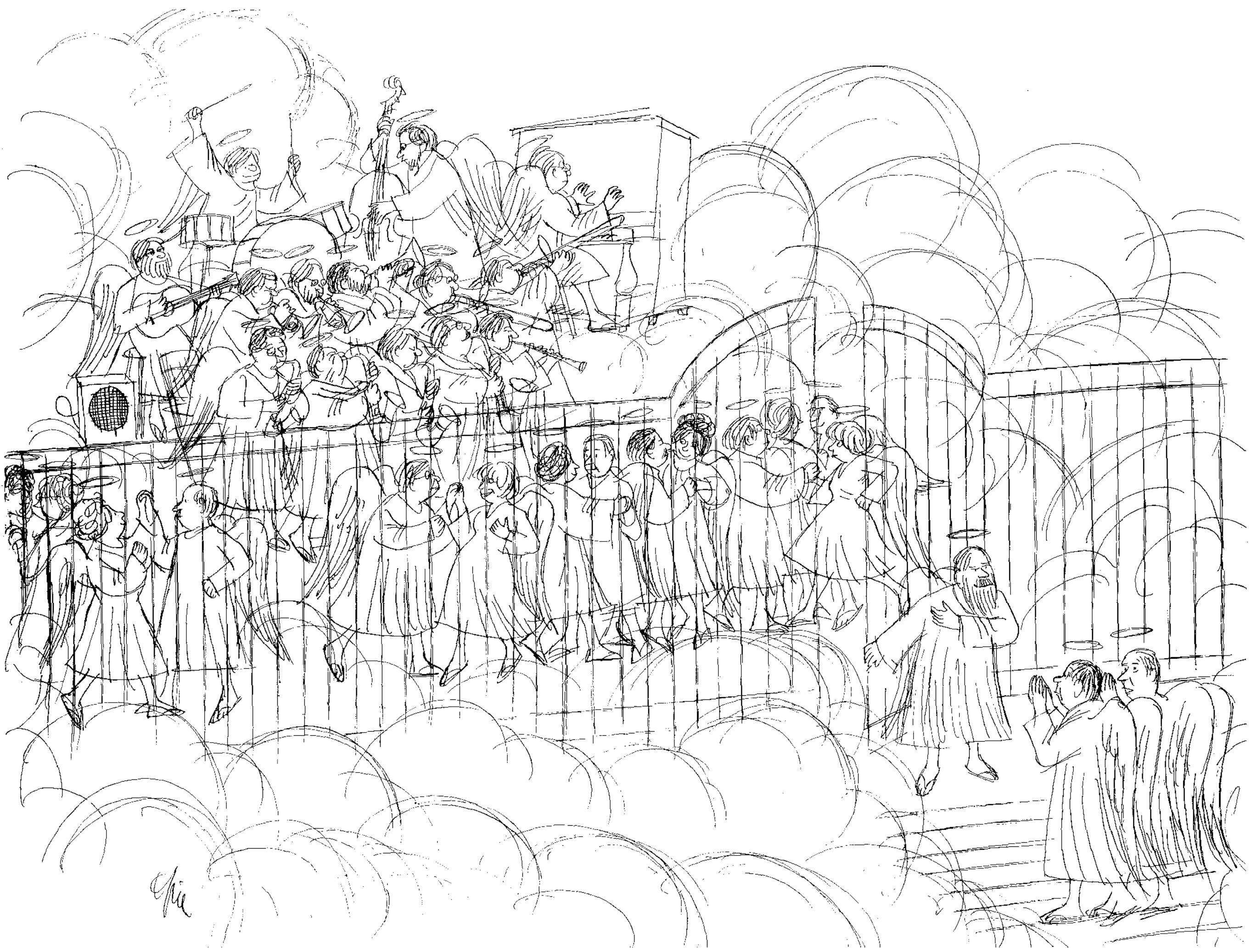
CHATTING about olive oil for two and a half hours straight might strike you as difficult. But it's like anything else—if you have the right training, it's doable. Heck, it's easy, as we discovered the other day at a luncheon of the International Olive Oil Council. You can ask the Tunisian olive-oil representative about the olive trees in her native land and find out that some are more than a thousand years old. The Turkish olive-oil spokesman will explain to you the circumstances under which olives can be machine-harvested (straight trees). Vincenzo Picone, the chief olive-oil spokesman in the entire world (free and otherwise), will be happy to list the major olive-oil myths—that olive oil is fatty, full of cholesterol, and lousy for cooking—and then debunk them. Olive oil is not fatty, it's not full of cholesterol, and it's *magnificent* for cooking. Just nod in the right places and Bette Gollrad, olive oil's American mouthpiece, will continue her narrative, which begins, "Somewhere between the days of Plymouth Colony and where we are today, the tradition of using olive oil was somehow lost." Miss Gollrad can explain that olive oil is a lot like wine, in that there are a lot of different kinds, and she can recommend a dynamite way to sample olive oil—on a hunk of toasted Italian bread pre-rubbed with garlic. Doctors can fill loads of time: George Christakis, of the University of Miami School



"Looks like they've initiated a big-band policy."

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of Medicine, will explain that Ramses II, who ran Egypt, probably ate olive oil, and that while potatoes absorb olive oil, olive oil "actually provokes the egress of fatty acids from fish."

If things slow down, you can innocently ask a cheeky question. Ours was "Why is the highest grade of olive oil known as '*extra*-virgin'?"

Mr. Picone said, "Language is always in the middle, and it gets tugged by various interest groups. 'Beautiful' is fine, but 'most beautiful' is better, and so is 'sensational.' Next to 'extra-virgin,' 'virgin' sounds like nothing."

By now, the two and a half hours should be just about up, and you can leave.

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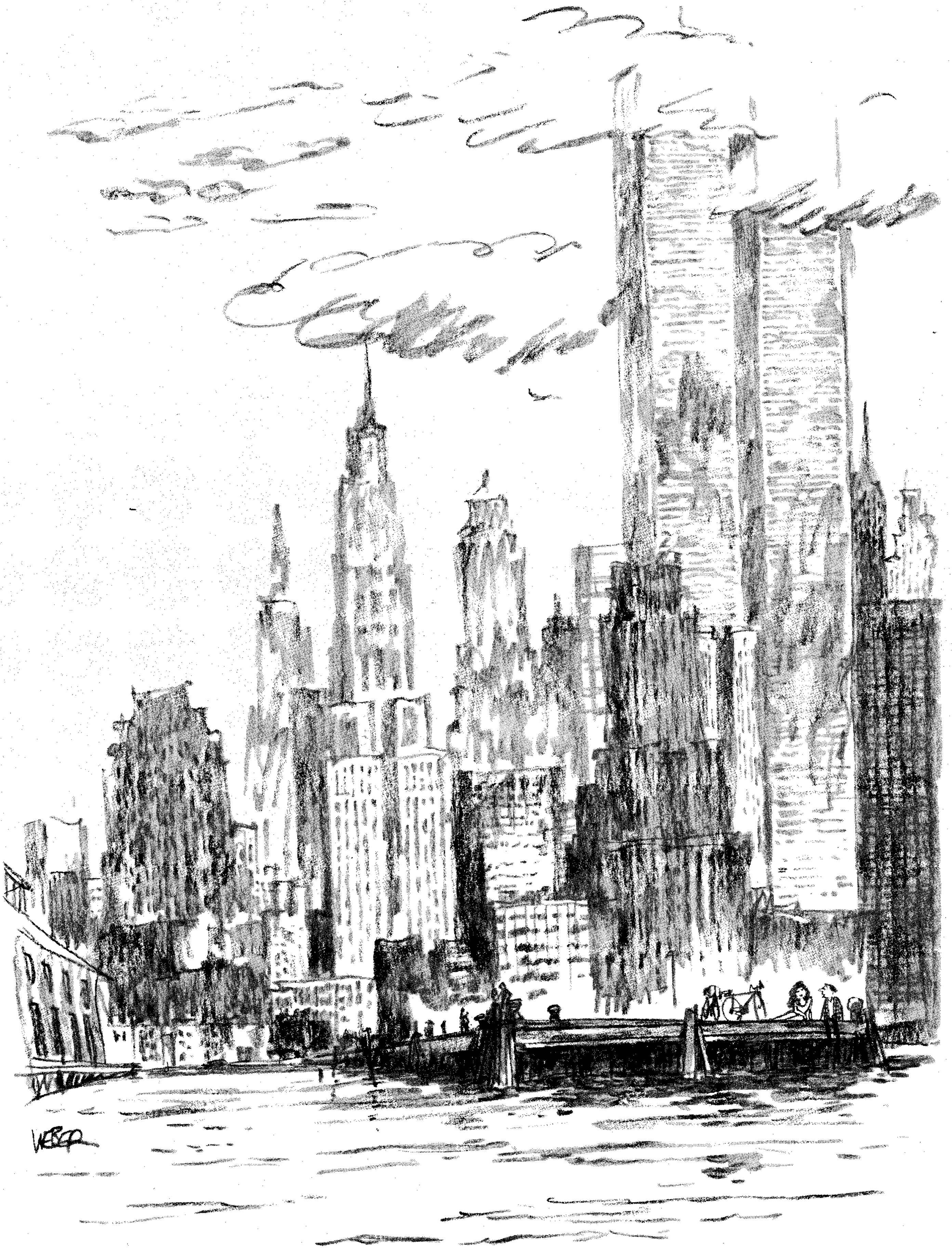
"THERE were a lot of exotic ideas here, but you want sometimes to get back to simplicity. I guess it goes to show that sometimes creativity for its own sake isn't worth it." William Rice, the editor-in-chief of the magazine *Food & Wine*, was talking about rice pudding; he was a judge, in fact, at the recent First Ever Great Rice Pudding Tasting, sponsored by the Rice Council of America.

So was Arthur Schwartz, of the *News*. Mr. Schwartz was having category trouble. "Texture" and "Creaminess" were two of the judging categories. He said, "What I think it means is, there were some cases where the rice had a mealy quality but it was suspended in a creamy custard. So it was fine in Creamy, but it had lousy Texture."

This was close. A public-relations woman who was helping to run the contest said, "Creaminess is the overall smooth, velvety feeling, whereas Texture refers to the graininess, the coarseness—even, if you will, the bite."

Twelve restaurants competed in the contest. Some sent traditional rice puddings. Others offered *novel* rice puddings, with pears and blackberries and candied tops and wild rice, and kiwi, too—long the official green fruit of upper Manhattan but now in decline. Alain Roby, the pastry chef at the Vista Hotel, won in Overall Eating Quality. He put hazelnut paste in his pudding. "You don't see many hazelnuts in rice pudding, that is why," Mr. Roby said. The Stage Deli was announced as the winner in Creaminess. "Lots of people have rice pudding once in a while," Joe Greenwald, of the Stage, told us. "You can't have cheesecake every day. That's why there are so many desserts in the world —and entrées."

Mr. Rice, who looked full, said, "I haven't had the rice pudding of my life today. But I guess I lost that opportunity with the end of my childhood."



"The thing I like about New York, Claudia, is you."

MAN, BYTES, DOG

MANY people have asked me about the Cairn Terrier. How about memory, they want to know. Is it I.B.M.-compatible? Why didn't I get the I.B.M. itself, or a Kaypro, Compaq, or Macintosh? I think the best way to answer these questions is to look at the Macintosh and the Cairn head on. I almost did buy the Macintosh. It has terrific graphics, good word-processing capabilities, and the mouse. But in the end I decided on the Cairn, and I think I made the right decision.

Let's start out with the basics:

MACINTOSH:
Weight (without printer): 20 lbs.
Memory (RAM): 128 K
Price (with printer): $3,090

CAIRN TERRIER:
Weight (without printer): 14 lbs.
Memory (RAM): Some
Price (without printer): $250

Just on the basis of price and weight, the choice is obvious. Another plus is that the Cairn Terrier comes in one unit. No printer is necessary, or useful. And—this was a big attraction to me—there is no user's manual.

Here are some of the other qualities I found put the Cairn out ahead of the Macintosh:

Portability: To give you a better idea of size, Toto in "The Wizard of Oz" was a Cairn Terrier. So you can see that if the young Judy Garland was able to carry Toto around in that little picnic basket, you will have no trouble at all moving your Cairn from place to place. For short trips it will move under its own power. The Macintosh will not.

Reliability: In five to ten years, I am sure, the Macintosh will be superseded by a new model, like the Delicious or the Granny Smith. The Cairn Terrier, on the other hand, has held its share of the market with only minor modifications for hundreds of years. In the short term, Cairns seldom need servicing, apart from shots and the odd worming, and most function without interruption during electrical storms.

Compatibility: Cairn Terriers get along with everyone. And for communications with any other dog, of any breed, within a radius of three miles, no additional hardware is necessary. All dogs share a common operating system.

Software: The Cairn will run three standard programs, SIT, COME, and NO, and whatever else you create. It is true that, being microcanine, the Cairn is limited here, but it does load the programs instantaneously. No disk drives. No tapes.

Admittedly, these are peripheral advantages. The real comparison has to be on the basis of capabilities. What can the Macintosh and the Cairn do? Let's start on the Macintosh's turf—income-tax preparation, recipe storage, graphics, and astrophysics problems:

	Taxes	Recipes	Graphics	Astrophysics
Macintosh	yes	yes	yes	yes
Cairn	no	no	no	no

At first glance it looks bad for the Cairn. But it's important to look beneath the surface with this kind of chart. If you yourself are leaning toward the Macintosh, ask yourself these questions: Do you want to do your own income taxes? Do you want to type all your recipes into a computer? In your graph, what would you put on the x axis? The y axis? Do you have any astrophysics problems you want solved?

Then consider the Cairn's specialties: playing fetch and tug-of-war, licking your face, and chasing foxes out of rock cairns (eponymously). Note that no software is necessary. All these functions are part of the operating system:

	Fetch	Tug-of-War	Face	Foxes
Cairn	yes	yes	yes	yes
Macintosh	no	no	no	no

Another point to keep in mind is that computers, even the Macintosh, only do what you tell them to do. Cairns perform their functions all on their own. Here are some of the additional capabilities that I discovered once I got the Cairn home and housebroken:

Word Processing: Remarkably, the Cairn seems to understand every word I say. He has a nice way of pricking up his ears at words like "out" or "ball." He also has highly tuned voice-recognition.

Education: The Cairn provides children with hands-on experience at an early age, contributing to social interaction, crawling ability, and language skills. At age one, my daughter could say "Sit," "Come," and "No."

Cleaning: This function was a pleasant surprise. But of course cleaning up around the cave is one of the reasons dogs were developed in the first place. Users with young (below age two) children will still find this function useful. The Cairn Terrier cleans the floor, spoons, bib, and baby, and has an unerring ability to distinguish strained peas from ears, nose, and fingers.

Psychotherapy: Here the Cairn really shines. And remember, therapy is something that computers have tried. There is a program that makes the computer ask you questions when you tell it your problems. You say, "I'm afraid of foxes." The computer says, "You're afraid of foxes?"

The Cairn won't give you that kind of echo. Like Freudian analysts, Cairns are mercifully silent; unlike Freudians, they are infinitely sympathetic. I've found that the Cairn will share, in a nonjudgmental fashion, disappointments, joys, and frustrations. And you don't have to know BASIC.

This last capability is related to the Cairn's strongest point, which was the final deciding factor in my decision against the Macintosh—user-friendliness. On this criterion, there is simply no comparison. The Cairn Terrier is the essence of user-friendliness. It has fur, it doesn't flicker when you look at it, and it wags its tail.

—James Gorman

OVERHEAD IN A BALLOON

Aymeric had a family name that Walter at first didn't catch. He had come into the art gallery as "A. Régis," which was how he signed his work. He must have been close to sixty, but only his self-confidence had kept pace with time. His eyes shone, young and expectant, in an unlined and rosy face. In spite of the face, almost downy, he was powerful-looking, with a wrestler's thrust of neck and hunched shoulders. Walter, assistant manager of the gallery, was immediately attracted to Aymeric, as to a new religion—this time, one that might work.

Painting portraits on commission had seen Aymeric through the sunnier decades, but there were fewer clients now, at least in Europe. After a brief late flowering of Moroccan princes and Pakistani generals, he had given up. Now he painted country houses. Usually he showed the front with the white shutters and all the ivy, and a stretch of lawn with white chairs and a teapot and cups, and some scattered pages of *Le Figaro*—the only newspaper, often the only anything, his patrons read. He had a hairline touch and could reproduce *Le Figaro's* social calendar, in which he cleverly embedded his client's name and his own. Some patrons kept a large magnifying glass on a table under the picture, so that guests, peering respectfully, could appreciate their host's permanent place in art.

Unfortunately, such commissions never amounted to much. These were not the great homes of France (they had all been done long ago, and in times of uncertainty and anxious thrift the heirs and owners were not of a mind to start over) but weekend places. Aymeric was called in to immortalize a done-up village bakery, a barn refurbished and brightened with the yellow awnings "Dallas" had lately made so popular. They were not houses meant to be handed on but slabs of Paris-area real estate, to be sold and sold again, each time with a thicker garnish of improvements. Aymeric had by now worked his territory to the farthest limit of the farthest flagged terrace within a two-hour drive from Paris in any direction; it had occurred to him that a show, a sort of retrospective of lawns and *Figaros*, would bring fresh patronage, perhaps even from abroad. (As Walter was to discover, Aymeric was blankly unprofessional, with that ignorance of the trade peculiar to its fringe.) It happened that one of the Paris Sunday supplements had published a picture story on Walter's gallery, with captions that laid stress on the establishment's boldness, vitality, visibility, international connections, and financial vigor. The supplement project had cost Walter's employer a packet, and Walter was not surprised that one of the photographs showed him close to collapse, leaning for support against the wall safe in his private office. The accompanying article described mobbed openings, private viewings to which the police were summoned to keep order, and potential buyers lined up outside in below-freezing weather, bursting in the minute the doors were opened to grab everything off the walls. The name of the painter hardly mattered; the gallery's reputation was enough.

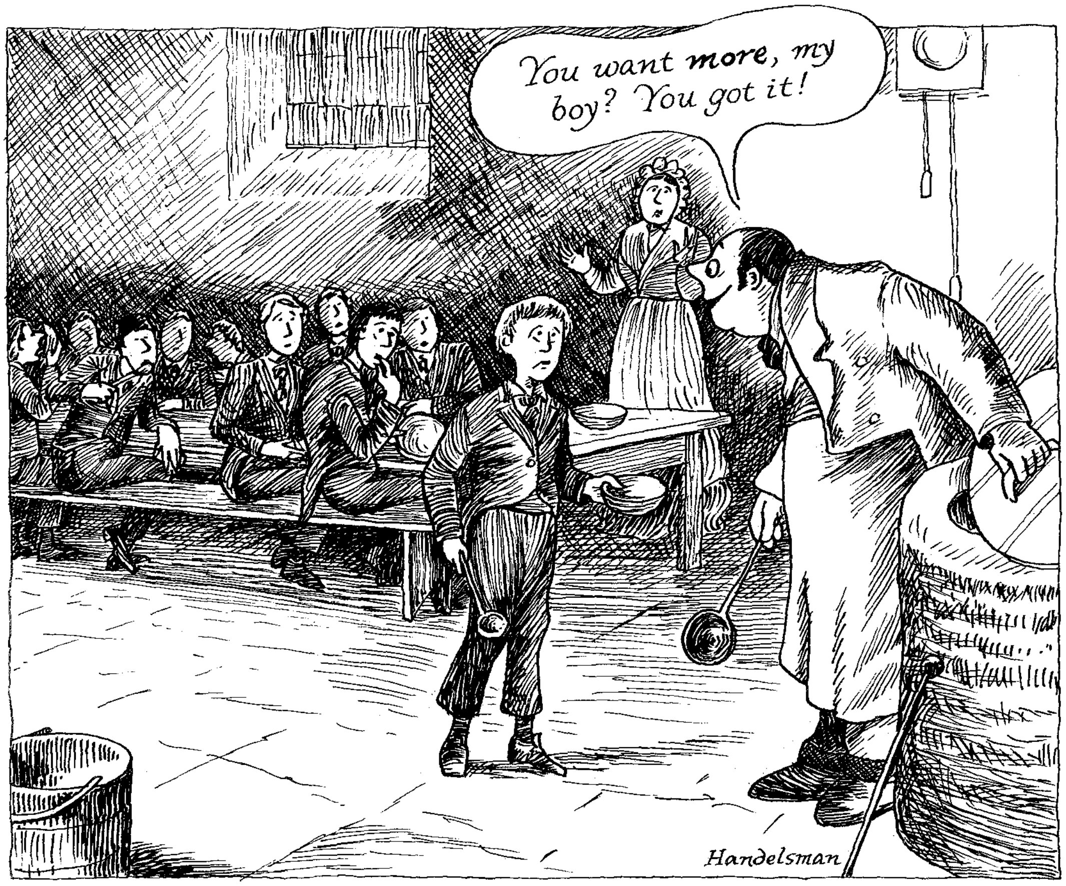
Who believes this, Walter had wondered, turning the slippery, rainbow pages. Then Aymeric had lumbered in, pink and hopeful, believing.

He had dealt with, and been dealt with by, Walter's employer, known privately to Walter as "Trout Face." Aymeric showed courteous amazement when he heard just how much a show of that kind would cost. The uncultured talk about money was the gallery's way of refusing him, though a clause in the rejection seemed to say that something might still be feasible, in some distant off-season, provided that Aymeric was willing to buy all his own work. He declined, politely. For that matter, Trout Face was civil, too.

Walter, from behind his employer's back, had been letting Aymeric know by means of winks and signs that he might be able to help. (In the end, he was no help.) He managed to make an appointment to meet Aymeric in a café not far away, on Boulevard Saint-Germain. There, a few hours later, they sat on the glass-walled sidewalk terrace—it was March, and still cold—with Walter suddenly feeling Swiss and insufficient as Aymeric delicately unfolded a long banner of a name. Walter had already introduced himself, much more briefly: "Obermauer." He pointed, because the conversation could not get going again, and said, "That's my Métro station, over there. Solférino."

They had been through some of Aymeric's troubles and were sliding, Walter hoped, along to his own. These were, in order, that for nine years his employer had been exploiting him; that he had a foot caught in the

Memories


You want more, my boy? You got it!
Handelsman

CHAPTER II-A. OLIVER FALLS AMONG BLEEDING HEARTS.

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steel teeth of his native Calvinism and was hoping to ease it free without resorting to a knife; that the awfully nice Dominican who had been lending books to him had brusquely advised him to try psychoanalysis. Finally, the apartment building he lived in had just been sold to a chain of health clubs, and everybody had to get out. It seemed a great deal to set loose on a new friend, so Walter mentioned only that he had a long underground ride to work every day, with two changes.

Aymeric replied that from the Notre-Dame-des-Champs station there was no change. That was how he had come, lugging his portfolio to show Walter's employer. "I was too soft with him, probably," Aymeric resumed. His relatives had already turned out to be his favorite topic. "The men in my family are too tolerant. Our wives leave us for brutes."

Leaning forward the better to hear Aymeric, who had dropped to a mutter, Walter noticed that his hair was dyed, pale locks on a ruddy forehead. His voice ran like clockwork, drawling to a stop and then, wound up tight, picking up again, like a refreshed countertenor. His voice was like the signature that required a magnifying glass; what he had to say was clear, but a kind of secret.

Walter said he was astonished at the number of men willing to admit, with no false pride, that their wives had left them.

"Oh, well, they do that nowadays," said Aymeric. "They wait for the children to." To? He must have meant "to grow up, to leave home."

"Are there children?" He imagined Aymeric lingering outside the fence of a schoolyard, trying to catch a glimpse of his estranged children, ducking behind a parked car when a teacher looked his way.

"Grandchildren."

Walter continued to feel sympathy. His employer, back in the days when he had been training Walter to be a gallery instrument as silent and reliable as the lock on the office safe, had repeatedly warned him that wives were death to the art trade. Degas had remained a bachelor. Did Walter know why? Because Degas did not want to have a wife looking at his work at the end of the day and remarking, "That's pretty."

They had finally got the conversation rolling evenly. Aymeric, wound up and in good breath, revealed that he and his cousin Robert and Robert's aged mother occupied a house his family had lived in forever. Actually, it was on one floor of an apartment building, but nearly the whole story—three sides of the court. For a long time, it had been a place the women of the family could come back to when their husbands died or began showing the indifference that amounts to desertion. Now that Paris had changed so much, it was often the men who returned. (Walter noticed that Aymeric said "Paris" instead of "life," or "manners," or "people.") Probably laziness of habit had made him say they had lived forever between the Luxembourg Gardens and the Boulevard Raspail. Raspail was less than a century old, and could scarcely count as a timeless landmark. Still, when Aymeric looked down at the damp cobblestones in the court, out of his kitchen window, he could not help feeling behind him the line of ancestors who had looked out, too, wondering, like Aymeric, if it really would be a mortal sin to jump.

Robert, his cousin, owned much of the space. It was space one carved up, doled out anew, remodelled; it was space on which one was taxed. Sixty square metres had just been sold to keep the city of Paris from grabbing twice that amount for back taxes. Another piece had gone to pay their share in mending the roof. Over the years, as so many single, forsaken adults had tried to construct something nestlike, cushioning, clusters of small living quarters had evolved, almost naturally, like clusters of coral. All the apartments connected; one could walk from end to end of the floor without having to step out to a landing. They never locked their doors. Members of the same family do not steal from one another, and they have nothing to hide. Aymeric said this almost sternly. Robert's wife had died, he added, just as Walter opened his mouth to ask. Death was the same thing as desertion.

Walter did not know what to answer to all this, especially to the part about locks. A good, stout bolt seemed to him a sensible and not an unfriendly precaution. "And lead us not into temptation," he was minded to quote, but it was too soon to begin that ambiguous sort of exchange.

At that moment Walter's employer appeared across the boulevard, at the curb, trying to flag a taxi by waving his briefcase. None stopped, and he moved away, perhaps to a bus stop. Walter wondered where he was going, then remembered that he didn't care.

"I hate him," he told Aymeric. "I *hate* him. I dream he is in danger. A patrol car drives up and the execution squad takes him away. I dream he is drinking coffee after dinner and far off in the night you can hear the patrol car, coming to get him."

Aymeric wondered what bound Walter to that particular dealer. There were other employers in Paris, just as dedicated to art.

"I hate art, too," said Walter. "Oh, I don't mean that I hate what you do. That, at least, has some meaning—it lets people see how they imagine they live."

Aymeric's tongue rested on his lower lip as he considered this. Walter explained that he had to spend another eleven years working for Trout Face if he was to get the full benefit of a twenty-year pension fund. In eleven years, he would be forty-six. He hoped there was still enjoyment to be had at that age.

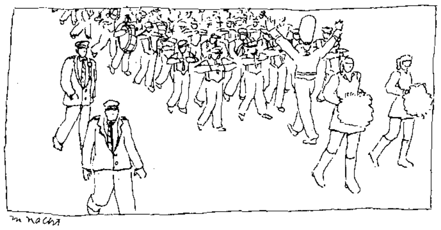
"When you are drawing retirement pay, I'll be working for a living," Aymeric said. He let his strong, elderly hands rest on the table—evidence, of a kind.

"At first, when I thought I could pull my funds out at any time, I used to give notice," Walter went on. "When I stopped giving notice, he turned mean. I dreamed last night that there was a bomb under the floor of the gallery. He nearly blew himself up digging it out. He was saved. He is always saved. He escapes, or the thing doesn't explode, or the chief of the execution squad changes his mind."

"Robert has a book about dreams," said Aymeric. "He can look it up. I want him to meet you."

ABOUT four weeks after this, Walter moved into two rooms, kitchen, and bathroom standing empty between Robert's quarters and his mother's. It was Robert who looked after the practical side of the household and to whom Walter paid a surprisingly hefty rent; but he was on a direct Métro line, and within reach of friendship, and, for the first time since he had left Bern to work in Paris, he felt close to France.

That spring Robert's mother had grown old. She could not always remember where she was, or the age of her two children. At night she roamed about, turning on lights, opening bedroom doors. (Walter, who felt no responsibility toward her, kept his locked.) She picked up curios and trinkets and left them anywhere. Once a month Robert and Aymeric traded back paperweights and snuffboxes.



One night she entered her son's bedroom at two in the morning, pulled open a drawer, and began throwing his shirts on the floor. She was packing to send him on a summer holiday. Halfway through (her son pretended to be asleep), she turned her mind to Aymeric. Aymeric woke up a few minutes later to find his aunt in bed beside him, with her finger in her mouth. He got up and spent the rest of the night in an armchair.

"Why don't you knock her out with pills?" Walter asked him.

"We can't do that. It might kill her."

• •

THE OLIVE GROVES OF THASOS

Thronging the warped treadmill
of antiquity, the silver-polled
assemblies, knothole-
tunnelled, generations-old

abeyances, posthumous postures
and contortions of a common
weathering, their burled stupor
pierced and cloven

by fierce threnodies of
daybreak, penetrable,
root-cooled in dazzlements
of unquarried marble,

these wards of turbulence
beneath the shaken
shrines of the acropolis,
their offspring a hidden

clustering of gray-green
worry beads that blacken
in October, after the summer
people have all gone,

when from the villages along
the shore, where in the evenings
we watched the fishing
boats go out in strings

of three, in trinities,
from each of whose sterns
there bloomed a mimic
trinity of lanterns,

linked in a ring, as
darkness fell, to frame
a single, cyclic reënactment
of the timeless; and from

the plane-tree-dimmed, cool-
all-summer refuge
of hill villages above the
tideline of gray foliage,

from the middle villages
the buses pass through, their
hens, their dust and oleanders,
their voluble cafés no more

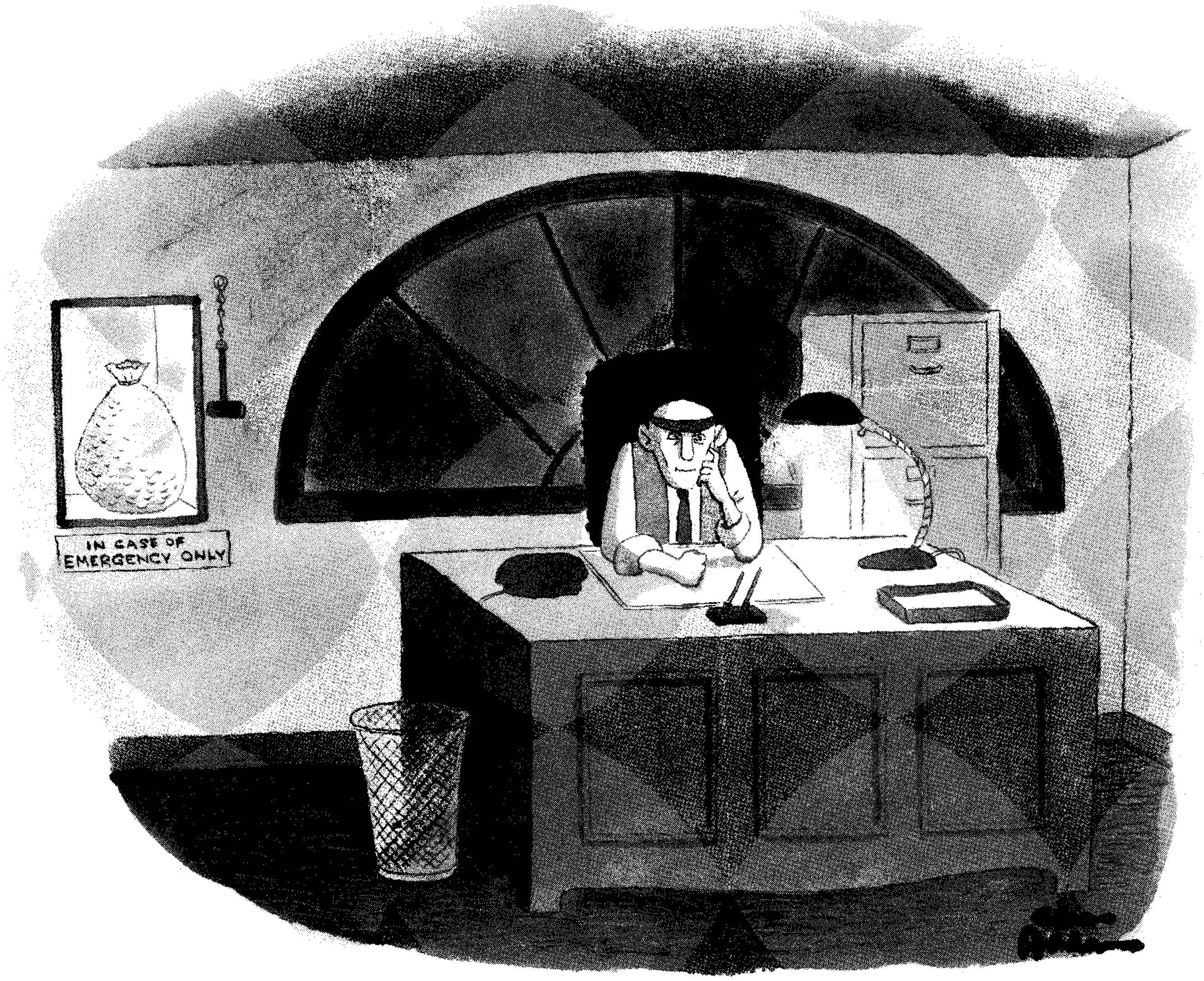
than islets in the vast,
single surf of olive
groves that circumscribe,
that are the chief live-

lihood and artifact of
Thasos—the whole populace
turns out, with tarpaulins and
poles, to bring in the harvest

of these trees. Of this time-gnarled
community of elders—so many-
shaped, so warped, so densely
frugal, so graceful a company—

what more can we say, we who have
seen the summer boats go out,
tasted the dark honey, and savored
the oil-steeped, black, half-bitter fruit?

—Amy Clampitt



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What's the difference, said Walter's face. "Then shut her up in her own bedroom."

"She might not like that. By the way, here's your phone bill."

Walter was surprised at the abruptness of the deadlock. Aymeric did not so much change the subject as tear it up. Walter could not understand many things—the amount of his telephone bill, for instance. He did most of his calling from the gallery, dialling his parents in Bern with the warm feeling that he was putting one over on Trout Face. He had been astonished to learn that he was supposed to pay a monthly fee for using the elevator. Apparently, it was the custom of the house. Aymeric was turning out to be less of a new religion than Walter had expected. For one thing, he was seldom there. His old life moved on, in an unseen direction, and he did not offer to bring Walter along. He seemed idle yet at the same time busy. He hardly ever sat down without giving the impression that he was trying to get to his feet; barely entered a room without starting to edge his way out of it. Running his fingers through his pale, abundant hair, he said, "I've got an awful lot to do."

Reading in bed one night, Walter glanced up and had the eerie sight of a doorknob silently turning. "Let me in," Robert's mother called. Her voice was sweet and pitched to childhood. "The latch is caught, and I can't use both hands." Walter tied the sash of the Old England dressing gown his employer had given him one Christmas, when they were still getting along.

She had put on lipstick and eyeshadow. "I'm taking my children to Mass," she said, "and I thought I'd just leave this with you." She opened her fist, clenched like a baby's, and offered Walter a round gold snuffbox with a cameo portrait on its lid. He set the box down on a marble-topped table and led her through a labyrinth of low-ceilinged rooms to Robert's bedroom door, where he left her. She went straight in, turning on an overhead light.

By morning, the box had drawn in the cold of the marble, but it became warm in Walter's hand. He and his employer were barely speaking; they often used sign language to show that something had to be moved or hung up or taken down. Walter seemed to be trying to play a guessing game until he opened his hand, as Robert's mother had done.

"Just something I picked up," he said, as if he had been combing secondhand junk stores and was no fool.

"Picked up where?" said his employer, appreciating the weight and feel of the gold. He changed his spectacles for a stronger pair, ran his thumb lightly and affectionately over the cameo. "Messalina," he said. "Look at those curls." He held the box at eye level, tipping it slightly, and said, "Glued on. An amateur job. Where did you say you got it?"

"I happened to pick it up."

"Well, you'd better put it back." A bright spot moved on his bald head as he leaned into the light. "Or, wait; leave it. I'll look at it again." He wrapped the box in a paper handkerchief and locked it up in his safe.

"I brought it just to show you," said Walter.

His employer motioned as if he were pushing a curtain aside with the back of his right hand. It meant, Go away.

Robert was in charge of a small laboratory on the Rue de Vaugirard. He sat counting blood cells in a basement room. Walter imagined Robert pushing cells along the wire of an abacus, counting them off by ten. (He was gently discouraged from paying a visit. Robert explained there was no extra chair.) In the laboratory they drew and analyzed blood samples. Patients came in with their doctor's instructions, Social Security number, often a thick file of medical history they tried to get Robert to read, and blood was taken from a vein in the crook of the arm. The specimen had to be drawn before breakfast; even a cup of coffee could spoil the result. Sometimes patients fainted and were late for appointments. Robert revived them with red wine.

Each morning, Robert put on a tracksuit and ran in the Luxembourg Gardens, adroitly slipping past runners whose training program had them going the other way. Many of the neighborhood shopkeepers ran. The greengrocer and the Spaniard from the hardware store signalled greetings with their eyes. It was not etiquette to stop and talk, and they had to save breath.

Walter admired Robert's thinness, his clean running shoes, his close-cropped gray hair. When he was not running, he seemed becalmed. He could sit listening to Walter as if he were drifting and there was nothing but Walter in sight. Walter told him about his employer, and the nice Dominican, and how both, in their different spheres, had proved disappointing. He refrained from mentioning Aymeric, whose friendship had so quickly fallen short of Walter's. He did not need to be psychoanalyzed, he said. No analysis could resolve his wish to attain the Church of Rome, or remove the Protestant martyrs who stood barring the way.

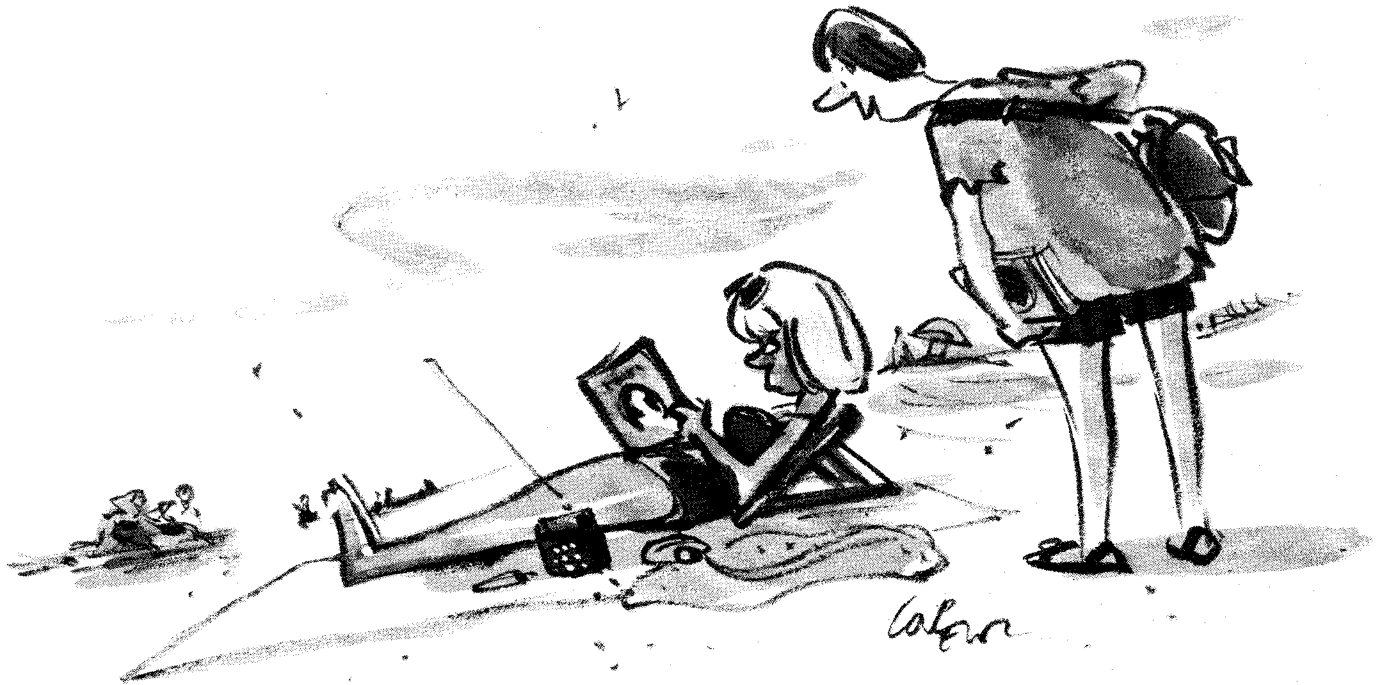
"We call this one the Presidential Hopeful."

Sometimes Robert made a controlled and quiet movement while Walter was speaking, such as moving a clean silver ashtray an inch. No one was allowed to smoke in his rooms, but they were furnished with whatever one might require. Walter confessed that he admired everything French, even the ashtrays, and Robert nodded his head, as if to say that for an outsider it was bound to be so.

Robert got up at five and cleaned his rooms. (Aymeric had someone who came in twice a week.) He ran, then came back to change and eat a light breakfast before going to work. The first thing he did at five was to put on a record of Mozart's Concerto in C Major for Flute and Harp. He opened his windows; everyone except Walter-the-Swiss slept with them tight shut. The Allegro moved in a spiral around the courtyard, climbed above the mended roof, and became thin and celestial.

Walter usually woke up in the middle of the Andantino. It was much too early to get up. He turned on his side, away from the day. The mysterious sadness he felt on waking he had until now blamed on remoteness from God. Now he was beginning to suppose that people really must be made in His image, for their true face was just as concealed and their true whereabouts as obscure. A long, dangerous trapeze swoop of friendship had borne him from Aymeric's to Robert's side of the void, but all Robert had done was make room for Walter on the platform. He was accommodating, nothing more. Walter knew that he was too old at thirty-five for those giddy, hopeful swings. One of these days he was going to lose momentum and be left dangling, without a safety net.

He could hear music, a vacuum cleaner, and sparrows. The nice Dominican had assured him that God would still be there when his analysis



"Beg your pardon, but I couldn't help noticing that we're both reading this summer's blockbuster beach book."

had run its course. From his employer he had learned that sadness was supposed to be borne with every outward sign of elegance. Walter had no idea what that was supposed to mean. It meant nothing.

By the Rondo Allegro, Robert's mother would begin shaking Aymeric awake. Aymeric guided her back to her own apartment and began to boil water and grind coffee for her breakfast. She always asked him what he was doing in her private quarters, and where he had put his wife. She owned a scratched record of "Luna Rossa" sung by Tino Rossi, to which she could listen twelve times running without losing interest. It was a record of the old, breakable kind, and Walter wondered why someone didn't crack it on the edge of a sink. He thought of Farinelli, the castrato who every evening for ten years had to sing the same four tunes to the King of Spain. Nothing had been written about the King's attendants—whether at the end of ten years there were any of them sane.

In his own kitchen, Aymeric brewed lime-flower tea. Later, an egg timer would let him know he was ready for coffee. If he drank coffee too soon, his digestive system became flooded with acid, which made him feel ill. Whenever Robert talked about redistributing the space, Aymeric would remark that he would be dead before long and they could do as they liked with his rooms. His roseate complexion concealed an ashen inner reality, he believed. Any qualified doctor looking at him saw at once that he was meant to be pale. He followed the tea with a bowl of bran (bought in a health-food store) soaked in warm water. After that, he was prepared for breakfast.

When Aymeric was paying a weekend visit to a new patron, in some remodelled village abattoir, he ate whatever they gave him. Artist-in-residence, he had no complaints. On the first evening, sipping a therapeutic Scotch (it lowered blood pressure and made arterial walls elastic), he would tactfully, gradually, drop his chain-link name: he was not only "A. Régis" but "Aymeric Something Something de Something de Saint-Régis." Like Picasso, he said, he had added his mother's maiden name. His hostess, rapidly changing her mind about dinner, would open a tin of foie gras and some bottled fruit from Fauchon's. On Monday, he would be driven home, brick-colored, his psychic image more ashen than ever. Rich food made him dream. He dreamed that someone had snubbed him. Sometimes it was the Archbishop of Paris, more often the Pope.

In a thick, thumbed volume he kept at his bedside, Robert looked up all their dreams. Employer, execution squad, patrol car, arrest combined to mean bright days ahead for someone especially dear to the dreamer. Animals denoted treachery. Walter, when not granted a vision of his employer's downfall, dreamed about dormice and moles. Treachery, Robert repeated, closing the book. The harmless creatures were messengers of betrayal.

COMING up from underground at the Chambre des Députés station (his personal stop at Solférino was closed for repair) one day, Walter looked around. On a soft May morning, this most peaceful stretch of Boulevard Saint-Germain might be the place where betrayal would strike. He crossed the road so that he would not have to walk in front of the Ministry of Defense, where men in uniform might make him say that his dreams about patrol cars were seditious. After a block or so he crossed back and made his way, with no further threats or dangers, to his place of work.

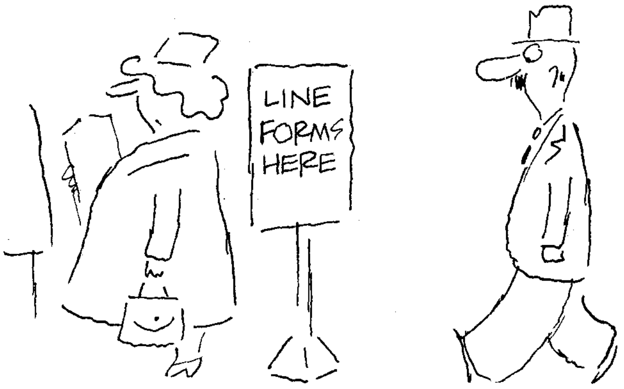
Immersion in art had kept him from spiritual knowledge. What he had mistaken for God's beckoning had been a dabbling in colors, sentiment cut loose and set afloat by the sight of a stained-glass window. Years before, when he was still training Walter, his employer had sent him to museums, with a list of things to examine and ponder. God is in art, Walter had decided; then, God *is* art. Today, he understood: art is God's enemy. God hates art, the trifling rival creation.

Aymeric, when Walter announced his revelation, closed his eyes. Closing his eyes, he seemed to go deaf. It was odd, because last March, in the café, he had surely been listening. Robert listened. His blue gaze never wavered from a point just above Walter's head. When Walter had finished, Robert said that as a native Catholic he did not have to worry about God and art, or God and anything. All the worrying had already been done for him. Walter replied that no one had ever finished with worrying, and he offered to lend Robert books.

Robert returned Walter's books unread. He was showing the native Catholic resistance to religious history and theology. He did not want to learn more about St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas than he had been told years before, in his private school. Having had the great good luck to be born into the only true faith, he saw no reason to rake the subject over. He did not go in for pounding his head on an open door. (Those were Robert's actual words.)

Robert's favorite topic was not God but the administration of the city of Paris, to which he felt bound by the ownership of so many square metres of urban space. He would look withdrawn and Gothic when anyone said, "The city does such a lot for the elderly now." The latest folderol was having old people taken up for helicopter rides, at taxpayers' expense. Robert's mother heard about the free rides while toying with a radio. Robert borrowed his sister's car and drove his mother to the helicopter field near the Porte de Versailles, where they found a group of pensioners waiting their turn. He was told he could not accompany his mother aloft: he was only forty-nine.

"I don't need anyone," his mother said. She unpinned her hat of beige straw and handed it to him. He watched strangers help her aboard, along with three other old women and a man with a limp. Robert raised his hands to his ears, hat and all, against the noise. His mother ascended rapidly. In less than twenty minutes she was back, making sure, before she would tell him about the trip, that he had not damaged her hat. The old gentleman had an arthritic leg, which he had stuck out at an awkward angle, inconveniencing one of the ladies. The pilot had spoken once, to say, "You can see Orléans." When the helicopter dipped, all the old hens screamed, she said. In her own mind, except now and then, she was about twenty-eight. She made Robert promise he would write a letter to the authorities, telling them there should be a cassette on board with a spoken travelogue and light music. She pulled on her hat, and in its lacy shadow resembled her old black-and-white snapshots, from the time before Robert.



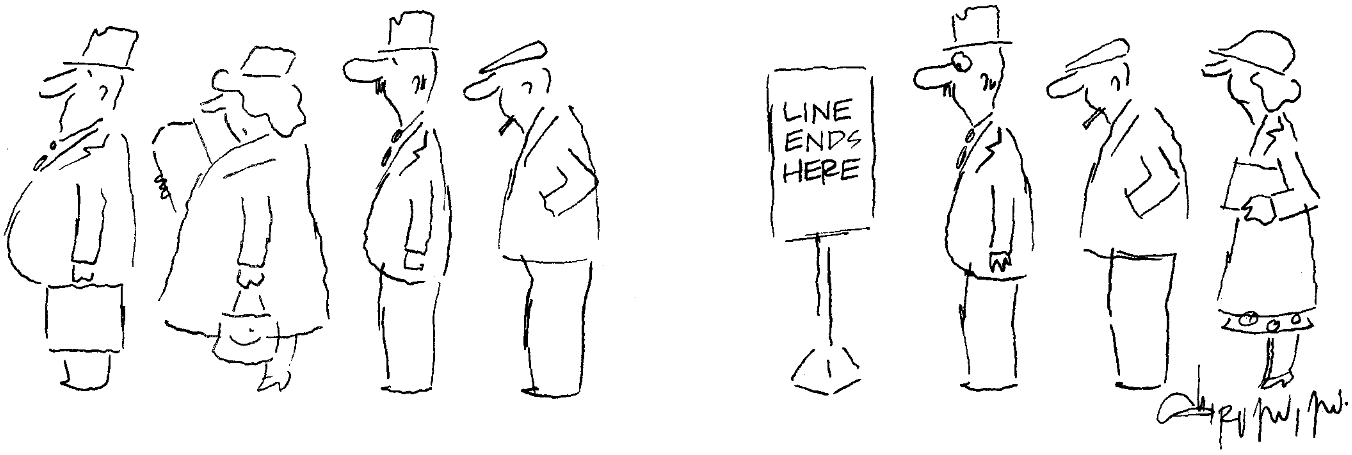
ONE evening, Walter asked Aymeric if Monique de Montrepos, Robert's sister, had ever done anything, any sort of work. He met a drowsy, distant stare. Walter had blundered into a private terrain, but the fault was Aymeric's—never posted his limits. Aymeric told scandalous and demeaning stories about his relatives; Walter thought that half of them were invented, just for the purpose of teasing Walter and leading his speculations about the family astray. And yet Aymeric backed off a simple question, something like, "Does Robert's sister work?"

Finally Aymeric yielded and said Monique could infer character from handwriting. Walter's picture of a gypsy in a trailer remained imprinted even after Aymeric assured him that she worked with a team of psychotherapists, in the clean, glassy rooms of a modern office building in Montparnasse. Instead of dropping the matter, Walter wanted to know if she had undergone the proper kind of training; without that, he said, it was the same thing as analyzing handwriting by mail order.

Aymeric thought it over and said that her daughters were well educated and that one of them had travelled to Peru and had got on quite well in Peruvian. This time, Walter had sense enough to keep quiet.

BY June, Robert's mother had become too difficult for him to manage alone, and so his sister, Monique, who did not live with her husband, turned her apartment over to one of her daughters and moved in to help. Her name was added to the list of tenants hanging from the concierge's doorknob. Walter asked Aymeric if "Montrepos" was a Spanish name. Walter was thinking of the Empress Eugénie, born Montijo, he said.

One would need to consult her husband, Aymeric replied. Aymeric thought that Gaston de Montrepos had been born Dupuy or Dupont or Durand or Dumas. His childhood was spent in one of the weedier Paris suburbs, in a bungalow called Mon Repos. The name was painted, pale green on a rose background, on an enamel plaque just over the doorbell. Most family names had a simple, sentimental origin, if one cared to look them up. (Walter doubted that this applied to Obermauer.) Monique was a perfect specimen of the paratroop aristocracy, Aymeric went on. He was referring not to a regiment of grandees about to jump in formation but to a recognizable upper-class physical type, stumping along on unbreakable legs. Aymeric represented a more perishable race; the mother with the spun-out surname had left him bones that crumbled, teeth that dissolved in the gum, fine, unbiddable hair. (There was no doubt that Aymeric was haunted by the subject of hair. He combed his own with his fingers all the while he was speaking. The pale tint Walter had observed last March had since been deepened to the yellow of high summer.) Monique's husband had also carried a look of impermanence, in spite of his unassuming background. Monique's father had at first minded about the name. Some simple names he would not have objected to—Rothschild, for instance. He would have let his only daughter be buried as "Monique de Rothschild" any day. Even



though. Yes, even though. Gaston had some sort of patronage appointment in the Senate, checking stationery supplies. He had spent most of his working life reading in the Luxembourg when it was fine, and eating coffee éclairs in Pons on rainy afternoons.

After Gaston Dumas or Dupuy had asked for Monique's hand and been turned down, and after Monique had tried to kill herself by taking port wine and four aspirin tablets, Gaston had come back with the news that he was called Montrepos. He showed them something scribbled in his own hand on a leaf torn off a Senate memo pad.

Well, said her father, if Monique wanted that.

Walter soon saw that it was not true about Monique's stumpy legs. For the rest, she was something like Aymeric—blooming, sound. Unlike him, she made free with friendly slaps and punches. Her pat on the back was enough to send one across the room; a knuckle ground into one's arm was a sign of great good spirits. She kissed easily—noisy peasant smacks on both cheeks. She kissed the concierge for bringing good tidings with the morning mail (a check from Gaston, now retired and living in Antibes); kissed Aymeric's cleaning woman for unpaid favors, such as washing her underclothes. The concierge and the cleaning woman were no more familiar with Monique than with Robert or Aymeric. If anything, they showed a faint, cautious reserve. Women who joke and embrace too easily are often quick to mount a high horse. Of Walter they took the barest notice, in spite of the size of his tips.

Monique soon overflowed two rooms and a third belonging to Robert. She shared her mother's bathroom and Robert's kitchen, striding through Walter's apartment without asking if her perpetual trespassing suited him. In Robert's kitchen she left supper dishes to soak until morning. Robert could not stand that, and he washed and dried them before going to bed. Soon after he had fallen asleep, his mother would come in and ask him what time it was.

"He was her favorite," Monique told Walter. "Poor Robert. He's paying for it now. It's a bad idea to be a mother's favorite. It costs too much later on."

Entering without knocking, Monique let herself fall into one of Walter's cretonne-covered armchairs. She crossed her legs and asked if anyone ever bought the stuff one saw in windows of art galleries. Walter hardly knew how to begin his reply. It would have encouraged him if Monique had worn clothes that rustled. Rustle in women's dress, the settling of a skirt as a woman sat down, smoothing it with both hands, suggested feminine expectancy. Do explain, the taffeta hiss said. Tell about spies, interest rates, the Americans, Elizabeth Taylor. Is Hitler somewhere, still alive? But all that was the far past—his boyhood. He had grown adult in a world where clothes told one nothing. As soon as he thought of an answer, Monique shouted at him, "What? What did you say?" When she made a move, it was to knock something over. In Walter's sitting room she upset a cut-glass decanter, breaking the stopper; another time it was a mahogany plant stand and a Chinese pot holding a rare kind of fern. He offered sponge cakes and watched in distress as she swept the crumbs onto the floor.

"You've got the best space in the house," she said, looking around.

Soon after that remark, after giving himself time to think about it, Walter started locking all his doors.

Monique and Robert began by discussing Walter's apartment, and moved along to the edge of a quarrel.

"In any case," said Robert, "you should be under your husband's roof. That is the law. You should never have left him."

"Nobody left. It's been like this for years." Monique did not mention that she had come here to help; he knew that. He did not say that he was grateful.

"The law is the law," Robert said.

"Not anymore."

"It was a law when you got married," he said. "The husband is head of the family, he chooses the domicile, the wife is obliged to live under his roof, and he is obliged to receive her there. Under his roof."

"That's finished. If you still bothered to go to weddings, you'd know."

"It was still binding when you married him. He should be offering you a roof."

"He can't," said Monique, flinging out her arm and hitting Robert's record-player, which resisted the shock. "It's about to cave in from the weight of the mortgage."

"Well," said Robert, forgetting Gaston for a moment, "he has a lease and he pays his rent regularly. And I am still paying for mending *my* roof." After a pause he said, "Aymeric says Gaston has a rich woman in Antibes."

"I was said to have been a rich young one."

"There is space for you here, always," said Robert instantly. There would be even more, later on. When the time came, they would knock all the flats into one and divide up the new space obtained.

"Look up 'harp' in your dream book," she said. "I dreamed I was giving a concert."

ROBERT usually got the dream book out on Sundays. The others saved up their weeknight dreams. Aymeric continued to dream he had been slighted. It was a dream of contradiction, and meant that in real life he was deeply appreciated. Robert's mother dreamed she was polishing furniture, which prophesied good luck with the opposite sex. Monique played tennis in a downpour: her affections would be returned. Robert went to answer the doorbell—the sign of a happy surprise. They began each new week reassured and smiling—all but Walter. He had been dreaming about moles and dormice again.

As the summer weather settled in, and with Monique there to care for their mother, Robert began spending weekends out of town. He took the Dijon train at the Gare de Lyon and got off at Tonnerre. Monique found cancelled railway tickets in wastepaper baskets. Walter had a sudden illumination: Robert must be attending weekend retreats in a monastery. That thin, quiet face belonged to a world of silence. Then, one day, Robert mentioned that there was a ballooning club in Tonnerre. Balloons were quieter than helicopters. Swaying in silence, between the clouds and the Burgundy Canal, he had been able to reach a decision. He did not say what about.

He accepted books from Walter to read in the train. They piled up at his bedside as he kept forgetting to give them back. Some he owned up to having lost. Walter could see them overhead, St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, drifting and swaying. He had no wish to ascend in a balloon. He had seen enough balloons in engravings. Virtually anything portrayed as art turned his stomach. There was hardly anything he could look at without feeling sick. In any case, Robert did not invite him.

Sometimes they watched television together. Aymeric had an old black-and-white set with only two channels. Monique had a Japanese portable, but the screen was too small for her mother to enjoy. They all liked Walter's set, which had a large screen and more buttons than there would ever be channels in France. One Saturday when Robert was not ballooning, he suddenly said he was getting married. It was just in the middle of "Dallas." They were about a year behind Germany, and Monique had been asking Walter, whose occasional trips to Bern kept him up-to-date, to tell them how it would all turn out. Aymeric switched off the sound, upon which Robert's mother went straight to sleep.

Robert said only that his first marriage had been so happy that he could hardly wait to start over. The others sat staring at him. Walter had a crazy idea, which he kept to himself: Would Robert get married overhead in a balloon? "I am happy," Robert said, once or twice. Walter fixed his eyes on the bright, silent screen.

Monique prepared their mother's meals and carried them from Robert's kitchen on a tray. She had to make a wide detour around Walter's locked apartment. Everything was stone cold by the time the old lady had been coaxed to sit down. Their mother had her own kitchen, but she filled the oven with whatever came to hand when she was tidying—towels, a shoebox full of old Bic pens. Once, Monique found a bolster folded in two, looking like a bloated loaf. She disconnected the stove, so that her mother could not turn on the gas and start a fire.

Robert showed them a picture of his bride-to-be. She and Robert stood smiling, with arms linked, both wearing track suits. "Does she run as well as float?" said Aymeric. He turned the snapshot over and read a date and the initial "B."

"Brigitte," said Robert.

"Brigitte what?"

"I don't want anyone driving to Tonnerre for long talks," said Robert. He did say that she taught French grammar to semi-delinquents in a technical high school. She was trying to obtain a transfer to a Paris suburb. There could be no question of the Capital itself: one had to know someone, and there was a waiting list ten years long.

Monique's arrival was followed closely by a new shock from the administrative authorities of Paris: a telephone number old people could call in the summertime, free of charge, in case their families were away and they felt lonely. Robert's mother dialled the number on Aymeric's phone. The woman at the other end—young, from the sound of her—seemed surprised to hear that Robert's mother lived with a son, a daughter, and a nephew, all attentive; had the use of a large television set with plenty of buttons and

A GESTURE

Something kind done, something kind said
in spite of everything done and said, in spite
of a soreness of mind, is like being led
to a lawn edged with trees in partial light
where a cloth is spread out for a picnic
—or is it a towel? This is not a picture
but, surprised by sun, put together quick,
a meal of invention startled by nature
into being at all—a startled meal,
arrested on a beach towel, drumsticks,
a half-gone litre of wine: a gift of the real,
an imperfect, conscious attempt to fix
something wrong with something kind, beautiful
because the ragged haste of the gesture is full
of half-creation and suddenly wanting
to do something, since something was wanting.

—MOLLY PEACOCK

• •

Dana Fradon

"Hey! If the big crunch is going to blow us all to hell, why don't we pass out some medals in advance?"

• •

dials; and still suffered from feelings of neglect and despair. She was afraid of dying alone in the dark. All night long, she tried to stay on her feet.

The young voice reminded her about old people who had absolutely no one, who lived at the top of six steep flights of stairs, who did not dare go down to buy a packet of macaroni for fear of the long climb back. Robert's mother replied that the lives of such people were at the next-to-final stage of hopelessness and terror. Her own meals were brought to her on a tray. She was not claiming more for her sentiments than blind panic.

Aymeric took the telephone out of her hand, said a few words into it, and hung up. His aunt gave him her sweet, steady smile before remarking, "Your poor mother, Aymeric, was nothing much to look at."

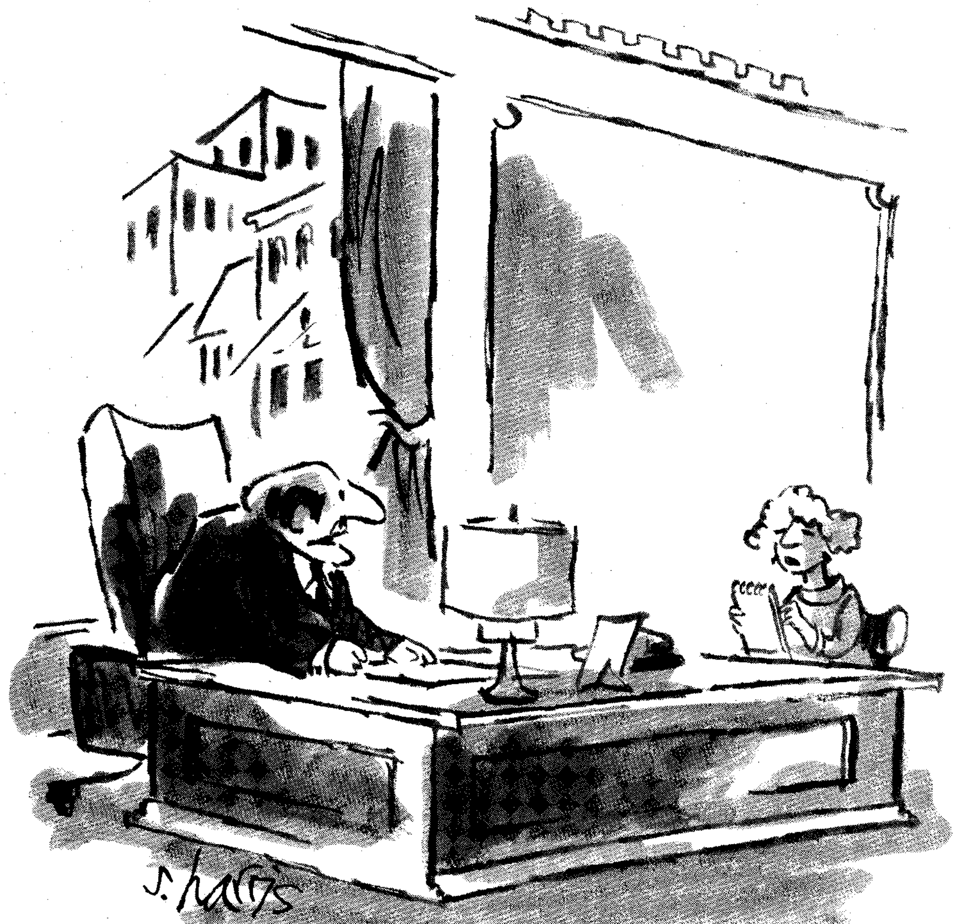
WALTER, trying to find a place to go for his summer holiday where there would be no reminders of art, fell back on Switzerland and his mother and father. He scrubbed and vacuumed his rooms and put plastic dust sheets over the furniture. Just before calling for a taxi to take him to the airport, he asked Robert if he could have a word with him. He was more than usually nervous, and kept flexing his hands. Terrible things had been said at the gallery that day; Walter had threatened his employer with the police. Robert could not understand the story—something incoherent to do with the office safe. He removed a bundle of clothes fresh from the launderette (he did his own ironing) and invited Walter to sit down. Walter wanted to know if the imminent change in Robert's life and Monique's constant hints about the best space in the house meant that Walter's apartment was coveted. "Coveted" was a heavy word, but Robert finally answered, "You've got your lease."

"According to the law," said Walter, more and more fussed, "you can throw me out if you can prove you need the space." Robert sat quietly, and seemed to be waiting for something else. "I've got to be sure I have a home to come back to—a home I can keep for a long time. This time I really intend to give notice. I don't care about the pension. He's making me an accomplice in crime. I'll stay just until he can train a replacement for me. If he sees I am worried about something else as well, it will give him the upper hand. And then, I'm like you and Aymeric. I feel as if my own family had been living here forever." Robert at this looked at him with a terrible politeness. Walter rushed on, mentioning a matter that other tenants, he thought, would have brought up first. Since moving in, he had painted the kitchen, paved the bathroom with imported tiles, and hung custom-made curtains on rods designed to fit the windows. All this, he said, constituted an embellishment of space.

"Your vacation will do you good," said Robert.

Walter gave Robert his house keys and said he hoped Monique would feel free to use his apartment as a passageway while he was gone. Handing them over, he was reminded of another gesture—his hand, outstretched, opening to reveal the snuffbox.

THEIR mother had begun polishing furniture, as in some of her dreams. A table in Walter's sitting room was like a pond. Everything else was dusty. The plastic sheets lay like crumpled parachutes in a corner. On Aymeric's birthday, late in August, he and Robert and Monique sat at the



"James Waterstone III, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Fairtex Industries. Dear Jamie: Thank you very much for the lovely towels you sent me for my birthday. Yours truly, V. Farnsworth Bridgely."

• •

polished table eating pastries out of a box. Robert picked out a few of the kind his mother liked and put them aside for her on a plate. They could hear her, in Walter's bedroom, telling City Hall that they had disconnected her stove.

Perhaps because there was an empty chair, Robert suddenly said that Brigitte was immensely sociable and liked to entertain. She played first-class bridge. She had somehow managed to obtain a transfer to Paris after all. They would be getting married in October.

"How did she do it?" Aymeric asked.

"She knows someone."

They fell silent, admiring the empty chair.

"Who wants the last strawberry tart?" said Monique. When no one answered, she cut it in three.

"We will have to rearrange the space," said Robert. He traced lines with his finger on the polished table and, with the palm of his hand, wiped something out.

Aymeric said, "Try to find out what she did with that snuffbox. I wanted to give it to you as a wedding present."

"I'll look again in the oven," Monique said.

"Ask her carefully," said Aymeric. "Don't frighten her. Sometimes she remembers."

Robert went on tracing invisible lines.

WALTER came back in September to find his kitchen under occupation, full of rusted sieves and food mills and old graters. On the stove was a saucepan of strained soup for the old woman's supper; a bowl of pureed apricots stood uncovered in the sink. He removed everything to the old woman's kitchen.

I was brought up so soundly, he said to himself. He had respected his parents; now he admired them. At home, nothing had made him feel worried or tense, and he hadn't minded his father's habit of reading the newspaper aloud while Walter tried to watch television. When his father answered the telephone, his mother called, "What do they want?" from the kitchen. His father always repeated everything the caller said, so that his mother would not miss a word of the conversation. There were no secrets, no mysteries. What Walter saw of his parents was probably all there was.

After cleaning his rooms and unpacking his suitcase, Walter called on Robert. He had meant to ask how they had spent their holidays, if in spite of the old lady they had managed to get away, but instead he found himself telling about a remarkable dream he'd had in Switzerland: A large badger had burst into the gallery and taken Walter's employer hostage. Trout Face had said, "You're not getting away with this. I'm not having anybody running around here with automatic weapons." It was not a nightmare, said Walter. He had seen himself, aloof and nonchalant, enjoying the incident.

Robert said he would look it up. That night he made a neat stack of the books Walter had lent him—all that he could still find—and left it outside his locked front door. He wrote on the back of a page torn off a calendar, "Dream of badger taking man hostage means a change of residence, for which the dreamer should be prepared. R." He rewrote this several times, changing a word here and there. In the morning, after starting the record and opening all the windows, he sat down and read his message again. He kept running his finger over the note, as he had traced new boundaries on Walter's table, and seemed to be wondering if there was any point in trying to say the same thing some other way.

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Worlds of Music" (1952), by Cecil Smith*]

Before and for some years after the first world war, the atmosphere of Greenwich Village did foster such a mode of living. Today a few aging bohemians, cadging beers from tourists in the Minetta Tavern, provide a memento of these romantic days. But two wars, shifts in population, and the housing shortage have transformed the Village into a high-rental neighborhood where you can readily pay $90 a month for an apartment worth $45 in a crumbling hundred-year-old brick or brownstone house.

ANNALS OF LAW

THE INSANITY DEFENSE

THE trial of John W. Hinckley, Jr., opened in May, 1982, in Washington, D.C., and soon after its start a videotape stilled the federal courtroom. Six color television sets on carts of various heights were angled to face the gallery, the counsels' tables, and the jury, and a small screen faced Judge Barrington Parker, on his bench. At the Judge's direction, all the sets were snapped on to show a tape made in Dayton, Ohio, during a 1980 Presidential campaign trip. President Jimmy Carter's limousine arrived at the Dayton convention center on a bright October day, and the President emerged, with a stiff wave and a stiff smile, and plunged into the crowd, grabbing hands. Then the crowd noise faded. The videotape inched along in stop action, and, standing in front of a monitor, the cameraman who had taken the footage used a pointer to direct the eyes of the jurors to the upper-right quadrant of the screen, where half of John Hinckley's face—his nose, his eyes, a wave of hair across his forehead—was visible behind frozen arms and faces. The meaning of the tape was clear: at least six months before he shot Ronald Reagan and three others on March 30, 1981, Hinckley was what the prosecutor called "a hunter and a stalker."

A tape of the March 30th shooting, familiar from repeated showings on television soon after the event, played in the courtroom like an anticlimax, but it still had impact. As that tape suggested, the cameraman had stood a few feet from Hinckley, in the mist outside the Washington Hilton, shortly before two-thirty in the afternoon, and had recorded the young man's arm and hand as Hinckley aimed at President Reagan. On the courtroom screens, the President moved quickly from right to left, surrounded by aides and protectors. Above the noise of the crowd, a voice yelled, "President Reagan, President Reagan!" The President turned toward the camera, and six shots sounded—a swift sequence of pops muffled by city traffic. The attack ended in seconds. When the television sets had been turned off, a Secret Service agent testified about reaching Hinckley after the shooting: "As I was going through the air, I can still remember the gun going off and a desperate feeling of 'I have got to get to it. I have got to get to it and stop it.' " He continued, "I came down on top of the assailant, with my right arm around his head. . . . He was still clicking the weapon as we go down."

The government's senior prosecutor was Roger Adelman, a tall and commanding veteran with a boyish haircut and the eyes of an owl in a hawk's face. He wore G-man suits with wide lapels, and broad ties in stars and stripes. In his opening statement of the government's case, Adelman had demonstrated how Hinckley had crouched like a marksman to aim his gun and clear a path to the President. Hinckley's first shot, Adelman related, hit Press Secretary James Brady in the face, piercing his brain. His second shot struck a policeman, Thomas Delahanty, in the back. The third went over the President's head and landed in a building across the street. Hinckley moved from left to right, and his fourth shot caught a Secret Service agent, Timothy McCarthy, in the chest. Still moving, Hinckley fired a fifth shot, which hit the bulletproof glass of the President's limousine. The sixth shot ricocheted off the right rear panel of the car, entered the President's chest, glanced off a rib, and lodged in a lung, inches

O'Ellen's
FOOD &
DRINK
Carl
Fisher

"I can tell you this much. If we admit Vermont and Kentucky, we'll have to find a bigger place to go for lunch."

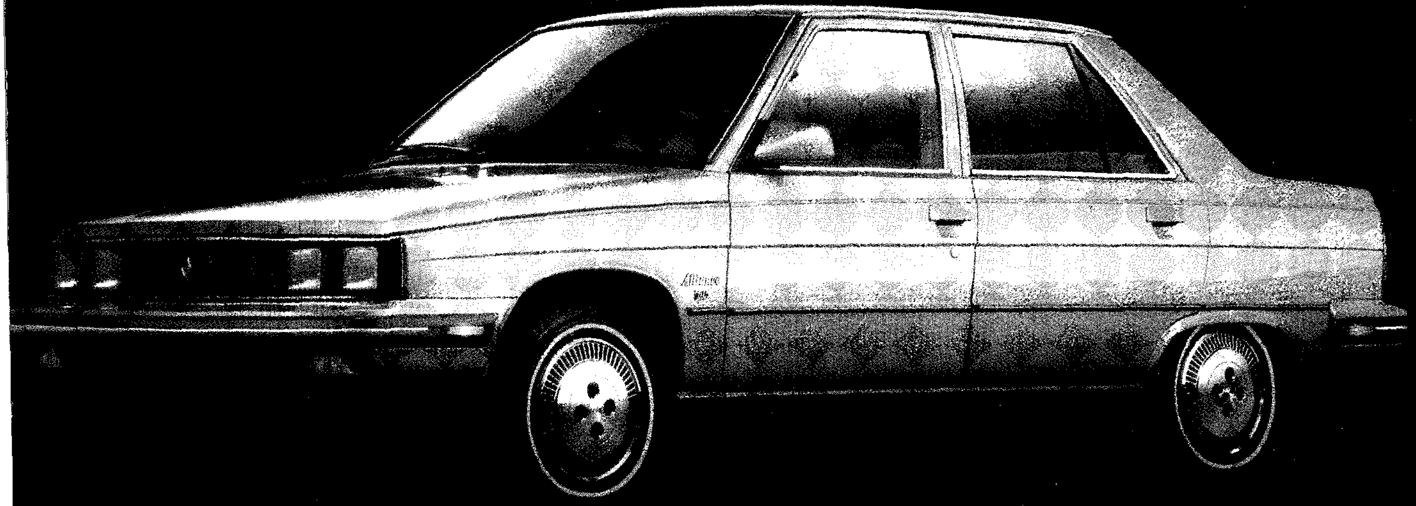
CALM
IN THE FACE OF
CHAOS
BOOTH

from his heart. Adelman counted the shots out loud, said, "With six shots, Mr. Hinckley hit four people," and concluded that these were the "central and critical events" of the case.

While Adelman was describing the shooting, John Hinckley sat at his counsel's table and stared into the middle distance, blinking rapidly. From the first day of jury selection, when Hinckley stood before a roomful of potential jurors, and the Judge asked if any of them knew the defendant, it was tempting to watch him all the time, and especially at moments when his snits and posturings might seem telling. The insanity defense turned the trial into a mystery, and Hinckley sat onstage for everyone to inspect for clues. He looked smaller than life, dwarfed by the high ceilings and windowless walls of the courtroom, on the sixth floor of Washington's Federal District Courthouse. The room's neutral tones drained him of color. Facing the jury, Hinckley sat slump-shouldered, surrounded by three burly marshals within arm's length, and with a half-dozen others at the doors of the courtroom. He was pale and moon-faced, scarred by acne. He wore a white shirt and a brown tie, which hung loose at his neck, and a tan suit that was too big. He appeared younger than his twenty-seven years, and the lawyers and the witnesses often referred to him as John. He folded his hands on the table, twiddled his thumbs, tapped them together, then carefully wiped his glasses. When he did not appear to be lost in thought, rubbing his forehead with both hands, he was visibly bored, wary, or faintly amused, smiling out of the side of his mouth.

The senior attorney for the defense was Vincent Fuller, a partner of Edward Bennett Williams in the law firm of Williams & Connolly. In the opening argument for the defense, Fuller, a stocky man with slick silver hair and a thick voice, on which he sometimes choked, told the bizarre, compelling story of Hinckley's activities over the past several years. By 1976, when Hinckley turned twenty-one, fantasies had become the "driving force" in his life, Fuller said. He was going to become a "great musical talent." He went to Hollywood to sell his songs, failed, and "happened upon" the movie "Taxi Driver." Hinckley saw the movie "as many as fifteen times," and it "remained" with him. He began to take on traits of Travis Bickle, the movie's loner protagonist, who turns from an attempt at political assassination to the rescue of a young prostitute named Iris. Jodie Foster played Iris in the film, and in the spring of 1980 Hinckley read in *People* that she was going to Yale University in the fall. He became obsessed by her. He visited New Haven, and when he failed to interest her he retreated "into this world of isolation." He bought guns and stalked Presidents Carter and Reagan; he was "devastated" by the death of John Lennon. From October, 1980, through February, 1981, Hinckley saw Dr. John Hopper, a psychiatrist in Evergreen, Colorado—where his parents lived—and, in an autobiography he wrote for the Doctor, referred to his feelings about Jodie Foster. The psychiatrist didn't probe his delusions but instead recommended, on January 23rd, that Hinckley's parents give him deadlines: by March 1st, he was to have a job; by the end of March, with a job or not, he was to be out of the house and on his own. On March 25th, Hinckley flew to Hollywood, realized again that he would have no success, and took a bus cross-country, intending to reach New Haven via Washington, D.C. On March 29th, he checked into a Washington hotel, and on March 30th he chanced on a local newspaper that gave the President's schedule. In a neat script, on lined white notebook paper, he wrote a letter, which he left in the hotel room:

> 3/30/81
> 12:45 P.M.
>
> Dear Jodie,
>
> There is a definite possibility that I will be killed in my attempt to get Reagan. It is for this very reason that I am writing you this letter now.
>
> As you well know by now I love you very much. Over the past seven months I've left you dozens of poems, letters and love messages in the faint hope that you could develop an interest in me. Although we talked on the phone a couple of times I never had the nerve to simply approach you and introduce myself. Besides my shyness, I honestly did not wish to bother you with my constant presence. I know the many messages left at your door and in



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Built by American Motors. Safety belts save lives.

RENAULT
THE ONE TO WATCH

your mailbox were a nuisance, but I felt that it was the most painless way for me to express my love for you.

I feel very good about the fact that you at least know my name and know how I feel about you. And by hanging around your dormitory, I've come to realize that I'm the topic of more than a little conversation, however full of ridicule it may be. At least you know that I'll always love you.

Jodie, I would abandon this idea of getting Reagan in a second if I could only win your heart and live out the rest of my life with you, whether it be in total obscurity or whatever.

I will admit to you that the reason I'm going ahead with this attempt now is because I just cannot wait any longer to impress you. I've got to do something now to make you understand, in no uncertain terms, that I am doing all of this for your sake! By sacrificing my freedom and possibly my life, I hope to change your mind about me. This letter is being written only an hour before I leave for the Hilton Hotel. Jodie, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance, with this historical deed, to gain your respect and love.

I love you forever,
John Hinckley

As the bailiff announced him each morning, Judge Parker entered his courtroom and lifted himself, on crutches, slowly up the steps to the bench. A black Republican who had been appointed to the federal district bench by President Nixon, he used crutches because he had lost a leg when a car hit him as he crossed a Washington street. Besides an occasional cough, the only sounds were the solemn thump of crutches on wood and the rustle of people rising. From his high perch, the Judge surveyed the room with a cool eye.

After the prosecution's first round of witnesses, including a firearms expert who traced the history of Hinckley's guns, Fuller called the defendant's parents. JoAnn Moore Hinckley, John's mother, was the first witness for the defense. She wore a salmon-pink outfit, with a Peter Pan collar and a bow, and spoke softly, in a Texas accent. The month before the shooting was the worst in her memory, she said. On March 1st, John left a note, which she recited: "Dear Mom and Dad: Your prodigal son has left again to exorcise some demons." On March 6th, before dawn, he called from New York City in "a bad state." His parents asked him to compose himself and call back. In the meantime, they called Dr. Hopper. "Give John a hundred dollars and tell him goodbye," he advised. A day later, John returned to Colorado, but his parents did not let him come home.

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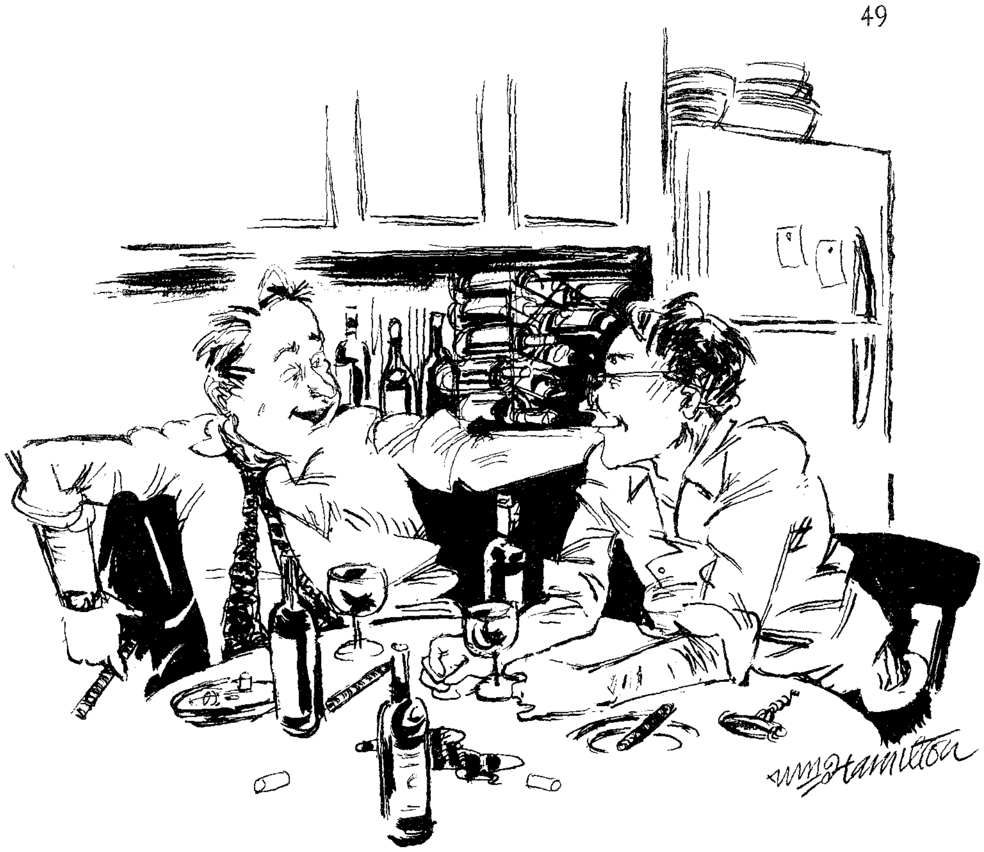
On March 25th—"I remember it was a Wednesday"—JoAnn Hinckley drove John from his motel to the airport. "It was so hard to see John go, because I—I felt in my mind that once again John might be leaving and he maybe might try to take his own life. . . . We didn't say one word to each other all the way down to the airport. . . . I broke the plan for the first time, and I gave him some money of my own. . . . He looked so bad, and so sad, and so absolutely in total despair, and I was frightened, and I didn't know what he was going to do, but yet I kept thinking, I've got to stick to that plan." At the airport, "John got out of the car and I couldn't even look at him," she recalled, and went on, "And he said, 'Well, Mom, I want to thank you for everything. I want to thank you for everything you've ever done for me.' And I said, 'Well, you are very welcome.' And I said it so coldly because I didn't want him to know what I was thinking."

The face of Hinckley's father, who was usually known as Jack, showed marks of strength—a smooth, domed forehead, ruddy cheeks, arched and skeptical brows—but his voice barely hid his distress. He confirmed that there had been friction between him and John—"He wasn't going to stay at home and do nothing" or "I was upset when he told us that he had written a novel"—and his blunt talk earned him trust from the gallery. Against the psychiatrist's initial advice, Jack Hinckley had made arrangements for John to fly from Newark to Denver on March 7th. On the way to meet John at the airport that Saturday night, he prayed that he and his wife were doing the right thing. Looking "dazed" and "wiped out," John entered the terminal, and Jack took him aside. The senior Hinckley testified, "I told him how disappointed I was in him, how he had let us down, and how he had not followed the plan that we had all agreed on. And that he had just left us no choice but to not take him back to the house again but to force him to go on his own. And so that's what I did. I took him to his car, which was parked at the airport. It was an old car and the radiator leaked. And I put some antifreeze in it and we got the car started. And I had a couple of hundred dollars with me that I had brought from the house. And I gave that to him and I suggested that he go to the Y.M.C.A., and he said no, he didn't want to do that. And so I said, 'O.K., you are on your own. Do whatever you want to.' "



"Ted, I love the way you make drinking seem so damned effortless."

• •

JoAnn Hinckley sobbed on a gallery bench. As one of her son's lawyers scurried to her side, she leaned forward and covered her eyes with a pink handkerchief.

Her husband continued, in a low voice, "In looking back on that, I'm sure that was the greatest mistake in my life. I am the cause of John's tragedy. We forced him out at a time that he just simply couldn't cope. I wish to God that I could trade places with him right now." As his wife left the courtroom, Jack Hinckley brought a folded handkerchief to his face. His eyes were hidden by it, and his shoulders heaved as he sat on the witness stand. During Mrs. Hinckley's testimony, her son had shielded his eyes and bent over the table. While his father talked, John drummed his fingers, blushed, and stared into space. Some time later, his brother and sister provoked other signs of feeling. When his twenty-nine-year-old sister, Diane, came into the courtroom, he gave her a limp wave. When Scott, who ran the family oil-and-gas business, mentioned on the witness stand his hope that John would prosper as a popular musician—perhaps as the next Barry Manilow—John shook his head, apparently embarrassed and bemused.

Besides Hinckley's own behavior, testimony from almost two dozen witnesses had given some grounds for speculation about his mind and character during the first weeks of the trial. A videotape of testimony by Jodie Foster, made in March, 1982, on the first anniversary of the shooting, and shown after Jack Hinckley's appearance on the stand, provided more to go on. The television sets were moved back into position, and Miss Foster filled the screens. She appeared plain and unexciting. Her girlish alto lacked verve, and her long blond hair kept drifting across her face. During the showing, John turned his chair toward the closest screen, carefully put on his glasses, and watched the tape, looking up as he cradled his chin in his hands. He smiled when Jodie Foster was asked the date she first heard from him by phone. "I can give you a reference," she volunteered, and cited a New Wave event. "It was the weekend of a Pretenders concert." Toward the end of the tape, John shifted and strained at his collar. On the tape, Jodie Foster was asked to look at the defendant, who had sat across the courtroom from her during the taping, and tell the court whether she had ever seen him before. Now, as the tape was shown, John's eyes swept away from the screen in a quick, wounded glance at the gallery, and he motioned for the marshals to escort him from the room. The jury, sitting attentively before its two screens, took minor note of Hinckley's departure, and, on tape, Jodie Foster was asked the next question: "How would you describe your relationship with John Hinckley?" "I don't have any relationship with John Hinckley," she answered.

There were more tapes the next morning. The Judge ordered the marshals to give each member of the jury a pair of headphones, and through these they listened to three audio tapes, which were also played through speakers—the first time that John Hinckley's voice was heard throughout the courtroom. Over the crackle of static, his voice was high and sweet and nasal. Hinckley had made the first tape in New Haven in September of 1980, when he called Jodie Foster's room at Yale. When he finally reached her, he tacked between polite answers and eager questions, maneuvering to keep her on the line. Her voice on the telephone was lively compared with the drone of her videotape. She protested mildly, pulled between curiosity about the boy on the line and the instinct that she should hang up on him. Behind her coquettishness she displayed the firm tact of an actress who is used to letting boys down gently. The second tape was a recording that Hinckley had made of himself playing the guitar and singing ballads. One ballad was a song written by John Lennon for his wife, Yoko Ono. Hinckley substituted Jodie's name for Yoko's and, to a basic strum, sang:

> In the middle of the night,
> In the middle of the night I call
> your name.
> Oh, Jodie,
> Oh, Jodie,
> My love will turn you on.

The guitar strayed off key, but Hinckley's voice touched each note in a breathy, clear, and pleasant tenor, with almost no vibrato. The songs were meant for solos in a room for one, with the door shut. The third tape, addressed to himself, contained Hinckley's New Year's message "for the end of 1980 coming upon 1981"—a lugubrious, self-conscious rambling, filled with clichés, threats, prissy stand-ins for obscenities, and dull comments on personal matters. He maundered about John Lennon and Jodie Foster, insanity and suicide, and always about himself. The monologue revealed Hinckley as miserable, sad, and wanting.

SINCE the middle of the nineteenth century, the insanity defense, like Halley's Comet, has periodically burst upon the world of criminal law and then disappeared until another celebrated case, such as John Hinckley's, brings it into prominence again. The most famous case in the history of the defense occurred in England in 1843. Daniel M'Naghten suffered from the delusion that he was being persecuted by the Pope, the Jesuits, and Prime Minister Robert Peel. He set out to shoot Peel but, by mistake, shot Peel's secretary. M'Naghten was found not guilty by reason of insanity, and, after a nervous debate in Parliament on whether M'Naghten's acquittal would encourage crime, fifteen ranking judges were asked by the House of Lords to answer basic questions about the insanity defense. In his response, Lord Chief Justice Tindal wrote what became known as the M'Naghten rule, which held that a man is not responsible for his criminal acts when, because of a "disease of the mind," he does not know the "nature and quality" of his acts or does not know that they are "wrong." The rule fixed in law a principle of justice that had been applied since Biblical times: society should not hold a man criminally responsible or morally blameworthy for unlawful acts he commits because he lacks the capacity for telling right from wrong.

In the American history of the defense, the most celebrated case—until Hinckley's—took place in Washington, D.C., in 1881, and confirmed M'Naghten as the rule of law in the District of Columbia until the middle of the twentieth century. At the capital's railroad station, a sometime religious fanatic and would-be consul named Charles Guiteau shot President James Garfield. The trial of Guiteau turned into a two-month spectacle, during which the defendant sometimes immersed himself in the New York *Herald* and the Washington *Post* in court, and occasionally leaped up to express his prejudices, including his contempt for "poodle dogs in the newspaper business." When a neurologist claimed under oath that one out of five Americans was insane, the prosecutor responded, "That is a liberal and most encouraging prospect for all of us." Guiteau was convicted and hanged, despite testimony about his "insane delusion" that God had instructed him "to remove the President for the good of the American people." "My free agency was destroyed," he had declared. "I had to do it. That's all there is about it."

In 1954, Judge David Bazelon, of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, issued an opinion that adopted a test first enunciated by the New Hampshire Supreme Court late in the nineteenth century. The standard, called the Durham rule, quickly became more famous than the facts that prompted it. (The rule was named for Monte Durham, a petty criminal with a long history of mental problems.) Judge Bazelon wrote for the court that an "accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect." This simple test attempted to solve problems that had been debated since Guiteau's trial, almost three-quarters of a century before—for instance, that a man could know right from wrong and either lack emotional appreciation that what he did was wrong or lack control because of his derangement. Under the "right-wrong" test of M'Naghten, such a man could still be convicted. Under the "product" test of Durham, he could be acquitted. The Durham rule also addressed a problem that had arisen in another Washington case, in 1929, at a time when the "irresistible impulse," or "volitional," test supplemented the "cognitive" standard of M'Naghten. This test provided a defense of insanity to someone whose mental illness caused him momentarily to lose self-control. Under the Durham rule, a man could be acquitted if his acts resulted from brooding and reflection, rather than just a brief seizure. The old criterion, fashioned when physicians of the mind were called alienists, did not "take sufficient account of psychic realities," Judge

“Hi there, philodendron fans.”

• •

Bazelon explained, “Durham was designed to throw open the windows of the defense and ventilate a musty doctrine with all of the information acquired during a century's study of the intricacies of human behavior.” The rule allowed psychiatrists to testify on all aspects of a defendant's mental condition. The Durham rule also emphasized a shift in the burden of proof in insanity cases. Under the original M'Naghten rule, a defendant had to prove his insanity. Durham stressed that, in the Federal Circuit for the District of Columbia, the defendant still had to raise the defense, but once he had raised it the prosecution had to prove him sane.

In the decade after Durham, Washington became a testing ground for the insanity defense. Durham had stirred old questions: What was mental disease? Was there a link between a particular disease and crime? Even Judge Bazelon's allies had second thoughts about the ruling, which left the answers to psychiatrists as well as to juries. Between 1954 and 1961, the percentage of successful insanity pleas in Washington cases jumped from less than one-half of one per cent to over fourteen per cent, although the increase may have been the result of acquittals of defendants who had previously been held incompetent to stand trial. In 1972, after scores of opinions in which Washington judges sharpened the meaning of the Durham rule, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia abandoned it and settled on the Brawner rule, which is based on a model test of the American Law Institute, and which has also become the law in the majority of the states. The Brawner rule (named for Archie Brawner, who was tried for a shooting that took place at a violent party) held that a man is not responsible if as a result of mental disease or defect he “lacks substantial capacity to appreciate the wrongfulness of his conduct or to conform his conduct to the requirements of the law.” Harking back to M'Naghten, the test replaced knowledge with appreciation, so a defendant could be acquitted if he knew right from wrong but lacked emotional appreciation of the difference. The test also expanded the notion of “irresistible impulse,” getting at the concept of self-control through the more general word “conform,” in the second part of the standard.

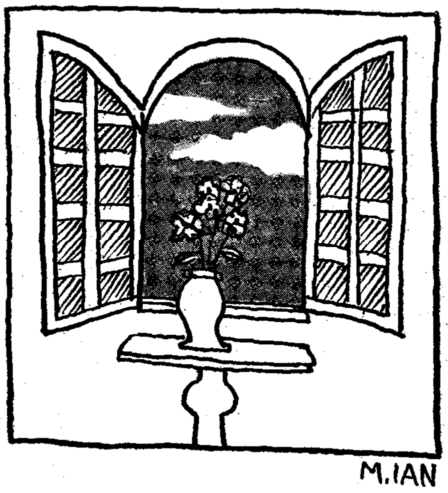
The Brawner rule did not end controversy about the insanity defense. In the period of revisionist thinking sparked by the Durham ruling—roughly since 1960—debate about the defense has expanded to include far more than discussion of mental illness and criminal law, and it continues today. According to the F.B.I.'s 1982 Index of Crime, the annual number of crimes in the United States since 1960 has swelled by almost four hundred per cent, to nearly thirteen million. The crime rate per capita has tripled, and the rate of violent crime has risen even more sharply. Although the National Crime Survey (which has been available only since 1973) suggests that the F.B.I.'s absolute figures are too low and its rate of increase too high, and although critics question the Bureau's methods of gathering facts, no one disputes the underlying trend. Abraham Goldstein, a Yale Law School professor and a former clerk to Judge Bazelon, wrote some years ago, “Because the currents calling criminal responsibility into question are so strong, those who look to the criminal law to shore up weakened social supports see the insanity defense as a call to battle.”

If the defense is a call to battle, the call is seldom heard. A recent study shows that in 1978—the latest year for which national data on the insanity defense are available—almost a third of American households were touched by crime, and forty million people were victims. Ten million suspects were arrested, and about three-fifths of them were charged; approximately two-thirds of those pleaded guilty. Only sixteen hundred and twenty-five of the defendants successfully pleaded insanity—roughly one-tenth of one per cent of the presumed offenders who stood trial.

Dr. Alan Stone, a Harvard Law School professor, has pointed out, in a paper distributed by the American Psychiatric Association, that the insanity defense changed notably in the post-Durham period. Before 1954, the defense had been, in his view, “a profound hypocrisy.” Courts had found defendants not guilty by reason of insanity and had then confined them for the rest of their lives in institutions for the criminally insane which were “more awful than prisons.” The law helped lift the veil of hypocrisy, in a series of decisions that rejected the automatic and indefinite confinement of these defendants. Legal reforms gave the defendants the right to new hearings after trial, to determine whether they were still mentally ill and dangerous. If they were committed, they were entitled to periodic review of their status. Psychiatry also lent a hand. Until the nineteen-fifties, long-term confinement of the mentally ill was an accepted practice. Then, Stone said in his paper, psychiatrists "finally opened their eyes to the evils of long-term institutionalization." They also discovered effective drug treatments and began to favor community mental-health care. In cases where questions about therapy were all that had to be answered, hospital stays dropped from years to days. In 1955, in Illinois, to cite one example of the change, there were forty-eight thousand beds for mental patients in state hospitals, and the average stay was ten years and eight months; in 1982, there were ten thousand beds, half of them for the severely or profoundly retarded, and the average stay for someone mentally ill was twenty-two days. In the period following Durham, the Supreme Court ruled that as a matter of a mentally ill offender's constitutional rights, an effort had to be made to restore him to competency. Stone wrote, "From the psychiatrist's current perspective, almost everyone who has had sufficient treatment to be restored to competency has had as much in-hospital treatment as is necessary for therapeutic reasons." Hospitals still keep defendants who have been found not guilty by reason of insanity for an average of between two and three years (in Washington, D.C., the average is almost six years), but as the consequences of a successful insanity plea have changed, the defense has become more attractive. There is some evidence that both the number of insanity pleas and the number of acquittals have increased nationwide. In New York, for example, between 1965 and 1971 an average of eight acquittals occurred each year. In 1972, the number tripled, and in 1975 there were sixty-one acquittals. Between September, 1980, and December, 1983, the number of acquittals was three hundred and forty—an average of about a hundred a year. "Perhaps for the first time in history," Stone said, "a successful plea of insanity has real bite."

Like many other scholars, Stone has measured the social ramifications of the insanity defense. The issue that seems to concern observers most deeply is what happens to a defendant after a successful plea, especially if he committed a violent act; Milton Rector, former president of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, has called predictions concerning further violent behavior "the greatest unresolved problem the criminal-justice system faces." A handful of neurosurgeons have performed controversial operations to control violent behavior, but, as Stone has emphasized, "psychiatry certainly has not found a permanent cure for violence." In his view, giving rights to the mentally ill means enduring risks of being injured by them. So does releasing successful insanity defendants, even after treatment. Statistics on recidivism among the mentally ill are inconclusive. Although a study by John Monahan, of the University of Virginia School of Law, declares that the best predictions concerning the likelihood of danger from former offenders are accurate only a third of the time, another report, by Monahan and Henry Steadman, of New York's Office of Mental Health, states that the probability of repeated crime is somewhat lower for a mentally ill offender than it is for a convicted criminal who is not mentally ill. In other words, there is generally less reason to fear repeated crimes by mentally ill offenders than by convicted criminals.

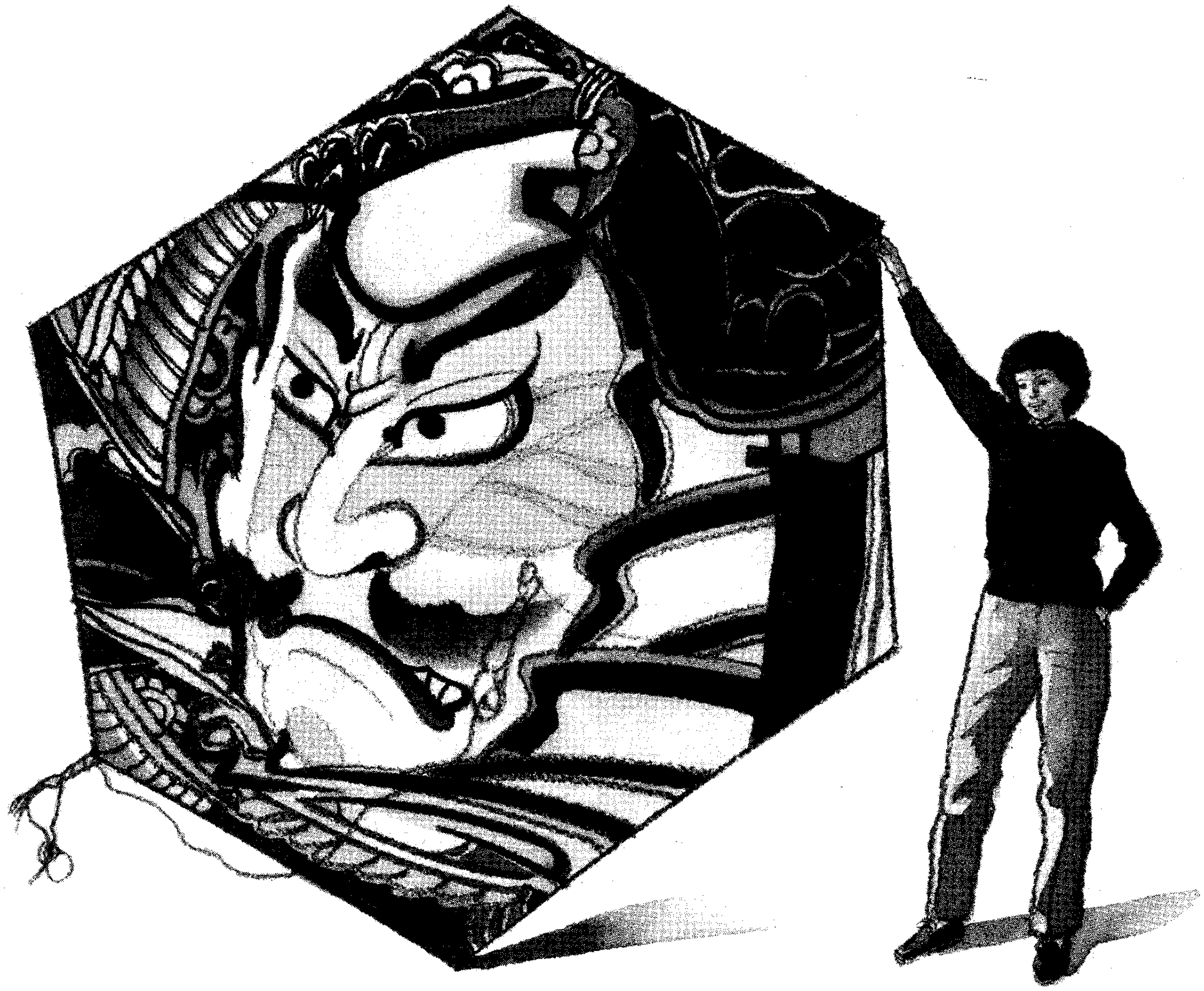
Dr. Stone asserted that the purpose of the insanity defense is to "insure that the criminal law has moral authority." As his definition of authority, he cited the Brawner decision. "The concept of 'belief in freedom of the human will and a consequent ability and duty of the normal individual to choose between good and evil' is a core concept that is 'universal and persistent in mature systems of law,' " the court said in handing down the decision. "Criminal responsibility is assessed when through 'free will' a man elects to do evil. . . . The concept of lack of 'free will' is both the root of origin of the insanity defense and the line of its growth." That is to say, the few who are found not guilty by reason of insanity assure that the rest of society can be held accountable under the law.



Abraham Goldstein, of Yale, agrees with Stone's analysis, but he makes a point that moves the discussion from theory to practice. "The real problem," he says, "has been to find a formula that keeps the exemption closely attuned to what the public can accept." It is important to draw a line between madness and badness, so to speak, but it is difficult to keep the line from moving, for, as Lord Devlin, a distinguished British jurist, observed, "the concept of illness expands continually at the expense of the concept of moral responsibility."

Others have called for outright abolition of the insanity defense. Norval Morris, a professor at the University of Chicago Law School, has characterized the defense as "a genuflection to a deep-seated moral sense that the mentally ill lack freedom of choice to guide and govern their conduct and that therefore blame should not be imputed to them for their otherwise criminal acts nor should punishment be imposed." He considers the defense a piece of hypocrisy. Despite Judge Bazelon's statement that "our collective conscience does not allow punishment where it cannot impose blame," the insanity defense draws an arbitrary line between psychological adversity, on the one hand, and, on the other, social adversity and other pressures on human behavior. Why one without the others? asks Morris. More important, he believes, the defense is "morally false," because it does not apply to all defendants who need psychiatric treatment—or, indeed, to those who need it most, for they are already in prison. According to Morris, the insanity defense has become an "ornate rarity" but also a "moral outrage," because a small number of mentally ill offenders invoke it, while the vast majority of such offenders are convicted and punished and the disorders of only a few are really treated. Besides, he notes, even the insanity defendants who succeed in court lose in the end, for they are consigned to institutions that are more like prisons than like hospitals.

To redress the imbalance, Morris recommends that in a standard criminal trial the question of insanity be considered in terms of the defendant's intent—called in legal language *mens rea*, which is translated



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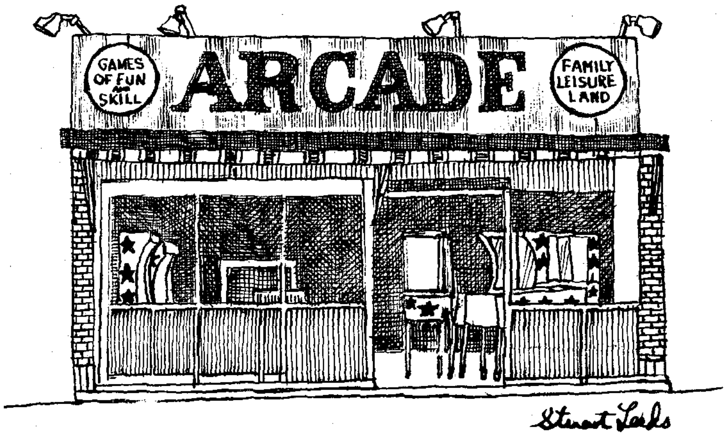
as "guilty mind"—to commit the physical act. A man who believed he was squeezing a lemon when he strangled his wife, for example, could thus be found not guilty because he lacked the intent to choke her. In a variation of the *mens rea* test, the man might have known what he was doing but, because he was deranged, lacked the capacity for a specific intent to strangle his wife. He might, for example, have intended merely to shake her but, because of his mental condition, failed to realize that his violent hold would kill. (Under a doctrine known as diminished capacity, he could be convicted on a lesser charge than murder.) Morris suggests that a defendant's mental illness after conviction should determine whether he is sent to a hospital or a prison. His illness at the time of the crime should be taken into account to possibly reduce the severity of punishment, and the likelihood of his future violence should be taken into account to possibly increase punishment. Morris argues for more stringent control of mentally ill offenders. He claims that they deserve no more favor than alcoholics, ghetto blacks, or other defendants undergoing hard times.

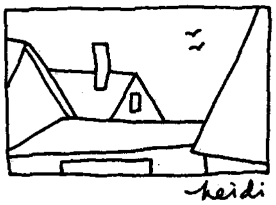
Doubts about fairness open the insanity defense to other attacks—as a privilege of the rich, for example, or as a tool for oppressing the poor, by marooning the acquitted in mental institutions for indefinite periods. Some psychologists also argue that the idea of man as a responsible agent with free will is wrong, and is therefore a misleading foundation for support of the insanity defense. The behaviorists' view assumes that free will is an illusion, that blame cannot be assigned for behavior conditioned by forces beyond the power of the individual, and that the system of justice should either change—through psychosurgery, drugs, or therapy—the personalities of people who commit anti-social acts or, if change proves impossible, confine such offenders. According to this theory, there is no basis or need for an insanity defense.

Until 1982, debate on the insanity defense was prompted by the irregular appearance of the defense in sensational cases, nearly all of them assassinations or assassination attempts. From 1835, when Richard Lawrence attacked President Andrew Jackson at point-blank range in the rotunda of the Capitol, with pistols that misfired, to this year—with odd exceptions, like the insanity acquittal of the saloonkeeper who shot Theodore Roosevelt in the chest in 1912—the defendants have been convicted. The attackers of Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., John Lennon, Gerald Ford, and George Wallace were none of them acquitted by reason of insanity. Successful insanity defendants have most often been anonymous young men, although the weirdest ones (agents of Satan, vampire killers) have sometimes achieved notoriety.



IN the Hinckley trial, neither side presented an uninterrupted biography, or even a simple chronicle of the defendant's life. The story came out in awkward, repetitive bits. John Hinckley was born in Ardmore, Oklahoma, in 1955. When he was four, his family moved to Dallas, where John quarterbacked his elementary-school football team, starred in basketball, and, at eight, became a fan of the Beatles, when they toured the United States. When he was in the sixth grade, his family moved to the suburb of Highland Park, home to many prominent Texans. According to his mother, John was no longer a "kingpin." He began to play the guitar, and in junior high school he managed the football team. ("He had his own little withdrawn personality, and that was fine," his mother said.) In 1973, after he graduated from high school, the family moved to Evergreen, Colorado—near Denver—where Jack Hinckley established a new headquarters for the family business, the Vanderbilt Energy Corporation. John enrolled at Texas Tech, in Lubbock, and finished the first year. In the summer of 1974, he moved to Dallas, where he lived first with Diane and her husband, Steven Sims, and their son, Chris, and then, in the fall, on his own. In the autobiography composed for Dr. Hopper, John wrote, "I stayed by myself in my apartment and dreamed of future glory in some undefined field, perhaps music or politics." In 1975, he returned to Lubbock for the spring semester at Texas Tech. That April, Scott Hinckley gave John his car, an old Camaro. John moved to an apartment off campus, but he signed up for the fall term at Texas Tech, and stayed there until the next spring, when he dropped out. In April of 1976, John sold Scott's car to raise funds for a trip to California. He flew West and did not write or call his parents for six weeks. For Mother's Day, John wrote home, "I hope this card finds you both well and in good spirits, despite your impossible younger son. I've taken a cozy, inexpensive apartment in Hollywood, Ca. I live about 3 blocks away from the famous Hollywood & Vine corner and two blocks away from the Sunset Strip. I was very lucky to find such a location because I am within easy walking distance of about 30 of the most famous music publishers in the world. I'm trying to sell some of my songs." A month later, he wrote his parents a dispirited letter: "For the past 2½ weeks I have literally been withou food, shelter & clothing. On May 14 someone broke into my room and stole almost all of my possessions." He asked for money—the Hinckleys sen some—and two weeks later he wrote about his discouraging search for work: "It's a miracle I still have my sanity after putting up with screaming kids and endless lines of Blacks, Mexicans, Chinese and God knows wha else." He also mentioned a contact a United Artists, who he said had encouraged him to form a duo, and he asked his parents if he should still look for work or stick with singing. In August, he wrote about a girlfriend, Lynn Collins and mentioned cutting a "professional demo" at a studio. ("I hope you're as optimistic about thing to come as I am!") In reality, John had had no success making contact in the recording business and Lynn Collins did not exist. During tha summer, Hinckley saw "Taxi Driver" for the first time, at Hollywood' Egyptian Theatre. Wha he described in a letter to his parents as "the entire weird, phony, impersonal Hollywood scene" got to him in September, and he returned to Evergreen. His parents thought him "thin, agitated, and nervous." He worked as a busboy at a local supper club, where he earned almost six hundred dollars through the early winter. "I was self-supporting for the first and only period in my life. I was 21 years old," he wrote in his autobiography. In March, he returned to Lubbock, and he remained there through the summer of 1978. During that year, he complained of ailments—a sore eye, a sore throat, an earache, light-headedness—and visited the Texas Tech clinic. He became interested in the American Nazis—the National Socialist Party—in October, 1978, in Dallas. "By the summer of 1978, at the age of 23," he wrote, "I was an all-out anti-Semite and white racialist."

At the turn of the year, Hinckley moved back to Lubbock once more. In August, 1979, he bought a .38-calibre pistol at the Galaxy Pawn Shop in Lubbock; and in September, after enrolling again at Texas Tech, he pubished a newsletter for something he called the American Front, which he wrote of as "a viable alternative to the minority-kissing Republican and Democrat parties" and "the Party for the proud White conservative who would rather wear coats and ties instead of swastikas and sheets." Calling himself National Director, Hinckley, now twenty-four, made up everything about the organization, including a list of members from thirty-seven states. From January through November, 1979, he moved three times, and these moves brought to seventeen the number of places he had lived in since eaving high school. At Christmas, 1979, he did not join his family. He told his parents he was going to New York to sell a novel he said he had written, entitled "It's a Mystery to Me," but he stayed in Lubbock. In January, 1980, Hinckley had an anxiety attack, and was given medical tests for dizziness. That month, too, he bought a 6.5-calibre rifle from Snidely Whiplash's Pawn Shop, in Lubbock, for a hundred and five dollars. At the end of the month, he asked his parents f he could come home, and he did. A doctor in Denver gave him a physical, diagnosed his throat problem as an allergy, and prescribed Drixoral, an antihistamine. Hinckley weighed two hundred and twenty-two pounds—sixty more than usual. He returned to Lubbock, where he formed a mail-order company called Listalot, from which customers could buy lists of different types by responding to ads in magazines like *Country Style* and *The Nation*. (The company was real, the lists were imaginary.) In May, *People* reported that Jodie Foster was going to Yale, and the story planted in Hinckley's mind the seed of the idea, which later took root, that he should travel to New Haven.

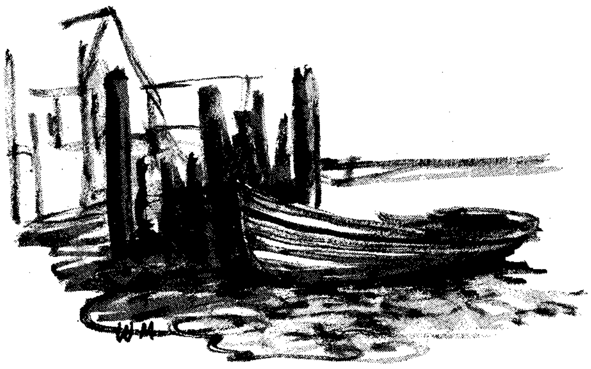


In June, he registered for the summer session at Texas Tech, and he reported to the college clinic that he had been "on the firing range" and was having trouble with his hearing. At the Empire Pawn Shop, he bought two boxes of bullets, including the exploding-head Devastators (he called them "stingers") he used ten months later. His mother wrote him, "Hope your hearing is better today. I can not believe you have so many crazy things happen to you." In late June, Hinckley went to a doctor in Lubbock, complaining of dizzy spells, palpitations, and fatigue. The doctor observed, "Patient shows a flat affect throughout examination and depressive reaction," and prescribed an antidepressant called Surmontil. To his sister Diane and her family, Hinckley wrote, "My nervous system is about shot. I take heavy medication for it which doesn't seem to do much good except make me very drowsy. By the end of the summer, I should be a bonafide basket case." After repeated visits to the Lubbock doctor, Hinckley felt slightly better and asked for a mild tranquillizer. On July 10th, the doctor prescribed Valium for him to try. On July 16th, Hinckley purchased a .22-calibre rifle from the Galaxy Pawn Shop. On July 17th, the doctor prescribed six weeks' worth of Valium. In August, Hinckley went to Colorado, to house-sit for his parents while they travelled in Europe, and he met with Darrell Benjamin, a psychologist who advised his father's company on personnel matters. The psychologist regarded Hinckley as a twenty-five-year-old who acted more like fourteen, and he recommended that Hinckley make a plan for his future. When Hinckley's parents returned, in September, he signed an agreement with them: he would sell on the stock market three hundred and fifty shares of Vanderbilt Energy stock, worth about thirty-six hundred dollars, to pay for a writing course at Yale. He wrote, "Thank you for the money and one more chance." Hinckley left Denver for New Haven on September 17th, and registered at the Sheraton Park Plaza, the city's major hotel. On the nineteenth, he wrote to his sister and brother-in-law, "The students dress like total slobs. I'm going to NYC for the weekend. Classes at Yale are still up in the air. Is anything sacred anymore?" On the twentieth, he spoke by phone with Jodie Foster and taped the conversation. He did the same on the twenty-second, and then he flew back to Colorado. He wrote, in his autobiography, "My mind was on the breaking point the whole time. A relationship I had dreamed about went absolutely nowhere. My disillusionment with EVERYTHING was complete."

On September 24th, Hinckley flew to Lubbock and soon bought two .22-calibre pistols at Snidely Whiplash's. He also bought three thousand dollars' worth of American Express traveller's checks, using the proceeds from the sale of his Vanderbilt stock. On the twenty-seventh, he flew to Washington, D.C., where he sent a postcard to Diane and her family in Texas: "Yale is such a disappointment. These past weeks have been strange times. I keep getting hit over the head by reality. It doesn't feel very good." On the twenty-eighth, he flew from Washington to Columbus, Ohio, and on the thirtieth he took a bus to Dayton. On October 2nd, President Carter visited Dayton. Hinckley decided not to shoot him. He put his guns in a locker, shook Carter's hand at the convention center, and left for New Haven, where he stayed for three days, leaving several notes for Jodie Foster. On October 6th, he flew to Lincoln, Nebraska, for a meeting with a member of the National Socialist Party, which didn't take place, and on the seventh he made his way by plane to Nashville, Tennessee, via Chicago and New York. President Carter came to Nashville on the ninth, and Hinckley again decided not to shoot the President and hurried to catch a flight to New York. Nashville airport guards found three pistols —two .22s and a .38—in Hinckley's suitcase, along with a pair of handcuffs and a box of Winchester cartridges. He was arrested, charged with a misdemeanor, and fined sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. After holding Hinckley for four or five hours, the

Nashville police drove him back to the airport, and he returned to New Haven without the guns, which the police kept. On October 11th, he flew to Dallas, where he stayed with his sister. He went to Rocky's Police Equipment and bought two more .22-calibre pistols and two boxes of shells, for ninety-eight dollars and eighty cents. On the fifteenth, he went back to New Haven once more. On the seventeenth, he went to Washington for a couple of days. On the nineteenth, he returned to Denver. Three days later, he took an overdose of Surmontil, the antidepressant that had been prescribed for him. His mother testified that one day, "when I came home, I found John very ill." She went on, "He appeared rather groggy and frantic. . . . I suppose, or maybe he told me and I don't remember, that he took too many pills." The next week, Hinckley met for the first time with Dr. Hopper, at his parents' insistence. On Election Day, November 4th, Hinckley told Hopper about Jodie Foster. "I have two obsessions in life now: writing, and the person we discussed on Nov. 4," he wrote Hopper soon after. "I care about nothing else!" At the end of the month, Hinckley wrote an anonymous letter to the F.B.I.: "There is a plot underway to abduct actress Jodie Foster from Yale University dorm in December or January. No ransom. She's being taken for romantic reasons. This is no joke! I don't wish to get further involved. Act as you wish." The F.B.I. notified the head of Jodie Foster's dorm, who warned her about the threat. On November 30th, the day before Jack Hinckley returned from a mission in Africa with a Christian charity called World Vision, Hinckley told his mother he was going to Texas. He flew to Washington, where he stayed for two weeks. Outside Blair House, where the Reagans were living while the President-elect was being briefed, Hinckley saw Reagan several times. On one occasion, Hinckley was carrying a gun.

On December 8th, John Lennon was shot. Hinckley took a train to New York, and, "in deep mourning," he joined the Lennon vigil in Central Park. On December 14th, he went to New Haven and again left notes for Jodie Foster. On the sixteenth, he flew home to Evergreen and resumed his sessions with Dr. Hopper. He made his rambling New Year's Eve tape, and spent days walking around Denver shopping centers. In mid-January of 1981, he called Jodie Foster's number in New Haven. He practiced shooting at a rifle-and-pistol range near Evergreen and, the day after the Presidential Inauguration, he bought, in Denver, a .38, the same kind of gun that Mark David Chapman used to shoot John Lennon. In February, he made his eighth visit to New Haven. He left valentines and poems for Jodie Foster and went to New York. For the first time, instead of thinking of women as untouchable idols, he found himelf interested in sex with them. He searched out prostitutes and, he later claimed, had intercourse with four, three of them in their teens. On Valentine's Day, at ten-fifty—the hour John Lennon had been shot, but in the morning rather than the evening—Hinckley took a cab to the Dakota, where Lennon had lived. He intended, he said, to shoot himself, but couldn't. He left for Washington the next day, returned to Evergreen for a night, went back to New Haven as John Hudson, and, on February 27th, had his last appointment with Dr. Hopper. On March 1st, Hinckley flew to New York. He went on to New Haven, where he left two notes for Jodie Foster: "Just wait. I'll rescue you very soon. Please cooperate," and "Goodbye! I love you six trillion times. Don't you maybe like me just a little bit? (You must admit I am different.) It would make all of this worthwhile." On March 5th, he ran out of money, and early the next morning he called his parents; his father arranged for him to fly home.



Jack Hinckley met his son at the airport, gave him two hundred and ten dollars, and sent him off on his own. John spent one night at a Motel 6 near Denver, and two weeks at the nearby Golden Hours Motel. He sold a .22-calibre pistol, a .38-calibre pistol, and a 6.5-calibre rifle to Larry of Lakewood, an arms dealer, and sold his guitar and typewriter to G. I. Joe's Pawn Shop, for fifty dollars. On March 23rd, Hinckley moved back to the Motel 6, where he registered as J. Travis. Two days later, his mother drove him to the airport. Hinckley spent a day in Hollywood, and on March 26th he took a Greyhound from Los Angeles through Cleveland and Pittsburgh to Washington. He arrived on March 29th, in the early afternoon, and went to the Park Central Hotel. On the thirtieth, after a poor night's sleep, he got up, took some Valium, went out for breakfast at McDonald's, came back to his room, and tried to doze. On the way back from breakfast, he had picked up the Washington *Star*, and when he couldn't sleep he opened the paper and noticed the President's schedule, on page A-4. It was almost noon. He took a shower, and when his mind started to race he took more Valium to calm down. He loaded his .22 with Devastator bullets and wrote to Jodie Foster. At about one-thirty, wearing a jacket (it was drizzling) with a red John Lennon button in its left pocket and his gun in its right, he took a cab to the Washington Hilton, where the President was scheduled to speak to a labor convention at quarter to two The President waved as he went into the hotel, and Hinckley waved back Time seemed to him to speed up When the President came out, at two-twenty-five, Hinckley waited until he stepped within firing range, then emptied the cylinder of his gun.

In Hinckley's wallet, after the shooting, the police found a card on which was printed the Second Amendment of the United States Constitution ("A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed"); a Colorado state identity card; a Texas driver's license; a hundred and twenty-nine dollars in cash; a photograph of his nephew, Chris; and several pictures of Jodie Foster. In Room 312 of the Park Central Hotel, where Hinckley had stayed, police found two small suitcases; an empty box of Devastator bullets and another box of standard bullets; an Army fatigue jacket and a number of wool lumberjack shirts; an article about the writer Frances FitzGerald from *Esquire;* a 1981 Lennon Color Calendar; a Band-Aid box with a folded note at its bottom ("This plane has been hijacked! I have a bomb with me. Plus flammable liquids and a knife. A companion is also on the plane with a firearm. Act naturally and lead the way to the cabin. Stay calm!"); a postcard with a picture of President and Mrs. Reagan on one side and a note to Jodie Foster on the other ("Don't they make a darling couple? Nancy is downright sexy. One day you and I will occupy the White House and the peasants will drool with envy. Until then, please do your best to remain a virgin. You are a virgin, aren't you?"); several paperback books (including "The Fan," by Bob Randall; "The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger; "The Skyjacker," by David G. Hubbard; "Welcome to Xanadu," by Nathaniel Benchley; "The Fox Is Crazy Too," by Eliot Asinof; "Romeo and Juliet;" and "Taxi Driver"); a picture of Napoleon and Josephine labelled "John and Jodie;" an array of pills, from nonprescription standards, like Tylenol, to Drixoral, Surmontil, and Valium; and thirty-eight pages of Hinckley's own writings.

FROM 1973 on, John Hinckley had no friends and few acquaintances. He could count on seeing his brother only at Christmas, and his sister and her family more frequently, on visits to Dallas a few times a year and at Christmas. Hinckley maintained contact with his parents, but he spoke or corresponded with them irregularly, and he didn't tell them his deepest concerns. They did not know about Jodie Foster or "Taxi Driver;" they did not know about his travels across the country; they did not know about his arrest in Nashville; and they thought he was in Texas when he was stalking the President. Hinckley kept most of these things from his psychiatrist, Dr. Hopper, as well. Hinckley's main forms of expression were music and writing, and dozens of his poems, short stories, essays, letters, postcards, and other scribblings were entered into evidence at his trial. They depicted a bleak, restless life, and they gave the trial's tumble of evidence a peculiar coherence, while fixing on paper its creepy, oppressive feel. Hinckley's short stories held fairly obvious messages. An attempt at a fairy tale, called "Katy by the Numbers," about a land of Countless Numbers, ends abruptly when Katy realizes that the numbers exist without trees or houses or anything else resembling a normal world. "Dream in Disgrace," about a weary

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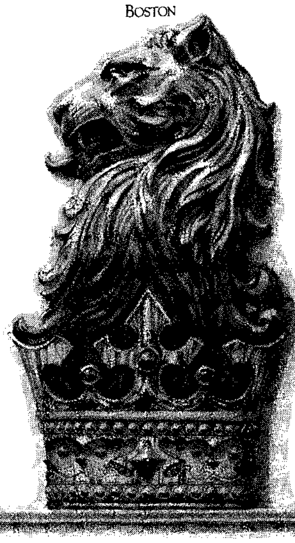

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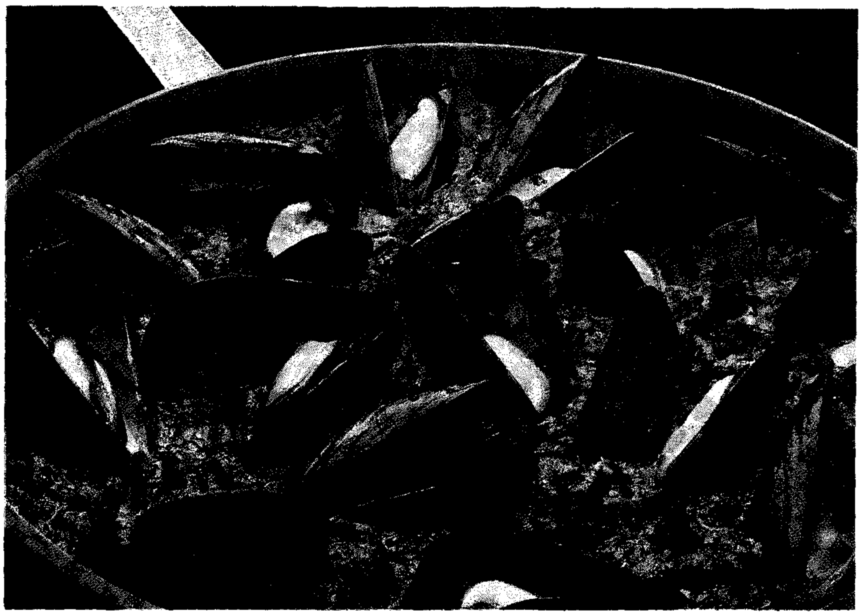

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chess player who loses a tournament match to a boy, ends, "Nathan sighed, then stumbled into the bathroom, removed a straightedge razor from the cabinet, and put his dream out of its misery." "Son of a Gun Collector" tracks a showdown between a father and son: against orders, the son touches his father's prized gun; the father disciplines his son; the son touches the gun again; the father rages; the son shoots his father and says, "Don't worry, Mama. . . . From now on, I'll be the man in the house."

In a treatment for a film, called "West of Denver," Hinckley all but parodies himself. He presents the "story of a boy 18, just out of high school, disturbed, living in the past, the Wild West," and continues, "His life is the Old West. He hates the modern day world. He lives in a small western-type town west of Denver. (Evergreen)." The main character is Jamie: "Jamie is a loner with many psychological problems. He is without a summer job and has time on his hands." Jamie loads a gun and shoots from a hill at cars and trucks on a highway. The treatment closes with lines to be spoken by sheriff's deputies: "What a strange kid he is!" and "That boy needs psychiatric attention and fast." After John Lennon's death, John Hinckley wrote a bitter essay, which is called "I Read the News Today, Oh No!," after a line from a Beatles song; the essay begins, "John Lennon is dead and people continue to laugh and dream and live. I'll be damned if I understand it. Oh, listen to the comedian tell his jokes about airplanes and telephone operators: Isn't he funny, just hysterical. The audience is laughing so he must be amusing. But I'm not too close to a smile. John Lennon is dead!" The heart of the essay could be read as a brief for gun control: "In America, heroes are meant to be killed. Idols are meant to be shot in the back. Guns are neat little things, *aren't they?* They can kill extraordinary people with very little effort. But don't say a word about it to the NRA." The piece ends, "The dream died. I died. You died. Everyone died. America died. The world died. The universe died," and trails off in illegible musings about God.

At the trial, Hinckley's poems—there were scores of them—prompted the most comment from the witnesses. Their titles read like the names on a punk-rock record album: "Guns Are Fun!," "42nd St. Love," "Give Me," "Burning Out." To the outraged, the first one on this list reads like a boast:

See that living legend over there?
With one little squeeze of this trigger
I can put that person at my feet
moaning and groaning and pleading with God.

As with other Hinckley writings, the tone might be construed as sardonic:

This gun gives me pornographic power.
If I wish, the president will fall
and the world will look at me in disbelief,
all because I own an inexpensive gun.

Guns are lovable, Guns are fun
Are you lucky enough to own one?

The poems in which Hinckley's voice reaches for notes of anguish and revelation have titles like "Prince Valium," "The Elephant Man and I," and "The Painful Evolution." From "Prince Valium":

You know a few things about me, dear sweetheart
Like my obsession with fantasy
But what the rabble don't yet understand
Is that fantasies become reality in my world.

From "The Elephant Man and I":

Perhaps the Elephant Man would understand my dilemma
We seem to have so many precious things in common
It's all a question of face to face communication.

"The Painful Evolution" reads:

In the beginning
it was a time for pretending.
The martyr in me played games
and I was the young alienated loner.

Toward the middle,
I lied about pain and troubles.
It was a mere three years ago
that I played the part so well.

Nearing the bend,
I should have turned back.
I could have taken the road
that leads to a meaningful existence.

In the end,
I cursed myself and suffered.
I have become what I wanted
to be all along, a psychotic poet.

In the poem "Regardless" he wrote, "I continue to grovel for normalcy," and in "Midnight Prayers" "Nothing seems to soothe my rage." Hinckley's only poems of hope, however tentative, deal with Jodie Foster, as in "I Know a Girl":

I know a girl who is beyond words;
I don't know her well but I know her.
I know she knows that I know her
and she knows that I love her.
I don't know her true feelings towards me
but she knows that I know her name.

In Hinckley's world, the poet breathes no joy and never sighs with relief. He buries fundamental questions in throwaway lines:

Can you reach over and turn off
the television set so we can talk?

MOST of the insanity cases that go to trial each year in the District of Columbia are of local origin, and the defendants tend to be poor, young black men. The judge who handed down the Durham decision referred to "our well-guarded secret that the great majority of responsibility cases concern indigents, not affluent defendants with easy access to legal and psychiatric assistance." John Hinckley's was not a typical case. A computer printout listing all the legal papers that had been filed in the Hinckley case during the year before the trial stretched to fifteen feet, like the index for a prolonged anti-trust case. Doctors spent hundreds of hours interviewing Hinckley to determine his state of mind at the moment of the shooting. One court-appointed psychiatrist, who eventually took the stand for the government, spent more than fifty-seven hours with Hinckley; in most cases involving an insanity plea, a few hours is the maximum. The doctors testifying for the government charged over three hundred thousand dollars in fees and expenses, and those testifying for the defense about half that. For a year and a quarter, the government assigned three lawyers, two F.B.I. agents, one Secret Service agent, and three metropolitan police officers to the case full time, with assistants to back them up, and made occasional use of dozens of F.B.I., Secret Service, and other officers to chase down facts. The defense team consisted of a senior partner, a junior partner, and two associates of the expensive Washington firm of Williams & Connolly, which has earned a first-rate reputation as counsel for white-collar criminal defendants—people accused of mail fraud or official corruption, corporations charged with securities violations or illegal foreign payments, and the like. Had the defense experts billed only half their working time (as they sometimes do for extraordinary clients) during the year and a quarter between the start and the finish of the case, standard charges would easily have topped half a million dollars. The expenses of the trial did not include the costs of doctors on federal salaries, who did not submit bills for the time they spent on the case, or the cost of the Judge and his law clerks, who were also on the federal payroll. Medical, security, and legal costs alone reached between two and a half and three million dollars. The Hinckley trial, which lasted two months, also fuelled the media, the gallery, and a cottage industry for transcripts. Jurors were paid thirty dollars a day during the first month of the trial and thirty-five dollars during the second. Although the government's doctors charged more over all than the defense doctors did, and the federal costs of the trial were at least three times the costs for the Hinckleys, the family's wealth enhanced the trial's immoderate character. Jack Hinckley called Vanderbilt Energy Corporation a "very small publicly owned oil-and-gas-exploration company," and, on the scale of that industry, he was correct. But the company was prosperous enough to support a score of employees and to permit Jack Hinckley to devote a portion of his time to volunteer work around the world. In a dozen years, Vanderbilt had grown from nothing to a point where it owned resources from the Texas Gulf Coast to the Rocky Mountains. The family's prosperity allowed it to hire Williams & Connolly, whose aggressive advocacy, along with that of the prosecution, helped make the trial a vigorous contest.

NEXT to the central tug-of-war, which concerned John Hinckley's sanity, the one between psychiatry and the law was the most intense in the trial. Had the doctors in the case been treating the defendant, they would presumably have worked out differences of opinion about his diagnosis through consultation, as colleagues. Differences of opinion would have been significant only if they had led to varying conclusions about what treatment to prescribe. In court, the stark choice between a conviction and a finding of not guilty by reason of insanity pushed the doctors, and their differing opinions, to opposite poles and identified them with one option or the other. The courtroom dispute also gave a distorted picture of psychiatry, since doctors agree on psychiatric diagnoses in eighty per cent of their cases. The challenge of diagnosing Hinckley's mental condition at an instant in history and using that conclusion as a basis for judging his criminal responsibility was essentially a legal one. Doctors who regularly take such challenges are called forensic psychiatrists, and no matter how good they are as psychiatrists they often have reputations as hired guns. Out of thirty thousand American psychiatrists, fewer than a thousand are forensic psychiatrists, and only a hundred and twenty-five of these regularly testify on criminal responsibility. They and other psychiatrists recognize that it is a difficult task to diagnose and treat someone's mental condition in the present, without the added problem of trying to explain his past behavior on the basis of evidence that is often prejudiced and stale.

In court, the doctors preferred to speak about mental disorder; the lawyers, using the terms of the insanity defense, referred to mental disease or defect. Whatever John Hinckley's mental illness was called, it did not guarantee that he would be found legally insane. The insanity law in the District of Columbia required, first, that psychiatrists find that he suffered from a mental abnormality and, second, that the jury find that as a result of the abnormality he could not tell right from wrong or abide by the law. The glossary for the doctors' debate was the third edition of the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders," known informally as DSM-III. The American Psychiatric Association published the first edition of this volume in 1952. As an introduction to the latest manual explains, the first and second editions did not provide "explicit criteria" for mental disorders; doctors were on their own in defining the "contents and boundaries of the diagnostic categories" from clinical experience. The third edition, published after heated debate within the A.P.A., "provides specific diagnostic criteria as guides for making each diagnosis," and in field tests doctors have applied these criteria with between eighty and ninety per cent agreement for severe mental illnesses and between sixty and seventy per cent agreement for less severe disorders. The criteria lead some lawyers and doctors to call DSM-III a cookbook, and the introduction to the latest manual offers several disclaimers, such as "In DSM-III there is no assumption that each mental disorder is a discrete entity with sharp boundaries (discontinuity) between it and other mental disorders, as well as between it and No Mental Disorder" and "A common misconception is that a classification of mental disorders classifies individuals, when actually what are being classified are disorders that individuals have. For this reason, the text of DSM-III avoids the use of such phrases as 'a schizophrenic' or 'an alcoholic,' and instead uses the more accurate, but admittedly more wordy, 'an individual with Schizophrenia' or 'an individual with Alcohol Dependence.' " One doctor, in an attempt to find a legal analogy, called DSM-III the statute law of psychiatry. Given the debate within the psychiatric profession about the book and its evolution, he might have called it psychiatry's common law, to be applied according to the experience, training, and idiosyncrasies of each judge.

John Hopper was the first doctor to take the stand. Angular and tanned, he wore aviator glasses and blinked slowly before answering the questions of lawyers for both sides. He spoke in a weary voice, as if to him the trial were a bad dream that he hoped to put to rest by explaining why he had treated John Hinckley as he did, from October, 1980, through February, 1981. From the start, he had discounted the seriousness of Hinckley's illness. When the Hinckleys told Hopper of John's suicide attempt, the Doctor didn't ask to see him right away. Instead, he telephoned John to ask if he had really tried to kill himself. Hopper's notes on the four months of treatment consisted of fourteen pages, a few of them with only two or three lines of comments. Three pages dealt with the "severe marital discord" of Hinckley's parents. Where the notes listed "what's been tried," the items were entered from the perspective of the parents: "Being patient, abiding him, doctors, giving money." In Hopper's view, John was a "typical case" in Evergreen, frustrated by his inability to "get anywhere in writing" or to keep up with the rest of a successful family. According to Hopper, a plan ("setting some goals and objectives") and biofeedback ("the use of equipment which shows a person either visually or auditorially in which direction relaxation is going") were the proper treatment for Hinckley's depression and anxiety. After twenty-two sessions with John Hinckley, the Doctor knew nothing of Hinckley's trips to Hollywood, his extreme interest in "Taxi Driver," his reading, his failure to enroll in any program at Yale when he went to New Haven to meet Jodie Foster, his trip to Dayton, his arrest in Nashville, his target practice, his travels around the country, or his plan to kill the President. Because of Hopper's role as the defendant's onetime therapist, John Hinckley's lawyers could not afford to ridicule the Doctor. But they presented him as a witness of fact and not as a medical expert. They tried to use Hopper's failure to recognize John's symptoms as evidence of a deceptive illness: Hinckley had fooled even a trained psychiatrist. At the end of his testimony, Hopper asked to talk with the Judge. The Judge called the lawyers to the bench. "I don't have the slightest idea what this man is going to say and I don't want to hear him," he declared. A lawyer for the defense said, "I think he may be concerned because there is the impression in the jury's mind right now that he did not believe that John Hinckley was suffering from a mental illness. . . . There is something still bothering the man." The Judge responded, "Well, there is something bothers everybody in this case." While court was in session, the Judge would not hear another word out of Hopper.

The first expert for the defense was William Carpenter, a psychiatrist who studies and treats schizophrenia at the University of Maryland. A tall man with a silvery beard and shoulder-length hair, he resembled Father Time. Folded into the witness stand, he spoke in a smoky drawl, and his meandering answers tested the patience of the Judge. "I need to keep the dates straight to look at it here because there are so many different places he has gone over the next few days," said Dr. Carpenter, referring to Hinckley's travels in the month before the shooting. "But he left Denver on February the ninth, flew to New York, and went to New Haven. The next day, the tenth, he went to Washington, D.C., and the next day back to New York, and over the next few days he is going back and forth from New York to New Haven. On the sixteenth, he comes back to Washington.

On the eighteenth, he goes back to New Haven. On the nineteenth, he goes back to Denver . . . He is going to New Haven to leave materials to make contact with Jodie Foster. At this point, he is having to deal with intense impulses around Jodie Foster and around terminating his own life. He feels that he is on a roller coaster, and cannot escape. He has developed, in some sense, multiple plans for how he might remove himself from this. The plans that are most intense on his mind involve killing himself in front of Jodie Foster, shooting Jodie Foster, then killing himself, shooting to wound her and then killing himself, killing her and then killing himself. At times, he has plans, thoughts, or impulses about going to a classroom, shooting the professor, the various students, and then killing himself—the classroom that Jodie Foster would be in. He also spent some time during the trips to New York looking for a young prostitute that he had seen and he thinks is about twelve years old—again, this character Iris that Jodie Foster played in the movie—spending time searching for her, looking for her. His trip to Washington—he came to Washington, he doesn't have a strong sense of what he is doing, of why he is doing that. He has a strong sense of why he is going to New Haven and Yale. He spends time in the city, goes to the Capitol, goes to Senator Tower's office, goes to Senator Kennedy's office. There are some notions about—but these pass very quickly—about whether he would try to assassinate Senator Kennedy. His attention is brought to materials he has read about the Puerto Rican nationalist shooting in the House of Representatives some years ago. He gets on his mind the possibility of getting into the galleries and shooting a number of representatives, pictures himself with his weaponry, with his arms in the gallery and how much shooting he could do before he was shot. His state of mind during the time is the depression, the need to terminate all of this, to have his own death. Of the impulses to be destructive to others, the most persistent is the destruction of Jodie Foster."

Dr. Carpenter's diagnosis was that John Hinckley was suffering from a major depressive disorder and from process schizophrenia, a form of the illness that begins in adolescence or early adulthood and progresses to a severe disorder marked by breaks from reality, magical thinking, and ideas of reference strong enough to be delusions—the belief that, for example, such normal events as President Reagan's waving at a crowd or Jodie Foster's appearing on television were happening just for Hinckley. Calm, sympathetic, but clinical, Carpenter described a condition and acts for which, he said, Hinckley could not be held responsible.

Park Dietz, a forensic psychiatrist, led the government's expert witnesses and its team of doctors. At about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, his fees and expenses topped the other doctors'. In a high, prim voice, he spoke the lingo of forensic psychiatry, the medical version of cop talk. Large and carefully groomed, he had full cheeks and a quizzical brow. Sketch artists at the trial stumbled over Dietz, making him look evil when they didn't mean to. Dietz was thirty-three years old. Although he testified for five days, he was not long-winded. His precision surprised even the prosecutor.

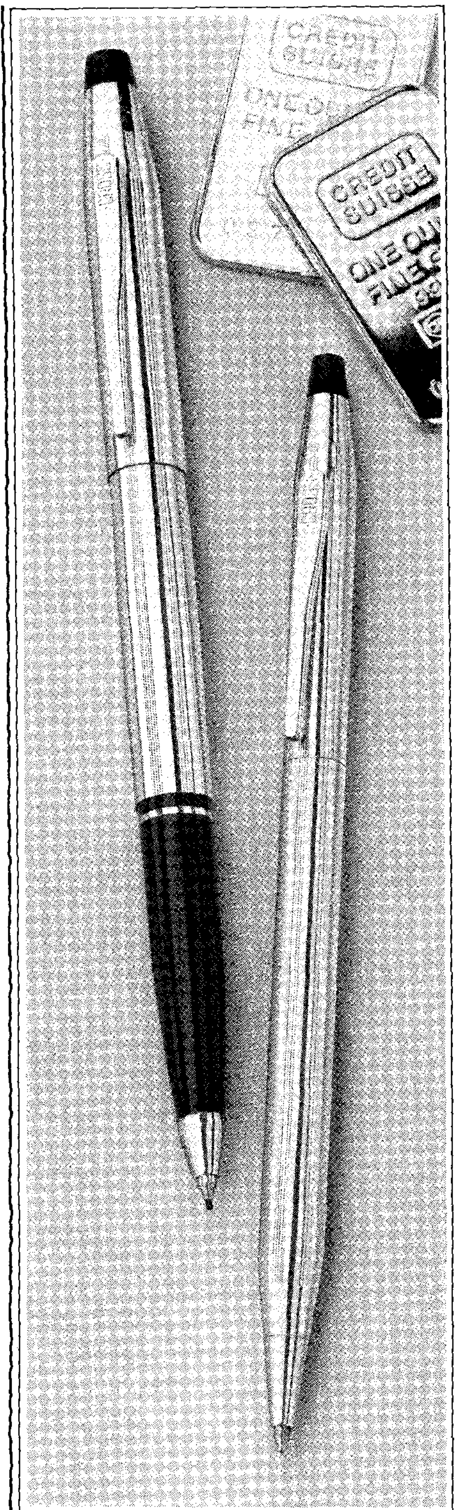
At one session, Dietz dispatched a question with a vivid response.

"Is that your metaphor?" the prosecutor asked, to extend the impact of the answer.

"I believe it's a simile," Dietz said, with a faint smile.

He was full of numbers: numbers of interviews with John Hinckley, of interviews with witnesses to the shooting, of visits with Hinckley's family, of hours spent analyzing facts, of the length of the government's report on Hinckley's sanity.

The report cropped up repeatedly, although it was never admitted in evidence. The prosecutors and Dietz reminded the court that it was six hundred and twenty-eight pages long, with a hundred-and-eighty-page summary. In a section of the report called "Psychiatric Assessment," the government's psychiatric team concluded that John Hinckley was suffering from dysthymic disorder, or depressive neurosis, and from three types of personality disorders—schizoid, narcissistic, and mixed, the last with borderline and passive-aggressive features. This diagnosis was less grave than that of the defense's doctors; to some doctors—but not the government's—the term "borderline" implied a mental illness approaching psychosis. "The defendant's dysthymic disorder is relatively persistent," the report stated, "and there is no evidence of periods of normal mood lasting more than a



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month." Hinckley suffered "marked loss of interest or pleasure in most of his activities, sleep disturbance, feelings of chronic tiredness, perceptions of low self-esteem and self-depreciation, decreased ability to attend and concentrate, loss of interest in or enjoyment of pleasurable activities, recurrent thoughts of death or suicide, and a pessimistic attitude towards the future." As evidence of Hinckley's schizoid personality disorder, the team found "emotional coldness and aloofness and an absence of warm or tender feelings for others; indifference to praise or criticism or to the feelings of others; an absence of close relationships." His narcissistic personality disorder was manifested, the team said, in "a grandiose sense of self-importance or uniqueness (with exaggerations of achievements and talents); preoccupation with fantasies of unlimited success and ideal love; the search for constant attention." They also found "feelings of cool indifference and marked feelings of inferiority, shame, and emptiness in response to perceptions of defeat and failure; and the presence in interpersonal relationships of feelings of entitlement, alternating between extremes of overidealization, interpersonal exploitiveness and devaluation and lack of empathy." Finally, the team observed "physically self-damaging acts; a pattern of unstable interpersonal relationships; an identity disturbance manifested by uncertainty about several issues relating to identity, namely self-image and career choice; and chronic feelings of emptiness or boredom; features of passive-aggressive personality disorder include resistance to parental demands for adequate performance for occupational and social functioning, combined with dawdling . . . secretiveness; jealousy; overreaction to minor events; inability to sustain consistent work behavior; failure to accept social norms; lack of self-confidence; and several obsessive-compulsive traits."

Among the noteworthy sections of the report, one was titled "Insight and Judgment":

> The defendant attributed his present difficulties to an "insane state of mind" brought about by the adverse influences upon him of various works of art and literature, the impact of current events, the failure of his treating psychiatrist (Dr. Hopper) to adequately diagnose and treat him, the pressure placed upon him by his parents to conform to middle class social expectations, and numerous physical complaints. Additionally, Mr. Hinckley described himself as chronically depressed, anxious, alienated, and afflicted with a pervasive sense of poor self-esteem. He stated that he was unable to accept responsibility for the various failures in his life summarized above. His fundamental inability to relate the dynamics of his personality style to his significant problems emerged as the major deficit in the defendant's insight. Relatively simplistic formulations were promulgated to essentially exculpate himself from responsibility for his behaviors on March 30, 1981, and before.

The crucial section was called "Criminal Responsibility":

> The following themes are among those most salient in the development of Mr. Hinckley's behavior eventuating in the shootings of March 30, 1981: repeated failure in social, educational, and occupational efforts; desire to achieve notoriety and fame; desire to gain the attention of Jodie Foster; the parental ultimatum; disappointment in the lack of immediate success of psychiatric treatment; and the failure of his identification with literary characters to produce personal satisfaction.
>
> It is quite clear that these are not the reasonable acts of a completely rational individual. Our opinion about the legal question of criminal responsibility—and it is only an opinion, for the final determination is for the jury—does not hinge on psychiatric diagnoses and speculations. Mr. Hinckley's history is clearly indicative of a person who did not function in a usual, reasonable manner. However, there is no evidence that he was so impaired that he could not appreciate the wrongfulness of his conduct or conform his conduct to the requirements of the law.

Since the government's report was not admitted into evidence for the jury to consider, Dietz did not have to defend it or explain its logic. He used the report as a basis for his testimony, however, and his testimony was itself evidence for the jury to ponder. Dietz concentrated on Hinckley's worst side. Seen through Dietz's eyes, Hinckley became a lazy, fame-seeking, manipulative, self-concerned, and privileged loner who harassed his parents about his inheritance and tricked them out of money. "The desire not to work can be traced back at least to the time after Mr. Hinckley's high-school graduation," Dietz said. "I think that Mr. Hinckley's interest in the Beatles is the earliest sign that I've been able to discern that he became exceedingly interested in fame, in the notion of success and fame in a way that would not require a great deal of effort." His concern with "art and literature" (Dietz's code words for a slick, violent movie and a lot of paperback books) grew from his obsession with fame. Hinckley, Dietz said, had spent the year before March 30, 1981, choosing among "high-publicity crimes"—a phrase that Dietz repeated with care: "He hadn't been occupationally successful. That is why he had to turn to high-publicity crime." He reminded his audience that on the night of the shooting Hinckley had asked if the Academy Awards would still be televised, or if his deed would push them off the air. In an interview, Dietz testified, Hinckley told him, "The setup was so unbelievably perfect," when he went to the Washington Hilton. Dietz had asked Hinckley if he had succeeded on March 30th. Hinckley had smiled and answered, "Yeah, it worked." He had gone on to say, "You know, actually, I accomplished everything I was going for there. Actually, I should feel good, that I accomplished everything on a grand scale. Actually, I accomplished exactly what I wanted to accomplish without exception." Hinckley had confessed, "I didn't get any big thrill out of killing—I mean shooting—him. I did it for her sake." He had also remarked, "The movie isn't over yet." In the Doctor's view, the defendant's goal of impressing Jodie Foster "was indeed reasonable because he accomplished it." During a break in the testimony, Hinckley glowered, and appeared to swear at Dietz.

Differences between the testimony of Dietz and that of Carpenter brought to mind Judge Bazelon's 1974 revision of his 1954 opinion: "My experience has shown that in no case is it more difficult to elicit productive and reliable expert testimony than in cases that call on the knowledge and practice of psychiatry." Like other judges, Judge Bazelon had expected too much from psychiatrists. He had turned to them for resolution of a social problem, and discovered that within the constraints of a trial they could not easily deliver.

David Bear, a psychiatrist for the defense, did his first brain research in high school. After graduating at the top of his class from Harvard College, in 1965, he travelled the world on a fellowship, interviewing scientists who shared his interest in the brain and in human behavior.

Then he attended Harvard Medical School, interned in neurology, studied psychiatry as a resident, and joined the faculty of Harvard Medical School, where he now teaches psychiatry and directs a center for psychiatry and neurology. The prosecution dubbed Bear "the Harvard doctor," although its witness Park Dietz was also associated with Harvard, as an assistant professor of psychiatry. Nervous and inexperienced as a witness, Bear spoke like a reform candidate for Congress, and on his first day in court he held the gallery fascinated with a primer on psychiatric diagnosis as a scientific method. He concluded that Hinckley suffered from a progressive illness he called schizophrenia spectrum disorder and, at the time of the shooting, from a major depressive episode. Bear also explained the meaning of schizophrenia, as a state in which thoughts split off from emotions and four abnormalities are usually present: blunted affect, causing a person to look as "cool as a cucumber;" ambivalence, or holding contradictory ideas at the same time; autism, or retreating from the real world into a private one; and jumping associations, in which ideas do not flow in a logical pattern. Bear asked himself, Why Jodie Foster? What did she have to do with Hinckley's shooting the President? Trying to think Hinckley's thoughts, Bear concluded that it is normal for a young man to fall in love with an actress, unusual for him to travel across the country to see her, and even more unusual for him to try to talk with her. Jodie Foster "totally rejected" Hinckley. What was he to do? Men often try a telegram, or flowers, Bear reasoned, and if rejected again "usually you lick your wound and go home." But Hinckley decided he had to "rescue" Jodie Foster, who was "a prisoner at Yale." "Every single time a psychiatrist sees thinking like that, every time, not as a matter of opinion, as a matter of fact, that is psychosis," Bear declared.

Where did Hinckley's ideas come from? In 1976, he repeatedly saw "Taxi Driver," and cast himself as Travis Bickle, "a lonely, friendless, girlfriendless man." Bear said that Hinckley felt, "I am like Travis. I am a loner. I am unhappy. I have no girlfriend. I look around me. I see how horrible things are." Hinckley bought clothes like Travis's—the Army fatigue jacket, the lumberjack shirts, and boots. He drank peach brandy, as Travis did. He kept a Travis-style diary. Travis fell for a political worker called Betsy, who was blond, fine, and accomplished; Hinckley invented Lynn Collins. Travis turned to guns, and so did Hinckley—he had to have three handguns, like Travis, and play with them, posture with them, and pose in pictures with a gun to his head. Travis was a pill-taker, and Hinckley became one; Travis met the child prostitute Iris—played by Jodie Foster—befriended her, saw her as oppressed by pimps, and vowed to rescue her; Hinckley saw Jodie Foster as an innocent trapped in society, a prisoner at Yale, and he vowed to liberate her.

At the Judge's request, Bear summarized the plot of "Taxi Driver," from memory. Travis Bickle arrived in New York City. He got a job as a taxi-driver, cruised the city, and decided that it was a lonely place. He yearned for a girlfriend, saw Betsy, met her—and she showed interest. They went on a date, and, in his inexperience, Travis took her to a pornographic movie. She walked out on him, and he was heartbroken. He bought guns and decided to "clean up the scum" in the city. In a remarkable scene—which Bear said that Hinckley remembered as the most striking, and which Bear acted out on the stand—Travis stared into the camera, as if it were a mirror, and asked, "You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me? Well, I don't see anyone else here." According to Bear, Hinckley thought that Travis was talking to him. Travis went to kill the Presidential candidate whom Betsy worked for, but the Secret Service spotted him, and he ran. Iris had previously solicited him, and he'd been horrified by the fact of a twelve-year-old prostitute. He decided to rescue her, and he shot her pimp, the manager of the hotel where she turned tricks, and one of her customers. Travis was wounded in the attack. Out of bullets, he held two fingers to his head, snapped them repeatedly, and said, "This is the time for me to check out." The newspapers wrote up Travis as a hero. By chance, he picked up Betsy in his cab, and she showed interest in him again. To Bear, the message of the movie was disquieting: "Violence, horrible as it is, was rewarded." Hinckley, Bear reported, "felt like he was acting out a movie script." Hinckley's fantasies about

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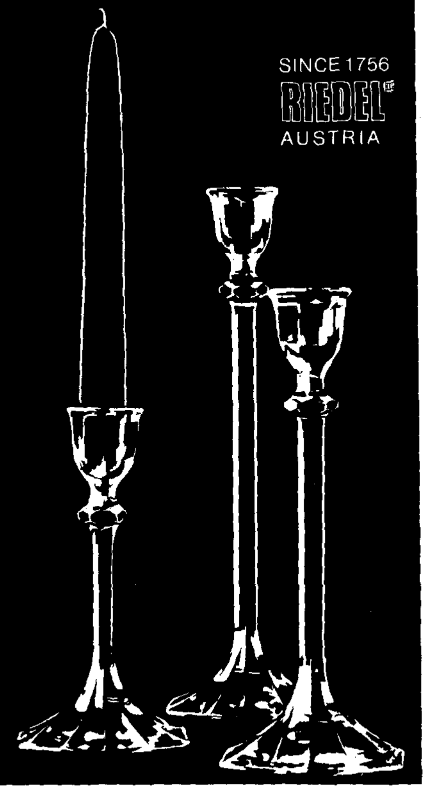

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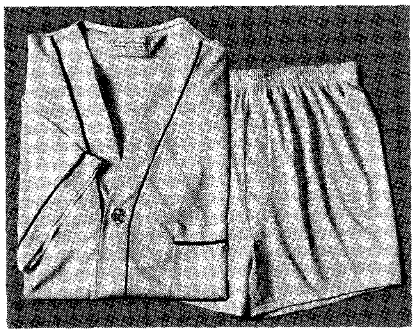

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Travis and Iris had taken over his mind.

The books found in Hinckley's hotel room the day of the shooting supported Bear's diagnosis. From Nathaniel Benchley's "Welcome to Xanadu," Hinckley took the idea of a kidnapping. (The book tells of a patient who escapes from a mental hospital, kidnaps a woman, takes her to an isolated cabin, wins her heart, and then kills himself when the police come to end the romance.) In a college report on the book, Hinckley translated its message: "Life can be whatever one makes it." In "The Fan," Hinckley encountered a fictional hero who seeks out a screen idol, scorns her, kills her, then kills himself. "The Fox Is Crazy Too"—a true story—had as its central figure Garrett Trapnell, who endured a sad and troubled childhood, later hijacked a plane, and, at his trial, tried to feign insanity, although he *was* really mentally ill. Hinckley took some of the words of his own hijack note, found in the Band-Aid box, from the note written and used by Trapnell.

Could Hinckley have faked his illness? When patients do so, according to Bear, they fake "positive" signs of schizophrenia, like hearing voices or seeing rays. Hinckley denied having these symptoms. The ones that Bear noted were "negative," such as dried-up emotions and jumping thoughts. When Bear double-checked Hinckley's symptoms, "time after time his story was accurate." On the occasions when Hinckley covered up, "distortion never made him look sicker." On March 30th, Hinckley had seen three options: killing himself in Jodie Foster's presence, in New Haven; killing her, then killing himself, in the mood of "Romeo and Juliet;" and staying in Washington and shooting the President—to win Jodie Foster's love and admiration and "end the roller coaster of his agony." Could he have planned to shoot the President? "This is so much the heart of the issue," Bear said. A logical man plans. Hinckley reacted to ideas of reference—"This is it! This is the signal!"—which were "the very opposite of logic." Bear declared, "Do I conclude he was rational in plan? My God, my sense of justice says absolutely not!"

At the end of the afternoon, Judge Parker excused the jury and asked Bear to testify on a question of evidence which had been raised in legal papers and at bench conferences: What was the value, as a tool of psychiatric diagnosis, of a CAT scan, a computer-reconstructed cross-section—of the brain, in this case? The session began with a rebuke.

JUDGE PARKER: You earlier had reference to what you considered to be your sense of justice.

DR. BEAR: Uh-huh.

JUDGE PARKER: Your sense of justice is not sought here. You are not to make that sort of statement before the jury.

Then Bear testified about the CAT scan: "As an instrument for viewing the brain, I think it is absolutely unquestioned. It is considered the greatest diagnostic advance perhaps in the last fifty years. It is used routinely."

The Judge asked Bear to go further, and comment on the CAT scan as a psychiatric tool. Could it help determine whether or not a person was responsible for his acts?

Bear was convinced that it could. There is "overwhelming evidence," he said, that the brain relates to emotions and behavior; there is "direct evidence" that a particular abnormal appearance of the brain relates to schizophrenia; and the scan is "a very powerful way of viewing the brain" which can show whether or not this appearance exists. The prosecutor asked Bear about the appearance he had in mind:

PROSECUTOR: Is it generally the accepted view of all psychiatrists that widened sulci [folds and ridges on the surface of the brain], as they are called, indicate the person suffering from that phenomenon has schizophrenia? Is that a unanimous view?

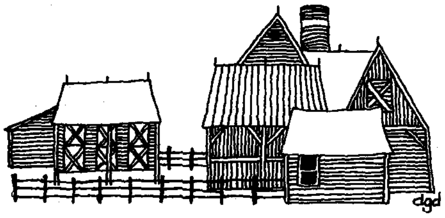
DR. BEAR: It is nobody's view. . . .

PROSECUTOR: Isn't it true that the studies that you are talking about indicate that most people who are schizophrenic don't have widened sulci?

DR. BEAR: To be precise about the word "most": In one study from St. Elizabeths Hospital, one-third of the schizophrenics had widened sulci. That is a high figure. It is true the simple majority didn't . . . but the fact that one-third had these widened sulci—whereas in normals, probably less than one out of fifty have them—that is a very powerful fact.

PROSECUTOR: That is a fact?

DR. BEAR: Yes. Yes. It is a statistical fact. It is as much a fact as this: We know statistically that a male who smokes ten to twenty packs of cigarettes is twenty times more likely to get lung cancer. That is a fact and *it is a strong enough fact* for the Surgeon General to write on the package, "Don't smoke." Yet it is very clear nobody can say that anyone who takes the next cigarette will get lung cancer. It is a statistical fact, as I mentioned, that one-third of schizophrenics have widened sulcis and probably less than two per cent of normal people have it. That is a powerful statistical fact and it would bear on the opinion in this case.



The Judge excused Dr. Bear from the courtroom and heard arguments from counsel about whether the jury should consider John Hinckley's CAT scan. The defense framed its interests in limited terms: Hinckley's scans showed widened sulci, which were evidence of his shrunken brain; these occur more frequently in schizophrenics than in normal men his age; the widened sulci were not the cause of his schizophrenia, but, following a clinical diagnosis of schizophrenia by several doctors, the widened sulci "substantially increased" the likelihood that Hinckley was schizophrenic. The government argued that there was no sound evidence that a CAT scan could aid diagnosis of schizophrenia, and, further, that there was no proof of Hinckley's schizophrenia for a CAT scan to corroborate. While the government recognized the promise of the CAT scan and the contribution that the CAT scan had already made, by giving pictures of tumors and other brain problems, it maintained that there were no grounds for admitting Hinckley's CAT scans. The Judge showed little patience with the defense request for a thorough presentation, and he ruled that he would not "at this point" admit Hinckley's scan or testimony about it. Nine days later, after the defense team rounded out its expert testimony, the Judge heard a day of further argument about the CAT scan, again ruled it inadmissible, but then changed his mind over the weekend. A fortnight after David Bear addressed the issue, the Judge let the defense present Hinckley's scan to the jury, and so add a new page to the history of evidence.

When Bear left the stand after testifying about the CAT scan, he knew none of this. He went back to his hotel and called a colleague in Toronto to check on the progress of a conference he was missing. The colleague did something he shouldn't have done: he told Bear what he had heard on the news—that the Judge had ruled against admission of the CAT scan. Bear didn't know that the Judge's ruling was not final, and, as a witness still under oath, he was not supposed to talk with anyone about the case. But he knew how important the scan was in his own analysis of Hinckley's case. As a scientist, he was angered by the Judge's conservatism and the government's anti-intellectual stand. Here was tangible evidence of Hinckley's disorder, something the defendant could not fake, and the court would not allow the jury to see it. Bear slept badly. In the morning, he went to the courthouse and picked up breakfast at a basement cafeteria. As he was considering what to do, he recognized a marshal from the Hinckley courtroom and, without giving details, asked what the marshal thought of his visiting the Judge in chambers to raise an extraordinary question. The marshal discouraged him. Judge John Sirica, a senior judge whose bravery while presiding at the Watergate trial had impressed Bear, came by and the marshal introduced the doctor to the Judge. Bear didn't mention his quandary to Sirica, but talking with him emboldened Bear to make an unusual move when he returned to the courtroom.

At the start of cross-examination, Bear interrupted Judge Parker, to request the right to speak with John Hinckley's counsel.

Off his guard, then perturbed, the Judge excused the jury and lectured Bear, calling his request "foreign to his situation."

Bear insisted on being heard. "I need the advice of both counsel about what facts I may use in my answer," he said. "I need guidance, very careful guidance."

The Judge asked Bear to step off the witness stand, and called the lawyers to his bench. "What is wrong with this man this morning?" he asked.

Hinckley's lawyers guessed that Bear was uncertain what to say about the CAT scan or about suicide attempts made by Hinckley while awaiting trial. When Bear resumed the stand, the Judge ordered him not to refer to either.

Bear was still not satisfied, and gave a long explanation of his position. "My guidance as a witness, my responsibility, comes from the Washington Instruction," he began, referring to an instruction for expert witnesses that was set forth in a post-Durham case called Washington v. United States. He continued:

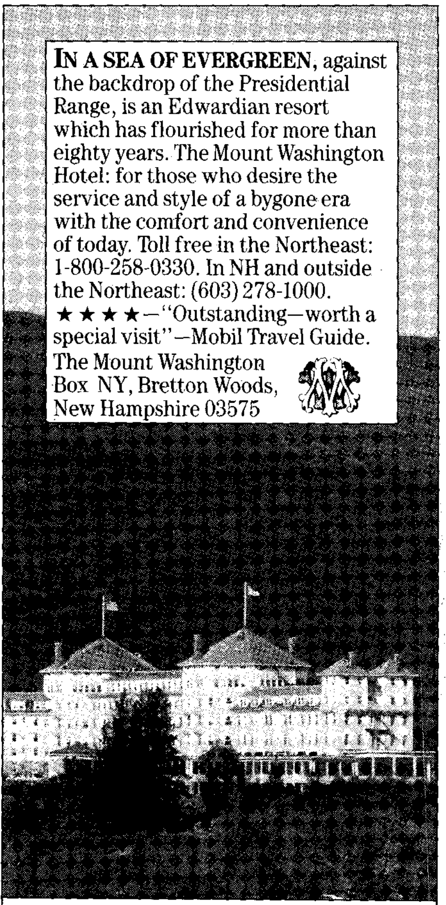
> I believe that I am not able to complete the responsibilities as a witness under the Washington Instruction, because the Washington Instruction clearly advises me to testify as to my clinical judgment, first of a mental condition, not using legal terms, but medical terms, and it advises me to present my conclusion to the jury using the observations and the medical tests that I would routinely use in evaluating a patient. I would routinely order the CAT scan and use it to evaluate Mr. Hinckley, to advise his family about the outcome. Furthermore, it is my expert opinion that at the majority of universities every complete evaluation of Mr. Hinckley would include the CAT scan and that, in fact, the government's agreement that one performs CAT scans on Hinckley is their acknowledgment that this is part of a full exam. I therefore reach the following conclusion. Either I'm not able to proceed to testify as an expert witness, as the Washington rule directs me, or I would like the right to state to the jury that an important test which I use in reaching my conclusions has been barred by the court and I was not able to present it to the jury, though I believe it would influence their decision and it has influenced mine. If not, under the law and my obligation, I am not able to continue as an expert witness. I could not answer a single question of Mr. Adelman's.

Along with everyone else in the room, the Judge was stunned. "Well, Doctor," he managed to say, "you really have gone to great lengths."

Undeterred, Bear continued:

> If I cannot present the complete facts, I have not fulfilled the terms of this rule, and, your honor, I say this with great respect, the fact that the attorneys choose to ask questions about the CAT scan at this point in time is not an accurate reflection of my diagnostic thinking. I, at the beginning of the examination—I knew from Day One that a CAT scan would be absolutely essential. I do not view it as ancillary. I view it as one of the number of findings. But I do not view it as coming last. That was merely a convenience in order of presentation, so I would not accept the conclusion that this was a final, added, and in some ways unimportant piece of evidence. To me, it is a very important piece of evidence, and I have not fulfilled my role as an expert unless I report on it.

Bear's moment of conscience had ended. After another bench conference, to discuss striking the Doctor's testimony altogether, and a half-hour recess, to give Hinckley's red-faced lawyers a chance to remind Bear of his proper role at a trial, he was amenable to cross-examination. When Bear returned to the stand, he looked chastened, but he showed little tolerance for cross-examination. The outburst had changed him from a young and gifted professor ("the son-in-law every Jewish mother wants for her daughter," one observer called him) to a determined pedant, his fury unleashed. The prosecutor baited him, and Bear quibbled, his manner arrogant and unyielding. To the members of the jury, the change was confusing. They had sat through a crisp presen-



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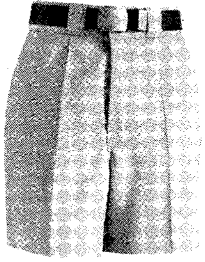

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tation the day before, had been excused for a few hours in the morning, and now, after they returned, were watching a man swept by strong, mysterious emotional currents.

Hinckley's CAT scans—the court permitted the defense to show two, one of them taken soon after the shooting, the other taken a year later—accomplished less than the defense might have liked and less than the government feared. After weeks of legal wrangling, and his ultimate decision to admit the scans, the Judge did all he could to neutralize his decision: he refused to dim the courtroom lights during the display, and he insisted that the slides of the scans be projected on a small screen set up across the large room from the jury. The performance had the impact of a short, poorly rehearsed, and annoying farce. In washed-out colors, the scans looked like slices of bruised and misshapen fruit. The radiologist who pointed out what was "strikingly abnormal" about the scans made the presentation even stranger. She shuffled to the screen in slippers and spoke in a trembling voice. It was not likely that by the end of the interlude anyone in the court had concluded that the scans closed the case with proof of John Hinckley's claimed disorder.

Besides Carpenter and Bear, the defense called two other major witnesses. Ernst Prelinger, a psychologist from Yale, looked like a retired college president, still handsome, with watchful eyes and swept-back hair. The wide end of his tie was shorter than the narrow one, and he wore a wide silver belt buckle with the imprint of a whale, which seemed out of place in the court's formality. In a Viennese accent, Prelinger presented results from Hinckley's psychological tests. On the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale, Hinckley's over-all I.Q. registered 113, which put him in the eightieth percentile, or the category of bright normal. On the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, the most commonly used test in forensic psychology, Hinckley achieved a remarkable score. The test consisted of five hundred and fifty statements requiring an answer of true or false. The statements included:

> I believe I am being plotted against.
> I believe I am being followed.
> There is something wrong with my mind.
> I wish I could be as happy as others seem to be.

The test was scored on a dozen scales, three of which screened for intentional distortion, and nine of which measured various mental abnormalities, from hypochondriasis to depression, hysteria, and schizophrenia. Hinckley's test results showed that he was not faking; and on all but one scale, for hypomania, his scores reached high peaks, far above the usual line between normal and abnormal. Prelinger said that the chance that Hinckley's score did not indicate serious problems was one in a million. On one measure, for depression, Hinckley's score climbed almost to the summit of the chart of abnormality.

Thomas Goldman, a young, lean, and low-keyed forensic psychiatrist from Washington, sat as the final expert for the defense. The prosecutor gave Goldman a difficult afternoon. After seamless testimony, during which he called Hinckley "an errant child" (one "who had done something bad, not terrible, not unspeakably awful—something bad for which he is sorry now and he feels he ought to be forgiven"), Goldman let a thread show. He did not know how many bullets Hinckley had in his hotel room before the shooting, and he did not know how many of them were Devastator bullets. He knew only what Hinckley had told him—that by chance his gun was loaded with Devastators. The prosecutor pounced:

PROSECUTOR: Doctor, let me tell you the evidence in this case shows that the man had thirty-seven other bullets and six Devastator bullets before he loaded the gun. When he loaded the gun, he put six bullets of Devastator type in the gun and no other, right?

DR. GOLDMAN: Yes, sir.

PROSECUTOR: And he left no Devastator bullets in his room. In other words he put all six in the gun?

DR. GOLDMAN: I see.

PROSECUTOR: Having told you that and informed you of that, do you still believe him when he claimed he put the Devastator bullets in at random and by accident?

DR. GOLDMAN: No.

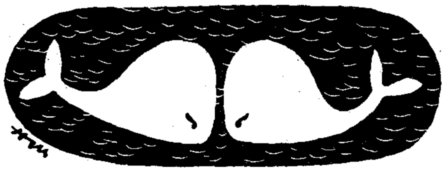
PROSECUTOR: He lied to you, didn't he?

DR. GOLDMAN: That is a reasonable inference.

PROSECUTOR: A fact, Doctor.

DR. GOLDMAN: As he told me about it relatively early in the game, yes, but I think you may very well be right, that he lied about that.

PROSECUTOR: It is a fact that he lied, Doctor; it is not an inference at all, is it?



In a tactical shift, the government reduced its list of experts from five (besides Dietz, they included the forensic psychiatrists Jonas Rappeport and James L. Cavanaugh and the neurologist Ernst Rodin) to two, closing with Sally Johnson, the court-appointed doctor who interviewed Hinckley longer than any other psychiatrist. Dr. Johnson, who was twenty-nine years old, with brown hair done up in a tight bun, spent almost as much time on the stand as Dietz, and won the gallery with a concerned smile and perseverance. One spectator, who came almost every day and said he thought he resembled John Hinckley ("All my friends say I'm a loner," he confessed, smiling) liked Sally Johnson's "cute" voice. Among all the witnesses, Dr. Johnson managed a unique combination: she seemed sympathetic while saying censorious things. She also used a mixture of psychiatric language and colloquia phrases. For example, to explain why Hinckley was vague she said, "I think that the reason was . . . that he didn' at that point in the evaluation want to present himself as somebody who was real together around that time and capable of any type of planning."

At the start of Dr. Johnson's testimony, Hinckley waved to her and watched her with his own sort of enthusiasm, apparently to see if she really liked him; that was the question he wanted his lawyers to ask her. At the end, when her position could not be mistaken, he gave her the same glare he had trained on Dietz. In between Johnson testified that Hinckley had known the names of the assassins Lee Harvey Oswald, James Earl Ray Sirhan Sirhan, and Arthur Bremer that he was pleased that his name had gone from "totally nothing" to publication in thousands of newspapers that he had a swollen sense of self-importance; and that he suffered from personality disorders, with narcissistic and mixed (schizoid, borderline, and passive-aggressive) features. The personality disorders were not norma but not psychotic, she said, and did not prevent Hinckley from being responsible for his actions on March 30th. Johnson also revealed in cour that she didn't believe Hinckley sho the President to win Jodie Foster' love, whereupon Hinckley retorted "You're wrong!" Finally, she reported something about the shooting which Hinckley had recalled for her the firs time they met, on April 3, 1981: jus before pulling the trigger, he had thought, I'll never have a better opportunity.

Except for the evidence about the CAT scan, a showing of "Taxi Driver" closed the case for the defense. Then came the final arguments, which summarized the evidence for each side, in which the prosecution and the defense distilled into a day and a half the styles and the arguments they had made familiar over the preceding seven weeks. For the government, Roger Adelman offered a nasty, detailed, and brilliant summary of the shooting, as if John Hinckley's were an ordinary trial, without an insanity defense. "He said, 'I'll never have a better opportunity,'" Adelman began, asking the jury to review the evidence. He reminded them of the impact of he bullets on Delahanty's back and Brady's brain, and the sequence of he shots. If Hinckley had been out of control, would he have hit four people with six shots? Then Adelman skewered the defense witnesses. "With all of these degrees . . . that Dr. Bear received, you didn't hear him tell you hat he got one for common sense," he observed. Dr. Goldman believed that Hinckley chose the bullets for the hooting at random; Dr. Prelinger aw Hinckley only twice; and, in Adelman's version, Dr. Carpenter uggested to Hinckley that his victims were "bit players" in his delusional ife. Adelman shouted, too loud for the courtroom, "That's an outrageous hought—that the President of the United States and a man shot in the brain are bit players." What was Hinckley's insanity defense? Four ypes of schizophrenia, Valium, "Taxi Driver," Jodie Foster, CAT scans, John Lennon—"a smorgasbord." He had "so many claims he really doesn't have any at all." John Hinckley had "a very good upbringing" and a sad ife, and he followed Jodie Foster "just ike any other young man with a fan-asy." Dr. Hopper "didn't blow it" when he had Hinckley in treatment: 'That's John Hinckley's rationaliza-ion. . . . John Hinckley doesn't want o take the responsibility." The government doctors, Adelman reminded he jury, had found that Hinckley had he capacity for taking responsibility. Dr. Dietz was "careful, thorough, complete . . . very fair," and he concluded that Hinckley had "a strong de-ire for fame." Dr. Johnson, who pent more time with Hinckley in 1981 than his parents did, and knew him better than any of the other doc-ors, made an independent diagnosis and agreed with the conclusion of the government team. John Hinckley was "an ordinary person" who had been "put under a microscope," but he knew what he was doing on March 30th: "I'm sure you can imagine the word 'kill' going through his mind. You don't have to imagine it. In the letter to Jodie Foster, he wrote about his attempt to 'get Reagan.'" During the hour of the shooting, Adelman surmised, "he's thinking about killing." Adelman concluded, "It all comes back to what John Hinckley said: speaking of himself with gun in hand up there at the Hilton, 'I will never have a better opportunity.'"

Vincent Fuller made the closing argument for the defense. He acknowledged the "tragic shooting of four innocent victims" but stressed that "the indictment . . . is uncontested, except as to one issue." The evidence was full of "highly emotionally charged documents," but they did not "reflect upon this defendant's mental state, upon his legal responsibility." Fuller had words, some of them pointed, for each of the government's witnesses. Of the government doctors, Fuller said, "I think they . . . trivialized the frenetic behavior of the defendant." In Fuller's view, Hinckley was "emotionally deprived for a period of at least seven years prior to his being interviewed by Sally Johnson." With her, "he wanted to put a good light on himself." Fuller didn't mean to be "critical," but Dr. Johnson had had only two years of forensic experience when she interviewed Hinckley, and Dr. Dietz only four. The defense case, on the other hand, did not rely on doctors alone. Evidence from Hinckley's family, from his writings, from medical doctors, and from experts in mental health showed "the gradual deterioration of the human mind over a period of many years." From high school on, Fuller reminded the jury, Hinckley had no friends. His only experience of the world came in fast-food places, supermarkets, and airports, on his travels. By 1980, he was obsessed with Jodie Foster, yet had no hope of a relationship. Waving his arms, Fuller read from Hinckley's New Year's Eve monologue: "John Lennon is dead, the world is over, forget it. . . . It's just gonna be insanity if I even make it through the first few days." Soon afterward, Fuller went on, Dr. Hopper set unrealistic goals for Hinckley—a job by the start of March and out of his parents' house by the end of the month. At the same

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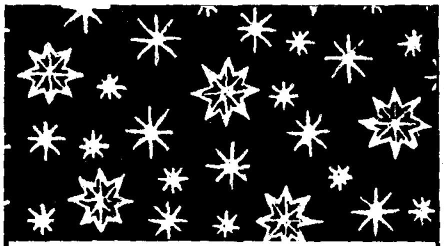

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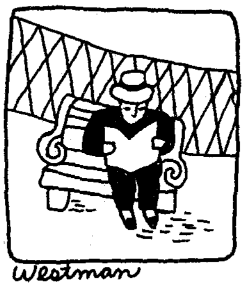
time, Hinckley contemplated his own unrealistic goals—suicide or killing Jodie Foster, or both. "To what end?" Fuller asked. "To gain the love and admiration and establish a relationship with a woman," he said, and added contemptuously, "It's delusional thinking. That's all it is, pure and simple. It's pathetic, but it's delusional." For most of Fuller's presentation, Hinckley sat with his eyes hidden by his hand. Toward the end, his shoulders dropped and his face grew mottled. Gregory Craig served as Fuller's junior in the defense; throughout the trial, when he was not questioning witnesses, Craig sat next to Hinckley as his confidant and counsellor. Fuller had rarely talked to the defendant in the courtroom. Craig and Hinckley whispered to each other often, and passed notes. Sandy-haired, with cheeks whose glow defied the two months indoors at the trial, Craig appeared full of promise. Hinckley's bloom had gone. During Fuller's summation, Craig, doodling on a yellow pad, noticed Hinckley's slump, and shifted his chair closer to his charge and put his hand on Hinckley's arm. The top half of Hinckley's face didn't move beneath a stream of tears, but his jaw and mouth quivered. Judge Parker watched Hinckley from the bench and signalled for a marshal to take him out, but the marshal missed the sign. As Fuller argued on about Jodie Foster and John Hinckley, Gregory Craig held Hinckley's arm and watched him cry for the first time in all the months they had known each other.

THE Hinckley trial came quickly to an end after the government ended its rebuttal, but the coda stretched over a weekend and into Monday evening. On Friday, Judge Parker read the jury almost a dozen pages of instructions, including the Brawner rule, a definition of mental disease or defect ("any abnormal condition of the mind, regardless of its medical label, which substantially affects mental or emotional processes and substantially impairs his behavior controls"), and a reminder that there had to be "a causal relationship between the disease and the unlawful act" for the jury to find John Hinckley insane. Two instructions stood out. The first concerned burden of proof as it applies in federal cases. It read, "The burden is on the Government to prove beyond a reasonable doubt either that the defendant was not suffering from a mental disease or defect, on March 30, 1981, or else that he nevertheless had substantial capacity on that date both to conform his conduct to the requirements of the law and to appreciate the wrongfulness of his conduct. If the Government has not established this to your satisfaction beyond a reasonable doubt, then you shall bring a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity." Of thirteen counts against Hinckley, three were federal: assault on a federal officer, use of a firearm during commission of the federal offense of attempting to kill the President, and the attempted assassination itself. In local court, the burden of proof would have been on the defense to prove Hinckley's insanity, but since three of the thirteen counts were federal Judge Parker rejected the prosecution's request that the jury be bound by the local rule for the local crimes and by the federal rule for the others, and stated that in this federal court he would observe the federal rule for the full indictment. The second key instruction concerned the effect of a finding of not guilty by reason of insanity. With no inflection in his voice, the Judge read, "If the defendant is found not guilty by reason of insanity it becomes the duty of the court to commit him to St. Elizabeths Hospital. There will be a hearing within fifty days to determine whether the defendant is entitled to be released. In that hearing the defendant has the burden of proof. The defendant will remain in custody, and will be entitled to release from custody only if the court finds by a preponderance of the evidence that he is not likely to injure himself or other persons due to mental illness."



During the trial, the twelve regular jurors and six alternates were permitted to take no notes (after four days of trial, the Judge considered, then discarded the notion), and they were not supposed to talk about the case, even with each other. The Washington *Post* featured the trial daily, and the local television and radio news shows often led with the story, but the jurors were told to disregard the coverage. In theory, the jurors discussed the trial for the first time when they began to deliberate, late on Friday afternoon. During the voir dire, when the jurors were asked about their occupations they had identified themselves as a food-service technician, a custodian, a secretary, a banquet houseman, a supply specialist, a shop mechanic, an information-control clerk, another secretary, a garage attendant, and a research assistant; two were retired. Four of those who were employed worked for the government, six for private firms. Of the twelve, seven were women. All but one of the jurors were black. They averaged thirty-nine years of age, with three in their twenties, four in their thirties, two in their forties, one fifty, and two in their sixties. The first foreman, chosen at the start of deliberations, was, at sixty-four, the oldest juror. The group had thrown names into his hat—the only one available—and he had picked ou his own. But after two and a half days he declined the responsibility, and the youngest juror, who was twenty-two took over. The jurors sent a few notes to the Judge, asking for transcripts o the parents' testimony (declined) and of Dr. Carpenter's on Hinckley's "formative years" (declined), a list of evidence (granted), a stapler (granted), and a dictionary, to look up definition of "poetry" and "fiction" (declined) They also moved from the regula jury room back into the courtroom fo deliberation when they realized how much physical evidence there was to review.

Around six-forty-five on Monday evening, after the jury returned from an early supper, security at the door o the courtroom tightened up. JoAnn and Jack Hinckley arrived at seven-fifteen, and, a half hour later, John Hinckley, in his tan suit, entered the courtroom, accompanied by marshals. Hinckley tapped his hands on the table and whispered to Gregory Craig. Judge Parker confirmed that the jury had reached a verdict at six-twenty that evening, and he asked the defendant to stand. The foreman of the jury gave the Judge the verdict, and the Judge silently flipped through it, noting the thirteen separate counts. The Judge then read it aloud, in an angry rush: "As to count one, not guilty by reason of insanity"—and the same fo all the others. Hinckley, rocking on his heels, crossed his hands in front o him, took a deep breath, and slowly moved his head up and down. JoAnn Hinckley cried out, clutched her husband, and composed herself; Jack stared at the bench in front of him with a fist in front of his mouth; and the defense lawyers shook hands. Roger Adelman puffed his cheeks, unstacked the materials in front of him, then piled them up again. When the gallery stirred, the Judge said to a marshal, “Mr. Marshal, if you can’t keep order there, get someone else who can.” As if Hinckley had been convicted, and not acquitted, the Judge set a “sentencing” date. Then, correcting himself, he remanded the defendant to St. Elizabeths. For the first time during the long and often bloodless trial, the court’s overhead lights had not been turned on, and the room was subdued, with a dim glow, like dusk. The final session took eight minutes.

JOHN HINCKLEY had expected to be convicted. The day before the jury brought in its verdict, he composed a speech to be read at his sentencing. He wrote:

> God does indeed work in mysterious ways. My life has become a melodrama. My past has been studied and analyzed not only by psychiatrists but by a large part of the general public. I am now a household name. It has to be pure and simple fate that these things have happened to me.
>
> From the start, all I wanted was for someone to love me. I desperately wanted to be loved but I never could give appropriate love in return. I seem to have a need to hurt those people that I love the most. This is true in relation to my family and to Jodie Foster. I love them so much but I have this compulsion to destroy them.
>
> On March 30, 1981, I was asking my family to take me back and I was asking Jodie Foster to hold me in her heart. My assassination attempt was an act of love. I’m sorry love has to be so painful.

In the days after the Hinckley verdict, the jurors might well have felt like Vietnam veterans returning to a country whose distaste for the long war came out as contempt for the soldiers. Lawrence Coffey, the young foreman, sat on his front stoop and, to clusters of reporters, tried to explain how the jury had reached its verdict. “The prosecutor’s evidence was not strong enough,” he concluded. George Blyther, another juror, told questioners why the jury had not pronounced Hinckley “guilty but insane.” “We weren’t lawmakers,” he reminded them. “We had to give a judgment back the way it was given to us. The evidence being what it was, we were required to send John back insane.” A couple of the jurors broke ranks. Although the verdict was—had to be—unanimous, Nathalia Brown and Maryland Copelin called a press conference to say that they had been pressured into agreeing to an acquittal. Soon after, Brown said, “I felt I was on the brink of insanity myself going through this.” The foreman and the dissenters joined two others in an unusual appearance before the Senate Subcommittee on Criminal Law. Senator Arlen Specter, Republican of Pennsylvania, presided, and he reported afterward that he and other senators thought that the jurors had not understood the instructions that Judge Parker gave them. Miffed by comments that the jury had focussed on Hinckley’s mental illness, and not on his criminal responsibility, Belinda Drake, a juror who was not at the Senate hearing, told the Washington *Post* that she and the others had understood their job, and had done it with particular fairness, as only a black jury could.

Within a month, committees of the House and Senate had plunged into hearings on the insanity defense. Henry Steadman, the mental-health researcher from New York State, put the defense in statistical perspective for the legislators. Of the sixteen hundred and twenty-five insanity acquittals in 1978, a hundred and sixty-nine were in California; there were none in Delaware, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, West Virginia, or Wyoming. There are no available national statistics on the total number of insanity pleas, but one study reported that in Wyoming between 1970 and 1972 there was one acquittal in a hundred and two pleas—less than one per cent—and that in Hawaii between 1969 and 1975 there were eighty-six acquittals in four hundred and fifty-eight pleas, or nineteen per cent. Who wins insanity acquittals? Before the trial, according to an Associated Press–NBC News poll, eighty-seven per cent of a public sample believed that too many murderers were using insanity pleas to avoid jail. In fact, although in New York and Michigan insanity verdicts most frequently followed charges of murder, manslaughter, assault, and arson, in some jurisdictions offenses like forgery, shoplifting, car theft, and other forms of larceny represented the vast majority of the crimes of which defendants were found not guilty by reason of insanity. “In contrast to public perceptions and media portrayals,” Dr. Steadman reported, “all insanity acquittees are not assassins, rapists, deranged mutilators, or mass murderers.” Even after acquittal, the average hospital stay for an acquitted insanity defendant in New York was three and a half years, and almost a third of those who were still

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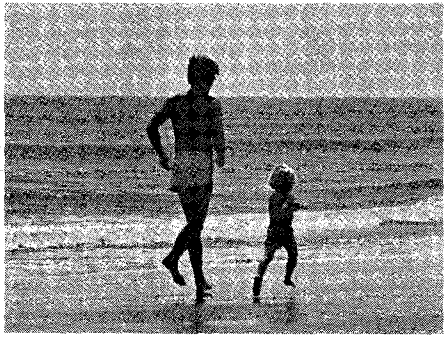

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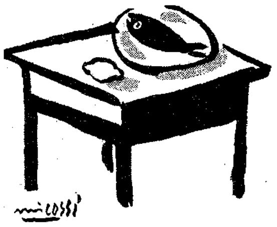
hospitalized had been for more than seven. After three years, about three-fourths of both acquitted insanity defendants and convicted felons were released. In New York, recidivism rates are somewhat lower for acquitted insanity defendants than they are for convicted felons and higher than for civil patients in state hospitals.

Many of the members of Congress did not seem interested in perspective. The insanity defense is important as a symbol of criminal justice, they said, and if the public misperceives it Congress must change the ground rules for the defense. Twenty-six bills to limit the defense were introduced soon after the Hinckley verdict. Their congressional sponsors ignored the fact that most insanity defenses take place in state rather than federal courts, so that a federal law on the subject (the first, aside from a special act of Congress in 1970 that included an insanity defense for the District of Columbia) might have value as a model but would directly affect few defendants. A survey of the ninety-four United States Attorneys' offices around the country revealed that in 1981 only four federal defendants were acquitted on the basis of insanity defenses.

The least controversial of the recommendations came from Senator Specter, who proposed that Congress shift the burden of proof of insanity from the prosecution, where the Supreme Court had placed it, in 1895, to the defense. Before the Hinckley verdict, about half the states placed the burden on the defense. By 1984, the fraction had increased to almost two-thirds. Supporters of this shift argued that the burden of proof was particularly important when the question was as subjective as a defendant's sanity, and suggested that placing the burden on the prosecution, while traditional in criminal cases, was unfair in insanity cases, because of the complexity of psychiatric testimony and the ease of raising a reasonable doubt about sanity. In Hollywood, soon after the Hinckley verdict, President Reagan expressed his feelings about burden of proof by saying, "If you start thinking about even a lot of your friends, you would have to say, 'Gee, if I had to prove they were sane, I would have a hard job.' " In 1967, the President's Commission on Crime in the District of Columbia, where the burden of proof then lay on the prosecution in local trials as well as federal ones, recommended against a change. The commission reported that the prosecution had not encountered substantial difficulty in meeting the burden of proof, and argued that a shift would be unfair to the "indigent accused" and might "require substantial public expenditures to provide independent psychiatrists and other experts for indigent defendants." In 1970, when Congress passed the special act that provided an insanity defense in the District of Columbia, the burden of proof was nevertheless shifted to the defense. Although that law says explicitly that it applies to federal as well as local trials, federal judges in Washington have ignored it. They continue to place the burden of proof on the prosecution, in accordance with the Supreme Court's nineteenth-century opinion. District of Columbia judges have applied the 1970 statute, placing the burden on the defense. Until the Hinckley case, lawyers assumed that juries ignored the legal burden anyway, using common sense to balance conflicting arguments and decide the fate of a defendant.



A second area of proposed reform—an optional verdict of "guilty but mentally ill"—has provoked more heated national debate. As an alternative to the traditional insanity verdict, such a finding says implicitly that someone who conforms to the strictest standard of mental illness and insanity can be found blameworthy, and thus guilty. A proposed optional verdict of "guilty but insane" would take a step beyond "guilty but mentally ill." The verdict might accurately reflect the gut feelings of a jury (and of President Reagan, who endorsed it in an interview in the Washington *Post*), but it would mean that the jury had convicted a defendant who lacked the specific intent necessary for him to commit the crime—a contradiction in terms. For a jury that cannot rule with confidence that a defendant was sane, a verdict of "guilty but mentally ill" or "guilty but insane" permits the evasion of a hard choice between guilty and not guilty, without a caveat, which the criminal law usually requires. Eight states allowed the intermediate finding of "guilty but mentally ill" at the time Hinckley was acquitted. Roughly two-thirds of the states revised their insanity laws during 1981 and later; a number debated the merits of this verdict and four adopted it (although one of them—Connecticut—soon repealed its new law). In 1975, the Michigan legislature passed the first such law in the country, after a state-court ruling prompted the release of sixty-four acquitted insanity defendants whom hospitals called no longer dangerous and within a shor time two of them committed violent and highly publicized crimes ("KILLER, FREED AS SANE, HELD IN WIFE'S SLAYING," the Detroit *Free Press* headlined one story.) Michigan lawmakers assumed that defendants found guilty but mentally ill would have previously been found not guilty by reason of insanity, and that the new category would therefore pare the number of insanity acquittals. According to a study for the University of Michigan *Journal of Law Reform* they were wrong: the new group of defendants found guilty but mentally ill is drawn from those previously found guilty, and "the new verdict has completely failed in its intended purpose." The study supports the claim o many critics that allowing a verdict o guilty but mentally ill is a small, compromised, and ineffective reform, and an enemy of more substantial reforms.

The third, and most controversial of the congressional reform proposals made in several bills, was restriction o the insanity defense to the *mens rea* (criminal intent) standard, which supporters and critics have called the equivalent of abolishing the defense Designed to reduce the number of acquitted insanity defendants and the range of issues that defendants could raise in an insanity trial, the *mens rea* standard limits psychiatric testimony to determining the defendant's inten to commit a crime. Insanity is no longer a special defense but, like intoxication or epilepsy, can be raised in the course of a normal criminal trial where the prosecution must ordinarily show that the defendant meant to do what he did.

If, for example, a paranoid schizophrenic stole a radio, knowing his deed was against the law yet deluded into believing the box was the only one in the world through which the F.B.I would broadcast the whereabouts o his enemies, he could be convicted under the law. He intended to do the prohibited act—stealing the radio; no matter why he did it, his specific intent, or *mens rea*, is enough to convic him. Some supporters of the *mens rea* test believe too many insanity defendants either fake mental illness or don't suffer from a serious enough mental disease or defect to absolve them from guilt. But key samples indicate they are wrong. In a study of Erie County, New York, between 1970 and 1980, Henry Steadman and his colleagues found that half the offenders hospitalized after successful insanity pleas were diagnosed as psychotic schizophrenics who were seriously ill indeed; about one-seventh had personality disorders, as the government contended Hinckley had at the time of the shooting; and the rest spanned a range from psychotic organic brain syndrome (a mental state brought on by a physiological problem), through alcohol psychosis and drug dependence, to no mental disorder. The most famous supporter of the *mens rea* test was President Richard Nixon. When a bill substituting the *mens rea* standard for the insanity defense was pending in Congress, he called it "the most significant feature of [his] Administration's proposed criminal code," because, he maintained, it would close the "loophole" of the insanity defense. When the Senate Judiciary Committee issued a written report in 1977 on criminal justice, t attributed to the *mens rea* standard the virtues of fairness and simplicity. The test can also invite the potential use of the diminished-capacity standard, which allows a jury to find that a defendant's mental disorder deprived him of malice, making him not to blame for murder, for example, but responsible on a lesser charge. Under either the *mens rea* test or the diminshed-capacity standard, the defendant's mental illness at the time of his crime would be brought up at sentencng as a mitigating factor, but if the udge found that the defendant posed a continuing danger to the community, his dangerousness could cause his sentence to be increased. A few days before Hinckley's attempt on President Reagan, the *Congressional Record* published an entry by Senator Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah, about his proposal for a *mens rea* test. Without citing any statistics on the insanity defense, Hatch contended, first, that "individuals suffering the most serious forms of mental disabilities are unlikey to be criminally convicted under any circumstance;" second, paraphrasing Lord Devlin, that "the concept of [mental] illness has expanded steadily in this century at the expense of the concept of moral responsibility;" third, that the proposed test would allow courts to face squarely the proper treatment of "the underlying mental problem;" fourth, that it would "encourage more effective use of professional psychiatric resources;" fifth, that "the treatment of those labelled 'mentally ill' as being responsible for their conduct is fully consistent with modern trends in psychiatry to treat such individuals, in most circumstances, as being responsible for their own actions rather than as helpless invalids, buffeted everywhere by circumstances outside of their control;" and, finally, that general insanity rulings have "undermined significantly public respect for and confidence in the criminal-justice system as they have resulted in the release of large numbers of individuals clearly dangerous to society."

Senator Hatch's *mens rea* test changed from a controversial proposal to a commanding one when Attorney General William French Smith gave the principle the Reagan Administration's seal of approval, after the Hinckley verdict. The Attorney General told the Senate Judiciary Committee that "the criminal-justice system has tilted too decidedly in favor of the rights of criminals and against the rights of society," and that *mens rea* was designed to "effectively eliminate the insanity defense except in those rare cases in which the defendant lacked the state of mind required as an element of the offense" and would thus restore the balance between "the forces of law and the forces of lawlessness." He went on to say, "The mental disease or defect would be no defense if the defendant knew he was shooting at a human being to kill him even if the defendant acted out of an irrational or insane belief. Mental disease or defect would constitute a defense only if the defendant did not even know he had a gun in his hand or thought, for example, that he was shooting at a tree." The Attorney General's position departed significantly from a recommendation that was made to him a year earlier by his own task force on violent crime. The task force backed the more moderate reform of an optional federal verdict of guilty but mentally ill coupled with civil-commitment power for federal judges, who thus would not have to rely on state courts to commit federal

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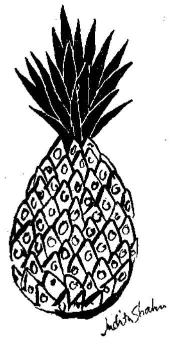
defendants found not guilty by reason of insanity. On the day before Attorney General Smith threw the Administration's weight behind abolition of the insanity defense, another Justice Department official published a forecast that challenged the position of the abolitionists, who had claimed that the effective end of the death penalty made the insanity defense unnecessary, since without the threat of death as a criminal penalty there was no reason to protect possibly non-responsible offenders from capital punishment. In an annual report on death-row populations, the acting director of the Bureau of Justice Statistics, Benjamin Renshaw, wrote, "The United States will witness a spate of executions beginning in 1983-84 without parallel in this nation since the Depression era." Events proved Mr. Renshaw correct. In 1983, there were five executions, and of twelve hundred prisoners on death row several dozen approached the final stage of appeal.



Politics aside, support for the *mens rea* standard rests on three assumptions, each of them questionable. First, its supporters believe that a *mens rea* test would reduce the number of insanity acquittals. Alan Dershowitz, a professor at the Harvard Law School, disagrees. "In the last analysis, it is the jury that decides whether an accused is to be convicted or acquitted," he wrote in 1973. "No matter how the law reads, it is a deeply entrenched human feeling that those who are grossly disturbed—whether they are called 'madmen,' 'lunatics,' 'insane,' or 'mentally ill'—should not be punished like ordinary criminals. This feeling, which is as old as recorded history, is unlikely to be rooted out by new legislation."

Stanley Harris, a federal trial judge who recently served as the United States Attorney for the District of Columbia (and thus was the prosecutor to whom government lawyers reported in the Hinckley case), was, still earlier, a judge on the District's appeals court, and he reached the same conclusion as Dershowitz, but for different reasons. In a local appellate opinion, Harris expressed his concern about *mens rea* and diminished-capacity standards. In his view, these standards eliminate the insanity defense but expand similar defenses within normal criminal trials. For every insanity defense excluded, a diminished-capacity defense is included. For the reasons spelled out by Dershowitz and Harris, trying to reduce a small number of acquitted insanity defendants to a yet smaller number may not have the dramatic effect claimed for it.

Second, supporters of a *mens rea* test believe it would lead to proper disposition of defendants after trial, whether they were acquitted or convicted. In theory, the acquitted mentally ill would be treated in hospitals or in hospital units of prisons, and the convicted would go to prison. In practice, criminologists and psychiatrists, including Park Dietz, argue, mentally ill offenders rarely receive proper treatment in either hospitals or prisons, so the promise of such treatment for defendants under a *mens rea* test is at least suspect and probably false. Some of these institutions do little more than warehouse patients in appalling conditions. The disposition of either convicts or acquitted insanity defendants after trial is a worrisome issue, and a debate about mental-health reform might sensibly begin by noting the similarities between mental hospitals and prisons as instruments of social control. But the *mens rea* test alone could not assure reform of the mental-health system, or accomplish the ends sought by Senator Hatch and those who agree with him.

Third, and most important, supporters of the *mens rea* test assume that the standard draws an appropriate distinction in criminal law. Norval Morris summed up this view in a law-review article published in 1968: "It . . . seems to me that, within the area of criminal responsibility and psychological disturbance, all that we need is already achieved with existing, long-established rules of intent and crime; I would allow either sane or insane *mens rea* to suffice for guilt." Sanford Kadish, a professor at the law school of the University of California at Berkeley, disagreed, responding that the *mens rea* test would require conviction of "a class of persons who, on any common-sense notion of justice, are beyond blaming and ought not to be punished." Richard Bonnie, a professor at the University of Virginia law school, warned, in testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee, "If the insanity defense were abolished, the law would not take adequate account of the incapacitating effects of severe mental illness.” Many have observed, further, that abolishing the insanity defense would mean abandoning the idea on which the Anglo-American system of criminal justice is based—that of man as a responsible agent, with free will—and removing an important distinction between illness and evil. Contrary to the Attorney General’s view that the *mens rea* test draws an appropriate line by eliminating questions about motivation which crop up in insanity cases, the late Herbert Packer, of Stanford Law School, contended that the argument is a red herring. “The insanity defense is not implied in or intrinsic to the complex of mental element defenses that make up most of the law of culpability,” he wrote. “It is an overriding, *sui generis* defense that is concerned not with what the actor did or believed but with what kind of person he is.” The views of Morris, on the one hand, and Kadish, Bonnie, and Packer, on the other, present an obscure but fundamental clash in the debate on the *mens rea* test.

Attorney General Smith’s testimony on the proposed standard set debate at a more basic level. Mentioning John Hinckley’s case only once by name, he implied that it was a typical one. Despite the existence of facts to the contrary, the Attorney General testified, “It is small wonder that trials involving an insanity plea are arduous, expensive, and, worst of all, confusing to the jury. Indeed, the disagreement of the supposed experts is perhaps so basic that it makes the jury’s decision rationally impossible.” Smith did not note that most insanity cases are resolved by agreement out of court between prosecutors and defense attorneys, or that many such cases are tried before judges, without juries. He also exaggerated the skepticism that other supporters of the *mens rea* test have concerning psychiatry. Peppering his remarks with references to the “illogical choice between competing psychiatric opinions” and “confusing psychiatric testimony,” he seemed to question the professionalism of doctors who serve as expert witnesses in court. Yet even the new standard Smith seems to advocate would not avoid a battle of the experts. In states using the *mens rea* test, the front merely shifted from the old issues related to insanity to the still older ones bound up with intent.

The Attorney General’s decision to favor the rights of society over the rights of individuals is most important because it seemed to have wide public

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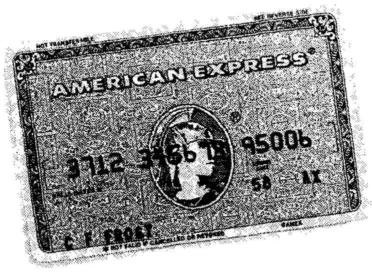

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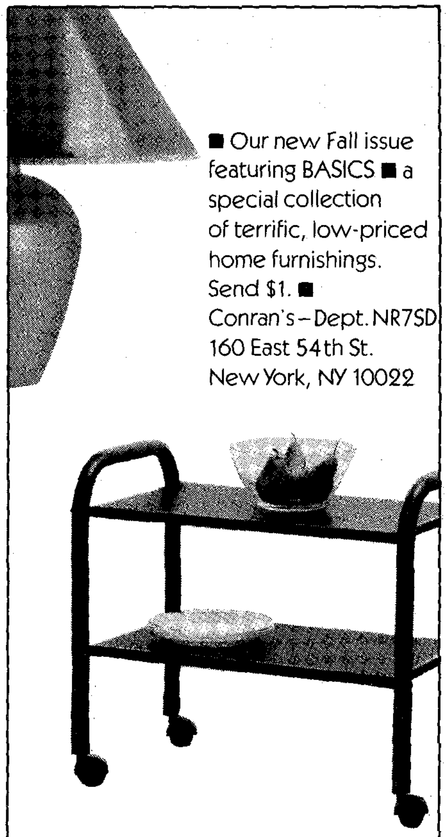

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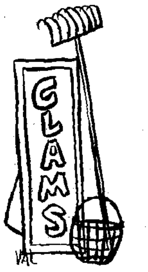
support. Before the Hinckley trial, according to a Roper survey, over half of a nationwide sample said that permissiveness in the courts and a decline in moral values were major causes of the country's problems. Following disbelief, bewilderment, and wonder, outrage came to be the chief public reaction to the Hinckley verdict. The American people saw John Hinckley shoot Ronald Reagan and three others over and over again on television, and reports on James Brady's courageous efforts to regain his health did little to quiet the urge for vengeance. Lynching Hinckley soon after the shooting would probably have caused no more anguish to society than his acquittal. Hinckley's insanity acquittal has become a symbol of the rising tide of violent crime and, by extension, of the need to stem that tide. The causes of crime are complex, but the campaign to replace the insanity defense with a *mens rea* test seems to play on feelings of vengeance and fear in order to win support for a simple solution. Retribution aside, accomplishing the traditionally accepted purposes of punishment—deterrence, public protection, and rehabilitation—seems to be less important to the campaign than sending a message about the moral force of law. The message is that under the proposed test only the most extremely insane—men and women who are nothing like us—will escape blame.



Yet questions arise: Would the moral force of the law be enhanced by adoption of a *mens rea* test? Who would be deterred from crime by abolishing the insanity defense? For most of society, the move might strengthen the resolve to obey the law. As Émile Durkheim observed, "punishment is above all designed to act upon upright people." Those who saw John Hinckley as a victim of nothing more serious than suburban affluence might gain new respect for the law if it increased its scrutiny of psychological excuses. But the types of people who plead insanity are not likely to refrain from crime because the defense no longer exists. Even if they were told explicitly that the defense has been abolished, they would not be likely to make a connection between this change in the law and their own fates.

In 1983, the Justice Department quietly retreated from its initial position and endorsed the main parts of a congressional bill sponsored by Representative John Conyers, Democrat of Michigan, that reflected recommendations from the American Bar Association, the American Psychiatric Association, the American Psychological Association, and the National Mental Health Association, among other groups that had proposed reforms of the insanity defense. D. Lowell Jensen, who was Assistant Attorney General for the Criminal Division of the Justice Department, made the only official announcement of the Reagan Administration's basic switch in policy, in a footnote to his congressional testimony. In the note, he observed "the apparent consensus that has developed for the approach" represented by the Conyers legislation. A bill proposed by Senator Strom Thurmond, Republican of South Carolina, as part of the Senate's omnibus crime law, contained similar features and also earned Administration backing. Both bills proposed to shift the burden of proof to the defendant in insanity cases, reject the verdict of guilty but mentally ill, and otherwise limit the scope of the insanity defense by making changes in the language of the law. The bills proposed to restrict the widely used Brawner, or American Law Institute, rule by relying on only the cognitive standard (Did he know what he was doing?), dropping the willfulness, or volitional, prong (Could he control his actions?), and adding modifying verbiage to stress that only people who suffered from severe mental problems should qualify. In effect, the proposed federal law revived the M'Naghten rule, still used by sixteen states.

In statements supporting their recommendations to Congress to limit the defense, the bar and psychiatric associations generally agreed with each other. The American Bar Association submitted:

> It is just this volitional or behavioral part of the ALI test that has brought the insanity defense under increasing attack. During the 1950's a wave of clinical optimism suggested that scientific knowledge concerning psychopathology had expanded to the extent that informed judgments could be made regarding impairment of behavioral control. That optimism was reflected in the volitional portion of the ALI test. Yet, experience confirms that there is still no accurate scientific basis for measuring one's capacity for self-control or for calibrating the impairment of such capacity. There is, in short, no objective basis for distinguishing between offenders who were undeterrable and those who were merely undeterred, between the impulse that was irresistible and the impulse not

resisted, or between substantial impairment of capacity and some lesser impairment. Whatever the precise terms of the volitional test, the question is unanswerable or, at best, can be answered only by "moral (*and not medical*) guesses." In our opinion, to even ask the volitional question invites fabricated expert claims, undermines the equal administration of the penal law and compromises the law's deterrent effect.

The American Psychiatric Association was more picturesque: "The line between an irresistible impulse and an impulse not resisted is probably no sharper than that between twilight and dusk." In a reference to a number of jury studies, the association declared that "the exact wording of the insanity defense has never, through scientific studies or the case approach, been shown to be the major determinant of whether a defendant is acquitted by reason of insanity," but concluded, "Many psychiatrists . . . believe that psychiatric testimony (particularly that of a conclusory nature) about volition is more likely to produce confusion for jurors than is psychiatric testimony relevant to a defendant's appreciation or understanding."

With this new law, according to the associations that supported it, judges would allow juries the option of an insanity acquittal in fewer cases and psychiatrists would limit the number of defendants for whom they recommended an insanity plea. The logic of the supporters was strong enough to overwhelm their sense of reality. Riveted on the fine points of language, they seemed to think juries using the law would be made up of philologists, or even lawyers and psychiatrists, who were trained to pick up all shades of meaning. Dissenting, the National Mental Health Association advised Congress not to narrow the defense. Through a commission chaired by former Senator Birch Bayh, the association maintained, "The problem in the A.L.I. Model Penal Code is not in the volitional element but in placing the burden of proof on the prosecution."

To quiet the popular concern, among psychiatrists as much as among others, that doctors have too much sway in insanity trials, the Conyers and Thurmond bills proposed to prevent them from testifying about the ultimate question before the jury. The draft reform left to the jury the task of reaching a verdict without benefit of doctors' opinions about the defendant's sanity, but permitted psychiatrists to answer a full range of questions about

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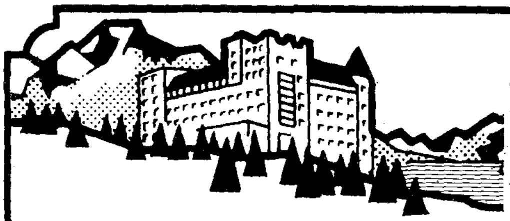

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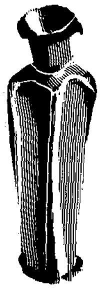
the defendant's mental history, diagnosis, and status at the moment of the act for which he is tried. Based on the assumption that psychiatrists can contribute to fact-finding as other experts do, the reform was designed to change the process more than the outcome of insanity trials. In brief hearings especially, lawyers sometimes settle for a terse judgment from a psychiatrist on the ultimate question instead of prompting a witness to give the kind of full description of a defendant's mental state that helps jurors decide about his sanity. Many psychiatrists are vehement about the need for this reform. Alluding to the gap between medical diagnosis and legal judgment, the noted psychiatrist Loren Roth admonished, "The law should not ask psychiatrists questions they cannot answer." The American Psychiatric Association made a similar point in its formal statement: "We adopt this position because it is clear that psychiatrists are experts in medicine, not the law."

The bulk of the Conyers and Thurmond bills tackled the question of what happens to an insanity defendant before and after trial. The bills provided for screening, examination, and treatment of people who are incompetent to stand trial, and the Conyers proposal assured them legal hearings if they disagreed with a clinic's ruling about their competence. Like the Thurmond bill, the Conyers submission also established, for the first time, federal commitment procedures for people found not guilty by reason of insanity in federal courts; to date, these courts have relied on state agencies to take responsibility for the handful of acquitted federal insanity defendants, in addition to their own. In a few federal cases, like the 1983 insanity acquittal of a wealthy Seattle man charged with molesting an eight-year-old girl ("SEX-CASE MILLIONAIRE GOES FREE," the city's *Post-Intelligencer* announced), the local prosecutor could not readily commit the offender under state law.



The disposition of defendants after trial is obviously the key element in guarding against repetition of crime by acquitted insanity defendants. Like many insanity-defense-related issues, the subject of commitment triggers its own debate. A recent *Harvard Law Review* note began succinctly, "An acquittal by reason of insanity is rarely a ticket to freedom." Most states commit insanity defendants more readily than they commit civil patients. No one argues that society should not be protected from defendants who continue to be dangerous after trial, and in most states, the *Law Review* observed, the assumption—which includes an element of retribution—is that "a person who commits a crime is either responsible enough to deserve punishment, or insane enough to deserve commitment." Opinions vary about procedures, standards, and responsibilities for commitment and release. An increasingly common approach is to evaluate a defendant for fifty days after acquittal, after which he may be committed or released. This practice provides a safeguard against the immediate discharge of a dangerous offender and, on the other hand, against the extended detention of a relatively harmless offender—a coat thief or a small-time forger, for example—who was acquitted by reason of insanity. Standards for release also vary. A standard requiring that a defendant be certified "cured" means that someone who suffers from a mental illness like schizophrenia, which has so far defied cure, is not likely to be released. A standard of "no longer dangerous" depends on prediction but allows the chronically ill offender to be released if his leaning toward crime seems controllable through drugs and out-patient treatment. Whatever the standard, the current vogue is for judges to make the final decision on release of defendants rather than to rubber-stamp hospital recommendations. The practice is obviously still vulnerable to human error. The subject of commitment raises another issue that provokes sharp dispute: the length of treatment for an acquitted insanity defendant. The side that equates commitment with punishment argues that offenders should stay in hospitals as long as they would have stayed in prison if they had been convicted. For crimes that carry protracted sentences, this policy would assure quarantine of sick offenders. But what about the coat thief and the forger? Should they be released from the hospital after periods equal to the brief prison sentences they would otherwise have received? No, decided the Supreme Court, a year after the Hinckley verdict. In Jones v. United States, a five-to-four majority ruled that acquitted insanity defendants "constitute a special class that should be treated differently." The justices held that an insanity acquittal implies a finding of criminal conduct, which indicates dangerousness, and "supports an inference of continuing mental illness." In terms of the defendant, the justices concluded, "The purpose of commitment following an insanity acquittal . . . is to treat the individual's mental illness and protect him and society from his potential dangerousness. . . . There simply is no necessary correlation between severity of the offense and length of time necessary for recovery."

IN May and again in November of 1981, John Hinckley offered to plead guilty to all counts against him in exchange for a recommendation by the Justice Department that he serve his sentences concurrently, not consecutively, so that he might be eligible for parole after fifteen years rather than a lifetime. According to the law in Washington, D.C., under which Hinckley was committed to St. Elizabeths, a defendant who has been found not guilty by reason of insanity must be released from the hospital if he can prove he is no longer dangerous, either to himself or to society, as a result of mental illness. The upshot of the Hinckley verdict is that he could be released long before he would have been eligible for parole under the terms of the plea he offered. The Justice Department wanted to win the Hinckley case in a show trial and put him away for life; it viewed plea bargaining with a man who had tried to assassinate the President as unseemly, improper, and wrong, and believed that his willingness to plead guilty cast doubt on his insanity defense. But Hinckley's unexpected victory became a spur for reform, and, in the light of the unaccepted plea, the verdict turned into a sacrifice accepted by the government for the sake of limiting, if not abolishing, the insanity defense.

In the two years after the verdict, half the states enacted cutbacks in the insanity defense, so the government's momentary defeat at law yielded an enduring change in justice. In 1984, by a vote of ninety-one to one, the Senate followed suit and adopted a three-hundred-and-eighty-seven-page criminal-justice bill that contained an insanity defense modelled on Senator Thurmond's proposal and on the hundred-and-forty-one-year-old M'Naghten rule. Urging the House of Representatives to join the Senate in

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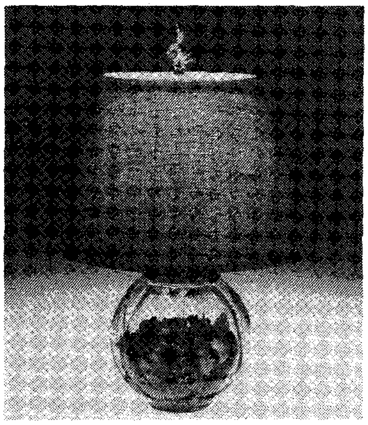

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passing the new law—the first federal statute on the plea—President Reagan called it "the most comprehensive anti-crime legislation in more than a decade." The bill was designed to reduce violent crime, and the change in the insanity defense was one of the measure's heralded provisions. Favor for the reform still rested less on fact than on ideology. So did opposition. The Senate voted enthusiastically to "protect society" by limiting the insanity defense. When, early in the current Presidential campaign, the Democrat-led House refused to vote on the measure and give Candidate Reagan a victory, Attorney General Smith said, referring to Washington, "Here you get to the merits only as a poor third. First, you have to get through perception. Then there's a layer of politics. You may finally reach the merits, but very often decisions are made on the basis of perception and politics only."

The senators accepted that their choice was between the forces of law and the forces of lawlessness, as posed by Smith. Reform of the insanity defense had become a surrogate for resolution of the most profound issues of criminal justice, and the Republican-led senators chose to emphasize retribution. They may have gained the satisfaction of grappling with a large issue. They may also have taken out on a narrow legal problem the frustrations citizens feel with a disorderly, unmanageable, and daunting system, and, by voting to cut back the insanity defense, they showed a willingness to give up a civilized standard for a harsh reminder of the balance of power between the individual and society.

—Lincoln Caplan

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Amarillo (Texas) Globe-Times*]

Columbus, Ohio (AP)—When David Waldo went looking for work he decided to make himself hard to overlook.

Waldo, 50, out of a job since 1982, says he decided to leave Pittsburgh and try his luck in Columbus. He wasted no time getting right down to it.

•

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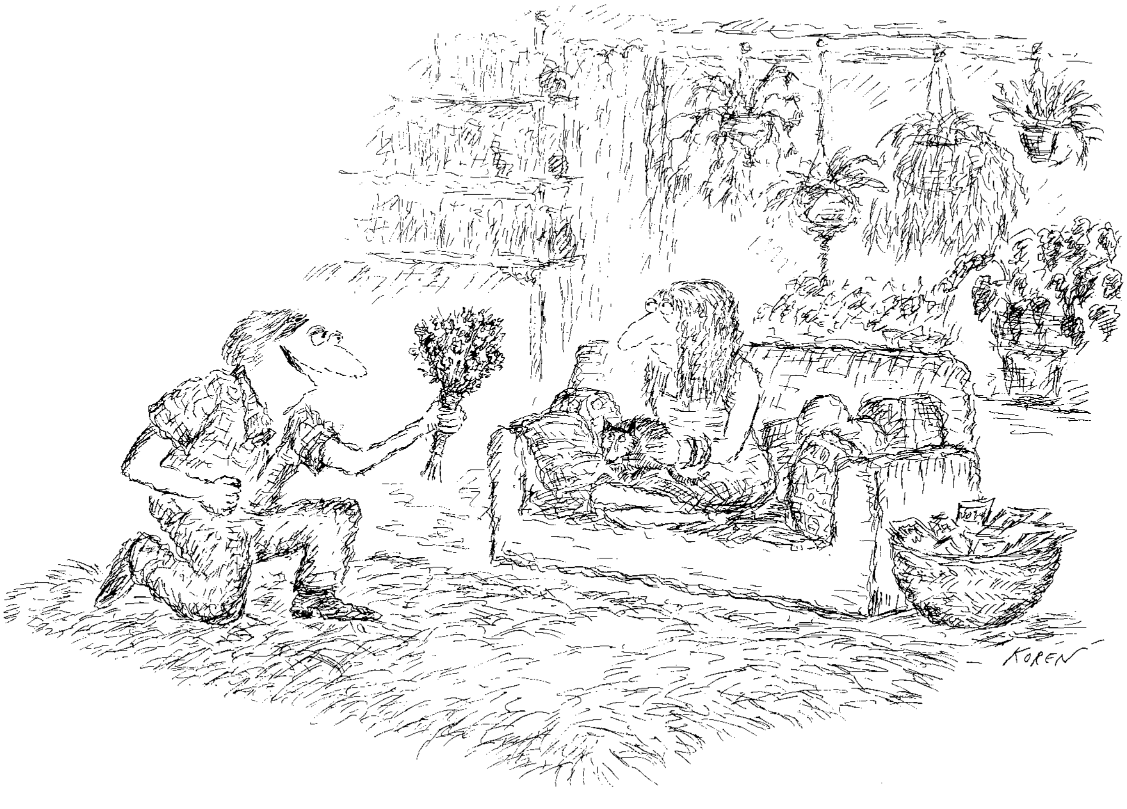
DANCING

Guest in the House

IT has been a season for collaborations between choreographers. Baryshnikov and Peter Anastos did "Cinderella" for American Ballet Theatre. Jerome Robbins and Twyla Tharp created a piece for New York City Ballet. The precedent for the Robbins-Tharp partnership, however, undoubtedly occurred in 1959, when George Balanchine invited Martha Graham to join him in presenting an hour-long work to Webern's music. The union of the ballet master and the modern dancer was a historic occasion, even though it wasn't really a union. The two choreographers worked separately with their own dancers; "Episodes" came together in performance. The Robbins-Tharp ballet is a real collaboration. But then it was a far more feasible project than Balanchine-Graham. It might even symbolize the changes that have come over American dance since 1959. Our idea of classicism has broadened, thanks largely to the genius of Balanchine, and American modern dance has outgrown the expressionistic stereotypes of its founding generation. It is possible to think of Duncan as a classicist and of Nijinsky as a modernist. Twyla Tharp is now an establishment figure, a choreographer of classical ballets, while Robbins, with works like "Watermill" and "Glass Pieces," declares himself an enthusiast of the avant-garde. This season, he revived his "Moves," subtitled "A Ballet in Silence About Relationships." It was made the year of "Episodes," and Robbins may think of it—and may mean us to think of it—as an anticipation of "The Fugue," Tharp's three-part invention, which is also danced in silence. "Moves" is still a very solid and satisfying piece, especially with the "relationships" unobtrusively outlined, as they now are by the New York City Ballet dancers, but it is not central to Robbins' work the way "The Fugue" is to Tharp's; for him, silence is another problem licked, like the music of Philip Glass. Tharp, for her part, has been homing in on New York City Ballet for some time. No one has worked harder to deserve a commission; no one could be worthier of one. Her "Bach Partita," executed last year for A.B.T., is an N.Y.C.B. ballet in disguise, an essay in baroque classicism, and an appropriate contribution to a repertory that lacks "Concerto Barocco," "The Four Temperaments," "Agon," and "Kammermusik No. 2." Her side of the collaboration with Robbins has its share of tributes to the man who was their joint mentor, but she has not tried to reactivate her Balanchine mode. As an outsider, and as the only prominent woman choreographer to work with the company since Ruthanna Boris, she represents no one but herself. If New York City Ballet lacked anything, after all, it lacked Twyla Tharp. Now it has her, and it also has a wonder of a new ballet.

The chosen music is the twenty-five variations and fugue written by Brahms on a theme by Handel. The music has strange humors in it, which a modern orchestration, by the British composer Edmund Rubbra, italicizes, and which the combined wit of Robbins and Tharp italicizes in boldface. The variations aren't attributed, so we have to guess who did what. This makes a fascinating puzzle; after an obvious opening section by Robbins and after Tharp has staged an obvious entrance, the pace gets faster and the guessing gets tougher. The large cast is divided into two ensembles and two pairs of principals (Merrill Ashley and Ib Andersen, Maria Calegari and Bart Cook) who are dressed by Oscar de la Renta in simple costumes of turquoise for Robbins and Kelly green for Tharp. The device of concealed authorship keeps the ballet from being an outright competition, and it also ignites a spark of madness. Not only do the dancers keep changing sides but some group numbers are divided, with one choreographer taking foreground, the other background, action. Other variations are executed by one, with the other passing through or peeping in. There's at least one duet that seems split down the middle. I wouldn't put it past Tharp and Robbins to have impersonated each other's style now and then or choreographed different steps of the same dance. (The alternate phrases in a double solo suggest both options.) It all builds to a glorious pouring mass of bravura entrances for the entire company, which drains away into the wings only to

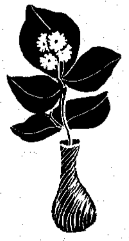


"Why not marry me? Just go for it!"

start rising again in the fugue. Decorum prevails in the end. Against the seething tide and somehow abreast of it, the four principals pose, their arms sedately linked.

The ballet has a remarkable stylistic unity, but because excess is a part of Tharp's makeup (and caution is a part of Robbins') it seems to be more her ballet than his. The constancy of the pressure in the ensembles—it hovers at a point just this side of pandemonium—is Tharpian, and the group textures have her unmistakable viscosity. There are such Tharp trademarks as women being lifted with their legs worming in the air, or being cartwheeled over men's heads or dragged in splits across the floor. The fury of activity that Tharp alone seems to have provided occasionally creates the impression that two cooks are one too many, but even as we recoil the music opens a hungry maw and is sated. Most collaborations between choreographers run the risk of mutual deference, which ends in anonymity and an unaccomplished or underaccomplished ballet. Was this the problem in "Cinderella"? Was it what plagued Robbins' attempts to choreograph with Balanchine "Pulcinella" and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," or were those ballets simply uncongenial assignments, which, undertaken by either man, would have turned out badly? (Balanchine revised "Pulcinella" by himself and it still didn't work.) Robbins seems to have envisioned "Brahms/Handel" as a steeplechase of a ballet, with Tharp as the rider beside him. (She had created a "Brahms/Paganini" for her own company.) So extravagant and crazy a piece hasn't been seen on the State Theatre stage since "Union Jack." But "Brahms/Handel" is not a stunt. I think a stranger who knew nothing of Robbins and Tharp and the wherefores of this piece could tell that someone has been at pains to make serious choreography for brilliant dancers. Strategically, the piece resembles other game-plan ballets of Robbins', such as "Interplay" and "Fanfare." The melding and then the separating of the Blues and the Greens at the end of the fugue recall the fugue at the end of "Fanfare," only with gale-force winds behind it. Robbins has followed through on the provocativeness of his idea; it's been tastefully handled, but it hasn't been tamed.

The choreographers seem to have used the talents of Ashley, Andersen, Calegari, and Cook as supreme tests of their skill, and they keep topping each other. Ashley's role is her best since "Ballo della Regina." Acrobatic rather than allegro, it unleashes her Amazonian intrepidity. She races along with gangs of men and dives head first into their midst. Returned to herself, she speed-slides away, uncatchable. Numbers of men support Calegari also, but as a queen on a float. This is Tharp's homage to Balanchine, devised as the formal entrance of the Greens. With Calegari held aloft, the cortège incorporates images from "Serenade," "The Unanswered Question" (from "Ivesiana"), and Lifar's entrance in "La Chatte." Calegari's softness and plasticity complement Ashley's steel-spring bounce; their duet in canon makes the point neatly. The nimble Andersen is as elusive as a German elf, and Cook, looking like a boy again, is especially fine in the various court and country dances with which the piece is studded. These are all happy dancers, and this is choreography they cherish.



One could say the same of "Bach Partita," and one would have to add "but don't perform often enough." Ballet Theatre is doing its utmost to keep up what may well be the hardest ballet it has ever danced, but although it's a shining hour for Cynthia Gregory, Martine van Hamel, Magali Messac, and their partners Ross Stretton (or Fernando Bujones), Clark Tippet, and Robert La Fosse, repertory conditions militate against its becoming a completely comfortable one. In N.Y.C.B. repertory, certain ballets feed certain other ballets, and the style for such a piece as "Bach Partita" is in the dancers' bones. In A.B.T. repertory, it's anomalous. Not even "Push Comes to Shove" prepares the dancers for it. I noticed that after La Fosse danced the role that Tharp had choreographed for Baryshnikov in "The Little Ballet" his performance in the Bach piece became twice as bright. (So did Baryshnikov's own performance; La Fosse was very good.) But no such possibility exists for anybody else. The solution is to keep digging into the material of "Bach Partita" when every temptation exists to trim it to more negotiable limits.

Tharp has taken the five movements of the celebrated unaccompanied Partita No. 2 in D Minor for violin and set on them an enormous, whirling, weightless ballet. Besides the six principals, the hierarchical cast includes seven pairs of demisoloists and sixteen corps women. These are forces that fly before you like the wind. The single violin, with its multiple voices, effortlessly supports them all. I find a great deal of pleasure in watching "Bach Partita," but most of it lies in Tharp's ingenuity—in the subtlety of her calculations, the ease of her logistics, the daring with which she approaches an all but insuperable task. Despite the titles of its sections (Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue, Chaconne), the great Partita is not to my ears dance music that can actually be danced. In setting a ballet to it, Tharp tries to breathe flesh and blood back into matter that has become spirit. Her attempt to bring off this tour de force lays bare the structuralist who lives inside the choreographer. You can follow (not too easily on the Met stage, I grant you) the spread of the harmony in the spread of her groups and trace the rise and fall of melody, its subdivisions, inversions, and renewals. To watch "Bach Partita" is to see musical process revealed. But though Bach's passion was in his process Tharp's diagram succeeds in capturing passion only when it registers some seismic configuration of Bach's or contradicts Bach completely. In the best part of the piece, the women's dance in the Chaconne, sixteen corps women whom we have never seen before whisk through a scene so buoyant that they add nothing to it but the shock of their appearance. Then men come on to partner the women, and Tharp has an attack of Bach madness akin to the madness of "Brahms/Handel." The contrapuntal variety is such that four or six ballets seem to be going on at once. Katzenjammermusik! It's a sweet moment while it lasts. "Bach Partita" is ravishing but finally too sane and methodical a piece to love. The material it is made of is quite another matter. Were I a dancer, I would long for it every day.

This ballet was Tharp's formal notice to the world that she is a classical *academic* choreographer. There are no dance neologisms among the steps. (There is one extraordinary lift in which Messac slides her leg straight up La Fosse's chest and, holding a split in the air, cartwheels over backward.) Tharp's grasp of academic form is beyond question, but more interesting is her talent, evident everywhere you look, for seeing movement in a new light. What she sees seems to solidify in some special way; it becomes tactile. When a dancer in the midst of a line of déboulés is grabbed by the shoulders and turned back to front, it's as if she'd become a piece of living sculpture we can feel with our hands. Tharp has now done four pieces for A.B.T., and they were given a special evening this season. Baryshnikov danced "The Little Ballet" and "Sinatra Suite" back to back. In one, he is Russian, romantic, classical; in the other, he's American, insolent, pop. The perception that these two pieces can be done for a single audience is an inspiration he shares with Tharp. "Push Comes to Shove" expresses the same duality: Baryshnikov starts out dancing a rag and ends up in a Haydn symphony. On the Tharp evening, Danilo Radojevic performed the role and was interrupted at the last moment by Baryshnikov, who came on to lead the choreographer out for her bow. How has it happened that Tharp, who is not herself a classical dancer and was never part of any ballet company, now choreographs these amazing pieces for the reigning ballet dancers of our time? In thinking over this question recently, I was forced to reconsider some of the events that I began this article by citing.

When "Episodes" was first done, critics said that Graham's section looked old-fashioned, while Balanchine's looked new. The two camps seemed to have switched sides. Actually, modern dance under Merce Cunningham had already adopted the new dispensation. Ballet or modern, the emphasis in choreography was now on dance over drama. This emphasis and the equally widespread acceptance of daily ballet practice by dancers of all persuasions healed the ideological division between ballet and modern dance. This still didn't mean that modern-dance choreographers could work productively with ballet companies, and we had a slew of hopefully ecumenical ballets by choreographers like John Butler and Glen Tetley to prove it. Soon the rift reopened, along lines drawn by music—its use, non-use, or misuse. Compared with the old cleavage, this was the San Andreas Fault. Perhaps it was only natural that once dance began aspiring to the condition of music—non-programmatic music, I mean—music itself should become an issue, and pro-music modern-dance choreographers like Paul Taylor and Twyla Tharp should gravitate toward the ballet companies. Taylor, it will be remembered, was the one Graham dancer to work with Balanchine in "Episodes." He became a kind of apprentice to Balanchine, and even learned certain roles, though he never went so far as to perform them. Tharp joined the post-Cunningham generation of "silent" choreographers after a spell in Taylor's company proved to her that she needed to deal with other issues in choreography besides music. She reverted to music eventually and has never looked back.

When, at the beginning of the sixties, Taylor found his form in musical choreography, he defied avant-garde notions of dance as an independent art. But modern music had already ostracized dance. What Webern's music in "Episodes" seemed to say was that the next logical phase was silence. When Twyla Tharp reverted to music a decade later, the issue had been pretty well disposed of by the rise of structuralism in music, in painting, and in the choreography of Twyla Tharp. Structuralism was non-expressionistic; it dealt with process. Its elements are still there in Tharp's aesthetic. But she has nothing else in common with the choreographers who were led back to music by the structuralism of Philip Glass, Steve Reich, and other new composers who share their Asian sensibility. For those choreographers, the best music is that which makes the fewest demands on a movement idiom that cannot sustain too much variety. Tharp, meanwhile, revels in baroque complexity. She always has. Her musical taste is rooted in the classical tradition of the West—in Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. Most of the technical problems she faced during her nonmusical phase had to do with dancing in unconventional places—gyms, art galleries, city streets and parks. The reorganization of stage space is a factor in her work, but it isn't fundamental to it, whereas the crypto-musical "The Fugue" became the cornerstone of her company's repertory. Tharp's sense of baroque design operates with or without music. The more I see of her work, the more I am persuaded that it is this sense, and not just her musical skills, that has enabled her to operate within the complex movement idiom of modern ballet. Those musical skills are formidable, of course, and without them Tharp couldn't have moved from being the most interesting post-Cunningham choreographer to being the most interesting post-Balanchine one. She would just have been the most interesting post-Cunningham choreographer to work for the ballet.

To some people, that is what she still is; and Peter Martins, who inherited many of Balanchine's duties, is interesting only because he's there. Martins, who was trained in one of the great ballet academies of the world, has known from boyhood things about the art and science of ballet that Tharp has been able to teach herself only recently. Tharp, on the other hand, represents the improvisation that stands at the heart of the creative tradition in American dance. As Balanchine well knew, that tradition was not to be found in the ballet, but to modern dance he preferred the Broadway of Jerome Robbins. (Robbins himself preferred the ballet.) He couldn't have anticipated how things would turn out this spring, only a year after his death: modern dance makes a crossover bid, Mr. Broadway is there to make it good, and the academy fructifies. Peter Martins' new ballet is also to Bach—the Suite No. 3 in D Major plus selections from the Suite No. 4, the last of which, "Réjouissance" ("Rejoicing"), gives the ballet its title. It is dance music, evoking Lully's ballets and inciting Martins to an extended exercise in company style, excellent to begin or end a program with. This is another ballet with six principals heading a tremendous cast. Suzanne Farrell is the regnant ballerina partnered by Joseph Duell and flanked by Valentina Kozlova with Adam Lüders and Lourdes Lopez with Leonid Kozlov. Below them, there is the junior school, all female, divided into courts for the three principal couples. Six male courtiers complete the ranks. Martins' choreography has grandeur without pomposity. Its subject is the eighteenth-century fantasy of innocence which gave such radiance to baroque manners and to the ballets that commemorated them, Balanchine's above all. Balanchine concluded his Webern ballet by returning, through a Webern transcription, to Bach. A quarter of a century later, "Episodes" is still being danced and the newest Bach ballets play across from each other at Lincoln Center. "Bach Partita" is German baroque, "Réjouissance" is French baroque. Martins' ballet is not the more audacious but it is the more nobly bred, and in Farrell's performance the more limpid and serene. When the curtain goes down, it's with a sense of flags snapping in the breeze, flying regimental colors, saying, "Look, we have come through."

—Arlene Croce

THE THEATRE

Savage Playmates

NOËL COWARD'S "Design for Living," now playing at the Circle in the Square, is half a century old, and I'm happy to report that, contrary to my expectations, this harsh and viperish comedy wears its years lightly. Because Coward wrote it as a vehicle in which he and his close friends the Lunts could show off their acting skills (at the same time teasing the world with glimpses of a three-cornered bisexual relationship that could be taken equally well to be autobiography or fantasy), I had feared that the play would fail to outlive the circumstances that brought it into existence. Not at all—"Design for Living" remains as funny and nasty as ever, and the selfish misconduct of its three main characters has lost none of its power to appall. What terrible people Leo and Otto and Gilda are, and how little anyone would wish Coward and the Lunts to resemble them! In real life, the Lunts were a notably gentle and attractive couple, and so poles apart from noisy, obstreperous Otto and Gilda, but it is certainly the case that Coward bestowed upon Leo, a famous author of witty drawing-room comedies, a number of the repellent attributes that Coward's detractors were accustomed to bestowing upon him. The simplest means of outwitting criticism is to embrace it.

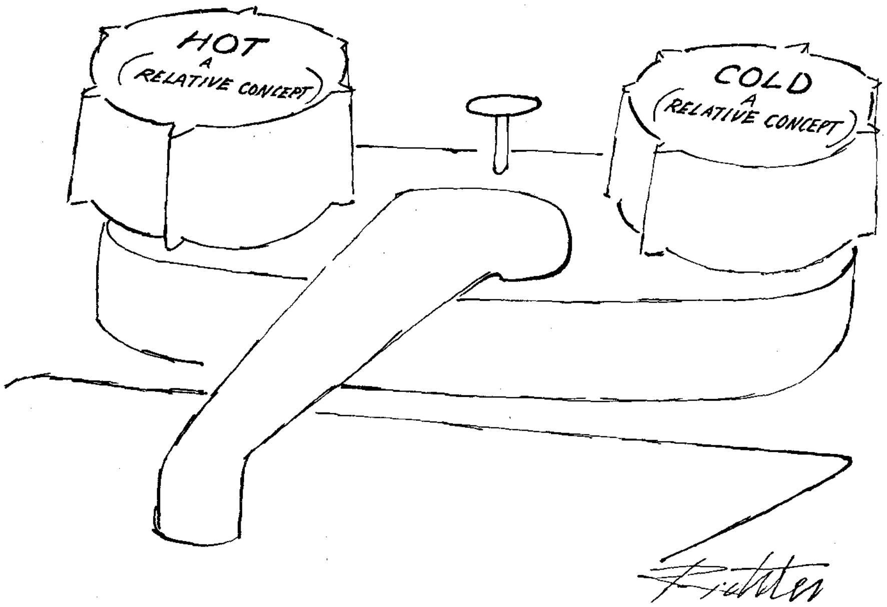
In "Present Indicative," the first volume of his autobiography, Coward gives a charming account of how he and the Lunts, at the beginning of their careers, looked forward to an attained eminence:

> We discussed, the three of us, over delicatessen potato salad and dill pickles, our most secret dreams of success. Lynn and Alfred were to be married. That was the first plan. Then they were to become definitely idols of the public. That was the second plan. Then, *all this being* successfully accomplished, they were to act exclusively together. This was the third plan. It remained for me to supply the fourth, which was that when all three of us had become stars of sufficient magnitude to be able to count upon an individual following irrespective of each other, then, poised serenely upon that enviable plane of achievement, we would meet and act triumphantly together.

Twelve years later, the moment had arrived; Coward was in his early thirties, the Lunts in their forties. "Design for Living" opened in New York and was the very triumph that they had counted on. The odd thing about the play, then and now, is that it gives so much pleasure in spite of being so disagreeable. Why on earth are we content to spend a long evening eavesdropping on these shallow, conceited, vindictive, short-tempered, and ill-mannered narcissists? Surely, the answer is in part that they are grownup infants and that our own infant natures, sedulously imprisoned within us, respond with glee to a liberty of action that they will never be allowed to experience. Leo, Otto, and Gilda do things and say things impermissible to "nice" people; they bang their silver cups on their high chairs and smash their toys and run away unrepentant from the consequences. Coward's forte is creating perky, stylishly dressed nonentities who crack quite good hand-me-down Wildean jokes. If his plays tend to lack endings, it is because the only appropriate ending for most of them is a tantrum in a night nursery.

The stars of the present production are Jill Clayburgh, Raul Julia, and Frank Langella. Miss Clayburgh is a convincing Gilda, shrewish and seductive by turns, but I found something eerie in the way Mr. Julia and Mr. Langella acted the roles of Leo and Otto. Perhaps I was remembering, as I ought not to have done, that both men have recently played Dracula, or perhaps it is simply that they seem too much alike in appearance and in their overly theatrical manner of speaking. Richard Woods huffs and puffs admirably in the part of Ernest, Gilda's temporary husband, and Lisa Kirk plays the small role of Grace Torrenc with professional gumption. George C Scott has directed the play adroitl and has made a number of cuts in the text which do it no harm. The amusing thirties scenery is by Thomas Lynch, the costumes are by Ann Roth and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss.

—BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

Voices Over

WHAT must be kept in mind about "Hurlyburly," David Rabe's bitter Hollywood comedy, at the Promenade, is that most of its characters are stoned much of the time, and that they speak the mysterious patois indigenous to Southern California and, of course, to their own mental state. Also, much of the time they speak in monologues; though there are passages of conversation—somebody says something, and somebody else listens and replies—these are rare. David Rabe is a brilliant writer and a very funny one, and the monologues are, of course, justified under the circumstances, nobody being in shape for extended listening. The hero of the play is a Hollywood casting director called Eddie, who shares an apartment with another casting director, called Mickey. (Actually, the hero is Mike Nichols, who directed "Hurlyburly," threading his way through the verbiage—excellent verbiage, as things go these days—to make the story clear and urgent.) Their closest friends are an unemployed actor recently divorced from his wife and

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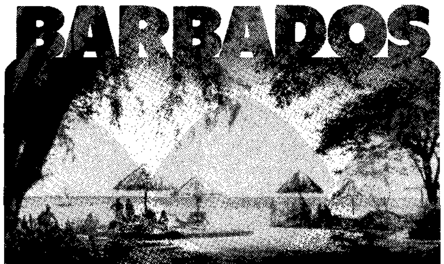

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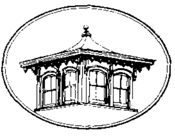

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separated from their baby, and a successful studio executive of some kind. All of them are displaced persons in this D.P. capital of the world. Eddie, too, has a wife and child someplace, but he is totally caught up in the California drug scene, and he has no idea why his mind is scattered and he is so miserable. Along with the four men, there are three women, and the men's attitude toward them is practical and icy. The play, on the side, is a study in misogyny. The unemployed actor is a violent, destructive man—always on edge, always in barroom brawls—and the wise, foolish roommates, unaware that a real emergency exists, decide that all he needs is a woman, so they book one, a very funny stripper. Wrong guess. The result is a disaster, and, in a touching scene at the end, we see Eddie overwhelmed by a grief and tenderness that he is utterly unprepared for.

So much for the story; what counts is the episodes and the very well-drawn characters. Mr. Nichols' production is a marvel, and the acting is all that any dramatist could want. Christopher Walken is Mickey, cool and laid back and seemingly untouched by events; Judith Ivey makes a spirited turn of the comic part of the stripper; that glamorous, sexy comedian Sigourney Weaver is Eddie's girl, who casually spends a night with Mickey but causes minimal friction between the roommates; Harvey Keitel is the turbulent actor; Jerry Stiller, quietly humorous, is the successful executive; and Cynthia Nixon is amusing as a bewildered teen-ager on the loose, who lives in elevators unless otherwise engaged. As for William Hurt, a fine actor at any time, I doubt if he has ever had a more demanding role than Eddie or given a better performance than he does as this funny, self-addicted, drug-addicted, rubbish-spouting fellow who is finally faced with himself, the emotion breaking through the anesthetic. "Hurlyburly" may be too long (three hours) for its content, but I wasn't bored for a minute. The appropriately lavish setting was designed by Tony Walton and lighted by Jennifer Tipton; the appropriate costumes were designed by Ann Roth.

—EDITH OLIVER

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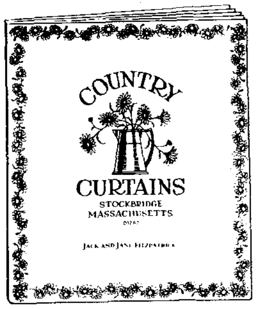

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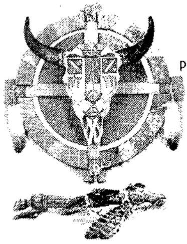

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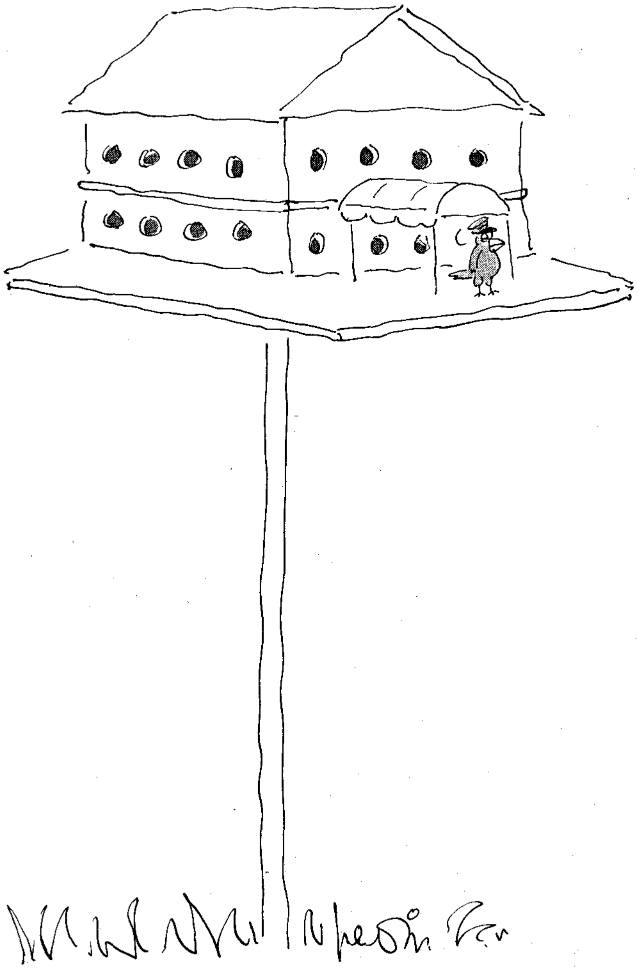
THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

SIGNS OF DESPAIR

THE Reagan Administration has been jolted by the two world figures—Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak and Jordan's King Hussein—whom it regards as the key agents of moderation and good sense in the Middle East. Within a month, using different but equally direct channels to public opinion in the United States, Mubarak and Hussein vented their exasperation with American policy. On February 14th, at the end of an official visit, Mubarak spoke out bluntly in a televised farewell ceremony in the East Room of the White House; he warned his host to change the American approach to the Palestine problem by dealing directly with Yasir Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization. Reagan, who had just said a few words himself and must have been expecting Mubarak merely to complete the ritual exchange of remarks, appeared to be numb with surprise as he listened. Some of the Reagan people said Mubarak had flouted protocol, among other misdeeds, and just a little later he had a session with Secretary of State George Shultz that was, according to a witness, "very rocky." The episode coincided with the withdrawal of the American Marines from Lebanon and the collapse of the Administration's position there. The Reagan people had hoped that Mubarak's visit might put these matters in a softer light; instead, it added to the Administration's distress. Four weeks later, on March 14th, Hussein exposed his grievances in gloomy, almost elegiac language to a reporter for the *Times* during an interview over lunch; he was harshly critical of the content of American policy in the Middle East and the manner in which it is being conducted. The interview ran as the newspaper's lead story the following day. It deeply embarrassed the Administration.

Both Mubarak and Hussein were taking chances. Mubarak had actually invited himself to Washington, partly because he wanted to obtain some relief from his country's huge burden of debt repayment but mainly because he was determined to generate some movement by Washington on the Palestine issue. As it turned out, not much was said about the first matter, and Mubarak failed conspicuously with the second; on both sides, his somewhat impulsive visit was judged a bust. Hussein was risking even more. He had been trying to buy Stinger missiles—anti-aircraft weapons that can be fired from the shoulder—and the matter was before Congress. Pro-Israeli groups were lobbying against the sale, but the Administration strongly supported it; indeed, just one day before Hussein's rendezvous with the *Times*, Reagan surprised everyone by arguing Jordan's case in a speech before the United Jewish Appeal. The reaction in Congress to Hussein's surprise attack, however, caused the Reagan people to cancel his request for the Stingers. Within the government, the feeling is that if Hussein had not given his fateful interview he would have got them, and without vexatious conditions governing their use which had worried him.

Rarely, if ever, has a President's Middle Eastern policy taken as persistent a drubbing as Reagan's has over the past two years. And the failure is the more abject because it is in the Middle East that the Reagan people, having previously failed to achieve a single diplomatic success anywhere in the world, have made by far their largest effort. (Grenada was a military success—certainly it was popular—but of little lasting importance, and hardly a diplomatic triumph.) Moreover, their troubled Middle East policy has fiercely divided senior officials within the Administration: it has embroiled former Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr., in a lively controversy over his role in the Lebanese conflict; and it has blotted the record of Shultz, his successor, who may not remain in the Cabinet if Reagan is reëlected. The main parties to the turmoil in Lebanon—the Israelis, who invaded the country in 1982; the Syrians, who have occupied part of it since 1976; and the faction-ridden Lebanese—made hash of the Administration's strenuous efforts to impart order by creating a strong central government, which would draw support from a peacekeeping force of American Marines. Even in good times, such a government is an unnatural state of affairs in Lebanon. Marines were placed in a hopeless position: they couldn't keep peace, for there was never any to keep, so their role was changed to one of propping up an all but helpless sectarian government and opposing its stronger adversaries, one of which was Syria. Some of the worst fears of the Egyptians, Jordanians, and other Arab moderates were realized: the Administration, after abandoning its predictably untenable position, left a vacuum for Syria to fill. Moreover, by becoming a party to the dispute in Lebanon—and, in the view of most Arabs, Israel's de-facto ally there—Washington nul-



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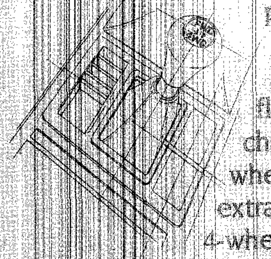

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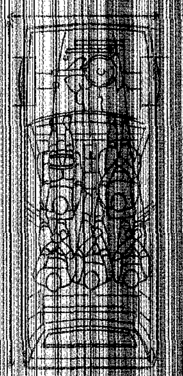

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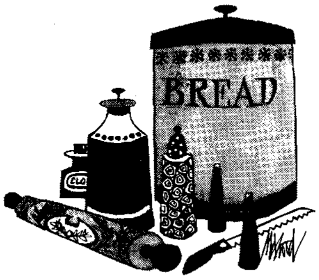
lified its efforts to cope with the fundamental, and even more intractable, Palestine problem. The experience has been a confusing and demoralizing one for the Administration. "Even while we were getting out, the deep policy split remained," one closely involved Administration figure told me. "Those who wanted to take the Marines out characterized the withdrawal as exactly that, whereas those who wanted them to stay characterized our action as redeployment—as just another way to take the fight to the Syrians with the heavy guns of the fleet. No one decided who had the right version. What determined that was the collapse of the situation on the ground"—the position of the government of President Amin Gemayel. The large American flotilla disappeared beyond Lebanon's horizon.

Allied governments have been appalled by Washington's performance in the Middle East, as in varying degrees of intensity most of them have made clear. In late January, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher treated Donald Rumsfeld, the President's former special envoy for the Middle East, to a blistering critique of the thinking that underlies the Administration's attitude. Apparently, much of what happened during, and what has happened since, the invasion of Lebanon was accurately forecast by specialists, and many would say it was inevitable. The people who work on Middle Eastern affairs in the government's second tier warned the leadership time and again of the risks that were being run; these people, in the words of one foreign diplomat, have been "ground down by it all." And now the Administration has taken time out from the so-called Middle East peace process; for the first time in a decade, Washington isn't pursuing a diplomatic initiative of any kind out there. This is an election year, and the Reagan people are reluctant to risk more failure, or even to take steps that might call attention to what has already befallen their policy. It is almost as if none of it had really happened. In the Middle East, however, an absence of movement on the major issues, or of pressure for movement, doesn't freeze conditions as they are. Inertia there helps the so-called rejectionists—the elements that reject moderate proposals, and prefer conflict to compromise. Having no pressure to contend with, they simply dig in and anchor their positions more securely. As for the moderates, they find the going harder at such a time not only because of that digging in but because without some help from Washington they cannot pretend, even to themselves, that avenues of progress are there to be explored. Mubarak, I was told in Cairo recently, had hoped that while he was in Washington in February he could discourage the Administration from excluding itself from the Middle East peace process for the balance of 1984. He got nowhere, and his breach of protocol in the East Wing was a rather ham-handed way of going over Reagan's head to American public opinion.

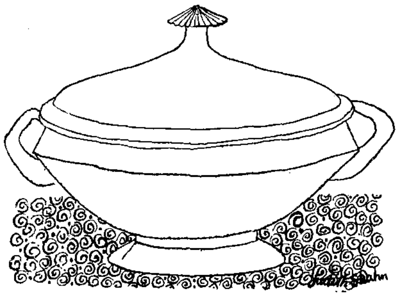


At home, Mubarak's bold gesture was judged far more sympathetically. "He was upset, and chose an Egyptian way of saying so," says Yousef Idris, a novelist, playwright, and film and short-story writer, who is one of Egypt's most highly respected artists and thinkers. Idris is an aggressively free spirit. He was arrested in the Nasser era, has seen some of his work banned, and made no secret of his distaste for Anwar Sadat. Idris likes Mubarak, whom he describes as "our first real President." What Mubarak did in Washington, Idris says, "was a sign of despair about American policy." He explains, "The United States has totally withdrawn. That's a tragedy. America has more and greater interests than anyone. Syria is the winner."

The legacy Sadat passed on to Mubarak, in October of 1981, was decidedly mixed. On the plus side, the last step in Egypt's painfully negotiated peace treaty with Israel was to take effect six and a half months later, on April 25, 1982; in the United States, a huge reservoir of good will for Egypt had been created; American aid there, which now totals about two billion dollars annually, had become second only to what Israel was receiving, and not by much; Sadat, the man who launched a war in 1973 in order to create the conditions for peace, was an authentic hero in America. In the Arab world, however, he was anything but: Arabs felt that Sadat's exploits were made at their expense, or, more exactly, that he bargained away their highest card—an Israeli peace with Egypt, the only Arab military power—for too little; that other territories occupied by Israel, notably Gaza and the West Bank of the Jordan, and not just Egypt's Sinai Desert, should have been made part of the "territory for peace" arrangements. Thus, as the Mubarak era began, Egypt's ties with most of the Arab world had been severed; Egypt was even excluded from the Islamic Conference, an organization of forty-five Muslim states. Egypt's external affairs lay almost entirely with the American benefactor and with Israel, since the fine-tuning of arrangements governing Israel's withdrawal from the Sinai were under way. But on June 6, 1982, just six weeks after the peace treaty took effect, Israel, by invading Lebanon, created a new and more explosive situation. Syria aside, there have been no winners and many losers in this tragic affair, starting with the Lebanese. For example, Israel's lightning military success soured almost as quickly, and the affair became a political liability and, indeed, an injury—possibly the first—to the nation's self-esteem; many Israelis refer to Lebanon as a quagmire, and to the situation as their Vietnam. As for the United States, the Arab countries reckoned that Israel wouldn't have taken so sweeping a step without Washington's knowledge and acquiescence. In diplomatic circles, Alexander Haig, who was Secretary of State at the time of the invasion and left less than a month later, is widely believed to have known what was afoot and to have implicitly approved the action by failing to discourage it strongly enough, if at all. (Haig's recently published memoir about his seventeen-month tour as Secretary of State and a book just published in Israel and due out here soon called "Israel's Lebanon War," by Ze'ev Schiff, who is the military editor of *Ha'aretz*, Israel's oldest newspaper, and Ehud Ya'ari, who is an Israeli specialist on Arab affairs, have revived and sharpened the issue of American complicity.) Syria more than recouped all that it lost militarily to Israel in the early rounds of fighting, and is, of course, the political victor in Lebanon. Still, Syria's apparent good fortune may gradually be offset by its deeper involvement there; quite simply, Syria has acquired the responsibility for sorting out Lebanon's confused affairs—and at a time when some of the most powerful people around the ailing President Hafez al-Assad are contributing to an already tense situation by trying to improve their chances of succeeding him. Syria's other vulnerable neighbor, Jordan, is depressed and somewhat intimidated by what has befallen Lebanon. But politically the hardest-hit of the parties was probably Egypt. "Lebanon was a blow to Mubarak," a senior American diplomat says. "First, because Egypt was seen to have all its eggs in the American basket, and, second, because of what it did for Syrian influence, which is on the upsurge." A European ambassador agrees. "The Egyptians think the United States connived and was in on the invasion plan," he remarked. "They say Washington gave no thought to the effect it would have on them—on their need, after just recovering the lost territory, to find their way back into the Arab community. The invasion destroyed any pretense that their treaty could be a model for settling other disputes with Israel."

UNLIKE Sadat, Mubarak had almost no political experience when he became President. Sadat, when he succeeded Nasser, had in one way or another been involved in politics for more than twenty-five years, having started as an anti-British terrorist. Mubarak's political career began in 1975, when Sadat made him Vice-President; Sadat had decided to fill the job with a soldier who had distinguished himself in war and knew about administration. Mubarak was then forty-six, and his entire career had been spent in the Egyptian Air Force. When he became President, no one knew what to expect from him. Haig, according to a senior American diplomat, "saw Mubarak as a Nasser clone, and worried that the Soviets would be coming back." The Soviet military advisers and influence were banished by Sadat in 1972. "Mubarak returned Haig's unfriendly feelings," this man went on. "And his relations with Shultz are far from good." Some say that Mubarak hasn't learned how to handle his American connection, and is simply coasting on the Sadat experience. Others, including most diplomats in Cairo, feel that Sadat's exploits and his style—especially his theatrical gifts—obscured the real nature of Egypt's relationship with Washington, and its limits; the relationship, they add, is carried on more normally now. In Sadat's time, Washington felt that Egypt could become this country's first major political success in the Third World: in the combined role of America's ally, Israel's treaty partner, and the dominant political and cultural influence in the Middle East, Egypt would emerge as the deus ex machina that the peace process there might require. Although expectations in Washington have been lowered somewhat since Sadat's death, the American commitment to Egypt is no less than it was in Sadat's time. For that reason and others, it seemed to me worthwhile to obtain a glimpse of where Mubarak's Egypt is headed in its relations with Washington, Israel, and the Arab states.

Most diplomats and most Egyptians who follow their country's affairs closely are in agreement about the style and content of Mubarak's diplomacy. They say that he thinks more like an Egyptian than Sadat did. He is sensitive—certainly more so than his predecessors—to a vocal, educated, rather bourgeois élite that dominates Egyptian political opinion. By and large, this group approves of a special American connection but wants it played down. Sadat was seen by this group as an American puppet. Unlike Sadat, Mubarak avoids playing up the scope and quality of his American connections. He is less available to the American press than Sadat was. He hasn't drawn Egypt any closer to the Soviets, who deplore his policy as more of the same. His relations with the government of Israel are cooler than Sadat's were, mainly because of the Lebanon adventure; in fact, Mubarak withdrew his ambassador after the massacres of refugees at the Sabra and Shatila camps, near Beirut, and he hasn't sent him back. Even before Lebanon, however, Mubarak was adjusting this relationship. Just after Sadat's death, he turned down an invitation to visit Israel, apparently because he would have been expected to visit Jerusalem, which most governments do not recognize as the capital of Israel. (Only two countries—El Salvador and Costa Rica—have moved their embassies from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem.) Former Prime Minister Menachem Begin indicated that if Mubarak wouldn't come to Jerusalem he wasn't welcome in Israel. Egyptian officials who visit Israel normally transact official business in Jerusalem but spend the nights in Tel Aviv or Haifa. Begin once commented that he wasn't interested in the nocturnal habits of guests of the state.



Diplomats say that Mubarak is sustaining the substance of Sadat's foreign policy but shading it—attuning it to what important Egyptian opinion sees as the national interest. More specifically, they say that he is trying to impart balance to the policy, and thereby maneuver Egypt back into the good graces of the Third World—especially its Islamic component—and a position of leadership in the Arab world. (Sadat often referred to other Arab political figures as "dwarfs.") His standoffish attitude toward Israel, they say, along with his more impersonal relations with Washington, should be seen in that light. Against the odds, Mubarak's diplomacy has had a quiet but striking success over the past year. He is, or was, on a roll. First, in March of 1983 he attended a meeting of nonaligned countries in New Delhi—a group for which Sadat came to have low admiration—and made a strong, altogether favorable impression. He then campaigned strenuously to acquire the so-called African seat on the Security Council of the United Nations. Egypt's chances seemed negligible; predictably, the Libyans and the Syrians sought to block Mubarak, and, rather surprisingly, so did Saudi Arabia. (The Saudis, although in one sense welcoming Egypt's diplomatic revival, worry that it may cause their own influence to recede; some Egyptian officials accuse Washington of having encouraged the Saudis to oppose them in the U.N. American diplomats deny the charge.) But Mubarak succeeded, through persistent and effective campaigning with the other Islamic states, most of which had been shunning contact with Egypt. Besides obtaining the Security Council seat, Mubarak's diplomacy produced an end to nearly five years of Egyptian isolation. In January of this year, the Islamic Conference, meeting in Casablanca, Morocco, hinted that Egypt could return to the fold but would be expected to retreat from some of its commitments to Israel under the Camp David agreements. Mubarak reacted by calling a well-publicized meeting of his senior advisers, one of whom emerged to announce before the television cameras that Egypt would not accept conditions. Egypt did return to the Islamic Conference, and on its own terms.

Within two years or so of becoming President, Mubarak had restored Egypt's shattered prestige in the Arab fraternity—an accomplishment that no one would have predicted but that may have been less difficult than it seemed, since most of the Arab states, and especially the moderates, feel a need for Egyptian leadership in regional affairs. The ordeal of Iraq—an Arab state—in the war it began with Iran, the implications of a possible Iraqi defeat, and the fundamentalist Islamic tide set in motion by Iran have made most, and possibly all, Arab governments deeply apprehensive. A strong and sensibly led Egypt is seen as a potential bulwark. “Slowly but surely, the Arabs are coming back to Egypt,” says a former American ambassador to Cairo. “Mubarak is in no hurry. He hasn't solicited their support or their acceptance of Egypt. Instead, he's responding to them.” Yasir Arafat, the nominal leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, confirmed this point by paying a visit to Cairo in late December. For Egyptians, it was a major event; their separate peace with Israel was the anvil on which Arafat had hammered out angry Palestinian positions for years. Arafat came to Cairo on his own initiative. He wasn't invited, but was encouraged to make the visit when Mubarak's people discovered that he might be willing to come on their terms. This meant that he couldn't criticize the treaty with Israel or any other aspect of Egyptian policy. It also meant that he couldn't establish a headquarters for the P.L.O. in Cairo and settle there, as he had actually tried to do—strictly on his own terms—in the summer of 1982. Mubarak's government had said no, feeling that the presence of Arafat and the P.L.O. would have a destabilizing effect on Egypt and would agitate both the Israelis and the Americans. Egyptian officials do feel, however, that they must try to bring new parties into the peace process, if only to reduce their own exposure. They don't really believe that an Israeli government would sit down at the conference table with Arafat, and their confidence in his reliability is less than it occasionally appears to be. But they think that the Israelis might at some point negotiate with an Arab delegation composed partly of Palestinians from the West Bank who were empowered to speak for Arafat's P.L.O. Such, at least, is the hope. In any case, the Arafat visit cemented the impression of Egypt's having returned to center stage. The Israelis, I was told by an Egyptian official, reacted furiously to the Arafat visit, and accused Egypt of violating the peace treaty. An Israeli diplomat in Cairo says, “We didn't protest formally, but did tell them it was contrary to the spirit of the treaty. We had legitimate fears that the event would be exploited. Fortunately, nothing bad materialized.”

Occasionally, Mubarak receives messages—sometimes through an intermediary, sometimes directly—from Syria's Assad saying, in effect, that Egypt should return to the Arab vanguard now that it is well and wisely ruled again; the only obstacle, the message suggests, is the treaty with Israel, which ought to be abrogated. This sort of thing amuses Mubarak, who tells people that the Syrians (and other hard-liners) are asking him to exchange peace for the threat of war, and simply to give up the Sinai and its oil fields and, in general, the stability and over-all sense of relief that came with an end to the confrontation with Israel. “I'd be torn limb from limb,” Mubarak said to one Western diplomat in Cairo. In Egypt, only the fringes of the left and the right favor breaking the treaty, and Mubarak has the relationship with Israel exactly where most Egyptians seem to want it. There is peace, but the popular term for it in Cairo is “cold peace.” Since the invasion of Lebanon, the political and commercial contact between the two governments has been negligible. An exception is the trade in oil from the Sinai. The Egyptians must sell it to someone, and the Israelis need it. “One-third of our oil comes from there, and we pay nearly half a billion dollars annually for it,” an Israeli diplomat says. “They, in turn, import only twenty-five million dollars annually from us.” (In 1983, the figure fell to below ten million dollars.) Just before the invasion, Israel's Minister of Commerce and Industry visited Cairo and worked out an agreement to allow Egyptian companies to function in Israel. After the invasion, the agreement was shelved by Egypt, as was a planned exchange of youth delegations. An Israeli tourist office in Cairo had been scheduled to open with a ribbon-cutting ceremony; it did open, but without the ceremony. Most of the licenses granted to Israeli firms to sell goods in Egypt aren't being renewed. And the prolonged absence of the Egyptian ambassador is a major irritant to Israel's government. Moshe Sasson, Israel's ambassador in Cairo, told me that not one Egyptian journalist had visited Israel since the invasion of Lebanon, and that the Israeli point of view wasn't heard anywhere in Cairo. He said that he didn't object to Mubarak's efforts to rebuild Egypt's position in the Arab world but that he and his government felt that these efforts were being made at Israel's expense—that the treaty with Egypt was supposed to produce normal and productive relations but hadn't. “I'll be the happiest ambassador in Cairo on the day when all Arab ambassadors return to the city, because it will be the proof of the wisdom of Egypt's policy in making peace with Israel,” he said. “I see no conflict with Egypt's reëstablishing good relations with the Arab states, provided that it has full and normal relations with Israel. But I don't like the term ‘cold peace.’ Peace isn't an illness to be measured with a thermometer. We need a climate of peace.” In March, Israel's Prime Minister, Yitzhak Shamir, accused Egypt of reneging on clauses of the treaty that call for normalization of relations.

In fact, each side accuses the other of bad faith. The Egyptians say that Israel, by having annexed East Jerusalem and gradually colonizing the West Bank, is emptying the peace process of its main agenda items. Israel's bombing of Iraq's nuclear reactor, in June of 1981, they say, occurred just three days after a meeting between Sadat and Begin, with the result that Arabs were convinced that Egypt must have known the aerial attack was coming. And Egyptians won't forgive Israel the invasion of Lebanon, which, again, deeply embarrassed them. The two governments have reached an impasse. The Israelis insist that a treaty relationship would normally be divorced from regional politics and other issues—indeed, must be divorced from them. The Egyptians won't make the separation, because to do so, they feel, would assure their isolation from the rest of the Middle East.

“Our relationship with Israel isn't an umbrella beneath which everything falls,” says Dr. Osama el-Baz, the First Under-Secretary of Egypt's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. “It covers only our relations with Israel—nothing more." Dr. el-Baz—or Osama, as he is known to diplomats everywhere—is Egypt's second most powerful figure. His formal title—the one used in his official biography—puts him in third place in the Foreign Ministry's hierarchy, but he has a second, and more important, title: Director of the Presidential Office of Political Affairs. Osama has more access to Mubarak than anyone else has, and serves as his main foreign-policy adviser (he did the same for Sadat); he is also one of a very small group from whom Mubarak accepts advice on domestic politics. There is some disagreement among diplomats in Cairo about the actual extent of Osama's influence. One of them thinks that while Osama does see more of Mubarak than anyone else he is no more than an adviser—that Mubarak listens as carefully to other advisers and then makes up his own mind. Others in the diplomatic community see Osama as an éminence grise, and one of them says, "I often think now that he is his master's voice."

Everyone agrees that Osama is exceptionally capable. He is also very frank and, by most accounts, doesn't care whom he offends. "He's the most outspoken Egyptian I've ever met," says one retired diplomat who dealt with him for a long time. The Israelis regard Osama as an especially hostile and disruptive figure; they cite his supposed aversion to the agreements reached at Camp David. They may exaggerate Osama's role in setting the policy that affects their relations with Egypt, if only because his views on the relationship are said to be fully shared by Mubarak and the other key figures in the government. As for Camp David, each of Sadat's advisers who took part was opposed to the agreements in their final form; Mohamed Ibrahim Kamel, the Foreign Minister at the time, resigned on the final day of the meetings—September 17, 1978. Still, former President Jimmy Carter, in writing about Camp David in his memoir "Keeping Faith," describes Osama as "the most militant of the Egyptians," and says, "If [he] agreed to something, the other Egyptian aides would go along . . . I could always override him, if necessary, by going directly to Sadat." But on at least one occasion Carter found himself negotiating directly with Osama, not Sadat.

A man who serves as both adviser and speechwriter can strongly influence policy. Of the people available to Sadat, Osama is said to have been the best and fastest writer in English; he wrote the historic speech that Sadat delivered to Israel's Knesset, in November of 1977. "For the toast, the arrival statement, or the basic speech, he's the best," says an American diplomat who knows him well. "On trips, he's always nearby and scribbling hurried notes that are passed on and used." Mubarak learned about the world when, as Vice-President, he was sent abroad by Sadat on numerous missions related to foreign policy. His adviser and writer on these trips was Osama; it was then that their relationship developed.

Osama, who is forty-seven, honed his gift as a writer of English during six years he spent in the nineteen-sixties at Harvard University, where he earned a degree in international law. He told me that he returns to Cambridge at least once a year to see old friends, give lectures, and take part in seminars. Osama is a small, slight, very intense man. He speaks rapidly, in a rather high-pitched voice, which resonates through a large and splendid office that he occupies on the first floor of the Foreign Ministry, a handsome Victorian building and at one time a private palace. It is the sort of room that one associates with senior French officials lodged in the elegant old houses in the Faubourg Saint-Germain that serve as government ministries. But the size and the style of Osama's room tend to be obscured by the stronger impression of high-energy business being conducted nonstop. The room conveys a sense of being an operations center, and Osama's crowded period desk is hardly noticeable as a piece of fine furniture.

Another of the government's luminaries—a colleague of Osama's at the Foreign Ministry—is Boutros Boutros Ghali, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs and a veteran diplomat. Ghali is a Copt, he is married to a Jewish woman, he is French-educated, and he is a prominent member of Cairo's élite. He, too, is widely known and has Mubarak's ear—especially on matters affecting relations with African countries and Europe. In a recent conversation in his office, I asked Ghali about the Arafat visit and the prospects for bringing him into the peace process. He seemed to think, as most others do, that Arafat was being kept on a short tether by the P.L.O.'s rejectionists. "There is what amounts to an alliance between the P.L.O. rejectionists and the Israeli rejectionists," he said. "We, the moderates on one side, have failed—haven't achieved enough—in our talks with the Israeli moderates. The alliance of moderates is no match for the alliance of rejectionists." The war in Lebanon, he suggested, was dramatic evidence of that. There is surprisingly brisk and regular contact between Egyptian officials and prominent, non-official Israelis. Most of these Israelis belong to Labor, the main party in opposition. The parliamentary elections in Israel, which will be held on July 23rd, haven't caused a suspension of these contacts, despite the risk that the Egyptians, by seeming to favor the Labor Party, will harm its chances. Governments normally avoid dabbling in the elections of other countries, since the effect of any apparent interference tends to be the opposite of what was intended. Yet Mustafa Khalil, who became Egypt's Prime Minister just after the Camp David negotiations, told me that he currently talks frequently on the telephone with Ezer Weizman, the former Israeli Defense Minister, who broke with Begin after Camp David and now leads a small opposition party. Khalil, a singularly well-respected figure in Egypt, is now the president of a large bank, and is also a member of Mubarak's inner circle. "Ezer Weizman and I talk regularly about political affairs—his and mine," he said. "In Israel, they usually avoid making an issue of foreign policy in elections, and concentrate on domestic affairs. But this time foreign policy will dominate, and by that I mean Palestine. This is because Labor can't solve the problem of three-hundred-plus-per-cent inflation, and inflation doesn't really hurt as long as the index between wages and prices is maintained and the United States takes care of Israel's deficit." Many would argue that the problem is hardly that simple. "No, the political issue is paramount. You have Labor inviting King Hussein to negotiate on the West Bank without reference to Camp David and without any other pre-conditions. Ezer Weizman goes further, and says Israel is a Middle East country and he is prepared to negotiate directly with the Palestinians. These are the issues that will dominate the election."

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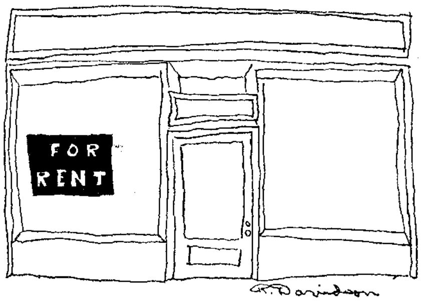
Cairo one evening, I heard sirens, and soon a procession of motorcycles and long black cars pulled up before the entrance. The visiting dignitary who entered the lobby was not a head of state but, rather, Abba Eban, who was once Israel's Foreign Minister and held other senior diplomatic jobs as well. Eban no longer has an official position, and he isn't even a force within the Labor Party. He is, however, among the most distinguished and accomplished Israelis, and the Egyptians, who know Eban well, regard him as a kindred spirit. Although he was supposed to be in Cairo to deliver a lecture, a dinner in his honor given by Ghali was only one sign that the lecture may not have been the main reason for his visit. Indeed, he may have been negotiating on behalf of the Labor Party—or, at least, conveying messages. A negotiation between the Labor Party and members of the Egyptian government has been under way, I was told by one Egyptian official. The Egyptians, he said, have been interested mainly in drawing out the Israeli Labor Party on three questions: withdrawal of forces from Lebanon; a freeze on settlements on the West Bank; and Taba—a lingering dispute over a small slice of territory in the Sinai.

I asked what kind of answers Egypt had received.

"On Lebanon, they"—the Labor people—"say the invasion was a blunder and should be rectified as soon as possible, but they haven't told us exactly what that means," he replied. "On the settlements, they say they oppose annexing the West Bank and Gaza, whatever that may mean for the settlements. And they say they are ready to move on Taba."

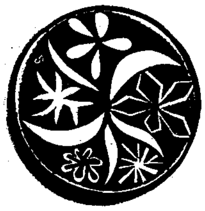
Still, a Labor victory wouldn't guarantee steps of the sort the Egyptians are pressing for. And a more senior Egyptian says, "Labor is using 'cold peace' against the Likud"—Israel's governing coalition—"by promising to make a 'hot peace.' The Labor people have said they are against the adventure in Lebanon and will withdraw Israeli troops. At least, 'withdraw' is our interpretation of what they say. And it is our interpretation that they will alter the West Bank policy. But I've told some of our diplomats that it may take us two years to discover that we don't like Labor any more than we like the Likud." Nevertheless, if Labor wins the elections Mubarak will probably return his ambassador to Israel—"within twenty-four hours," one diplomat predicts. "Boutros Ghali gives an official dinner for Abba, and the government here distrusts the Likud," says a member of the Israeli Embassy in Cairo. "And it's also true that it's sympathetic to Labor. But Egypt won't choose the next government of Israel."

ALTHOUGH Mubarak is normally surefooted, he stumbled last winter. The snag was Yasir Arafat. Mubarak and his advisers have no illusions about Arafat; they know that his only real priority is survival—his own and that of the P.L.O., or the fragments of it that remain loyal to him—and they know that his maneuverability is becoming even less than it was. (Arafat maneuvers mainly by travelling almost without pause from capital to capital in search of leverage and support. He resembles one of those figures in myth who are condemned to eternal but directionless movement.) But his visit to Cairo clouded their perspective. It seemed to mean that Egypt not only was back in the mainstream but also had acquired the key role of intermediary between King Hussein, Washington's chosen instrument for talks with Israel about the West Bank, and the other moderate Arabs, including those belonging to the P.L.O. If Arafat could be persuaded to declare formal acceptance of the state of Israel, the Americans would have no choice but to treat him as a player in the peace process—to deal with him directly, and perhaps to persuade the Israelis to do so as well. Aggressive diplomacy, in short, might produce an Arab consensus built around Arafat and blessed by the Americans. The Egyptians began pressing Arafat on formal acceptance of Israel; but they had no more success with him than the would-be peacemakers who had preceded them. In January, Mubarak's people also began exploring the idea of an official visit to Washington. They got very little encouragement; the Administration felt that, with Lebanon and the issue of what to do about the Marines who were deployed there, its hands were full.



The string of successes being chalked up then by Egyptian diplomacy probably fostered an inflated view of what might be accomplished. In any case, the Mubarak people weren't easily put off. Like other moderates in the area, they felt that time was running out; if it was at all possible, they wanted to keep the Americans from resting on their oars throughout an election year. As Mubarak set forth on a scheduled visit to four African countries, his people tried again to set up the Washington trip. This time, they succeeded; the February date was fixed. It coincided with an unofficial visit to America by King Hussein, who was to undergo tests at a hospital in Cleveland. Reagan invited him to join the talks with Mubarak, and this wasn't at all what Mubarak had had in mind. Although he and Hussein have similar views and are nominal allies, Mubarak had intended to arrive in Washington as the Egyptian who was restoring his country's place in the world and ending the isolation that Camp David and ensuing events had created; he hoped that by making an impression he would make some progress. He hadn't expected Hussein to be in the United States, still less in Washington. Although both were to have private talks with Reagan as well as a three-party meeting, Hussein's presence would inevitably dilute the effect that the Mubarak people had wished to achieve. "Hussein was the grit in Mubarak's oyster," a European diplomat commented afterward.

Mubarak, in his meetings with Reagan, Shultz, and other Administration figures, pressed the case for movement on the Palestine issue and for direct American dealings with Arafat. But Shultz and his associates—worn out from the Lebanese affair, their tempers badly frayed—wanted nothing from these meetings but exposure: the sight of Reagan sitting down with prominent and respectable Arabs at an especially bad moment for American policy in the Middle East. Mubarak got nowhere. Washington's goal, he was told, in effect, was to make Hussein the key figure of the peace process. Please do not complicate matters by trying to inject Arafat into this, he was also told. Briefly, even if Arafat were to say the magic words about Israel (and no one expected him to) and agree to negotiations on reasonable terms, there would be no role for the P.L.O. in the process. Moreover, Washington, it turned out, was to become no more than an interested bystander.



In the televised ceremony that ended the visit, Mubarak, speaking after Reagan and Hussein had briefly paid homage to the occasion, made the points that he had stressed in the private talks, including Palestinian self-determination as a natural right and as the key to “peace and security for all nations including Israel.” And then he said, “The Palestinian people are entitled to your support and understanding. There is no substitute for a direct dialogue with them through their chosen representative . . . Mr. Arafat is a responsible leader who has demonstrated tremendous courage under the most difficult circumstances. . . . No other nation can speak for the Palestinians.” The statement was written by Osama el-Baz, who almost certainly advised Mubarak to give it. The other senior Egyptians in the party—Foreign Minister Kamal Hassan Ali and Ashraf Ghorbal, the Ambassador to Washington—were as surprised by it as the Americans were. As the Administration’s angry reaction set in, the Egyptians pointed out that Mubarak’s remarks were no different from what Sadat had said in a toast at a state dinner at the White House during his last visit to Washington, in August of 1981. He, too, had stressed the need for “a dialogue with the Palestinians through their representatives” as a way to “strengthen the forces of moderation.” (Osama wrote that statement, too.) At the time, Sadat’s words irritated the Reagan people, but an American diplomat who took part in the Mubarak visit said, “Sadat could get away with that kind of thing. He could have been elected to office in this country. Mubarak just didn’t understand the difference. Also, by any standard, Mubarak is a blunt, unsubtle man.”

Hussein, who can be subtle, was blunter and certainly much harsher than Mubarak in his outburst, a month later. He attacked the United States for having “forsaken its position as a nation that stands by its word and its commitments,” for having “chosen to disqualify itself as the sole force in the area that could help us all move toward . . . peace.” More important, Hussein upset the Administration’s plans for him by ruling out negotiations with Israel any time soon. Thus, while Jordan matters less than Egypt in most ways, Hussein’s gesture hurt considerably more than Mubarak’s, and its effects will be longer-lasting. Also, Hussein, by appearing to detach himself from the peace process—for the time being, at least—upset not just the Americans but also the Egyptians, since their anointed ally, Israel’s Labor Alignment, had been citing Hussein as their interlocutor-to-be. Moreover, whereas Mubarak had tried, if unsuccessfully, to rekindle Washington’s interest in the peace process, Hussein’s outcry, it seemed to the Egyptians, gave the Reagan people another reason to stand aside.

The explanation for Hussein’s bizarre action is as interesting and as revealing as what he said. A month earlier, in what had been a very cordial meeting with Reagan, Hussein had asked two things of the Administration: to support—or, at least, abstain from voting against—a draft United Nations resolution condemning Israeli settlements on the West Bank; and to pressure Israel’s government to allow those members of the P.L.O.’s National Council who live on the West Bank (and whose travel is restricted by Israel) to leave the territory to attend the next meeting of the Council, in Algiers. The members of the Council from the West Bank are largely moderates and favor negotiation; Hussein felt that without their participation Arafat would never be able to maneuver a mandate for negotiations with Israel through the Council meeting. But in separate letters, spaced a few days apart, Reagan politely turned down both requests. The King was furious. What he had asked for, he felt, constituted the absolutely minimal pre-conditions for attaining the Administration’s elusive goal of fostering negotiations between Israel and moderate Arabs. Curiously, and rather poignantly, however, for Hussein the final indignity lay in the gesture that had been designed to mollify him and help him acquire the Stinger missiles—Reagan’s statement on Jordan’s behalf before the United Jewish Appeal. Understandably, perhaps, Administration people and State Department professionals alike felt that this unprecedented step would impress Hussein favorably, whatever else happened. It had just the opposite effect, and may actually have provoked an outburst that was probably more impulsive than calculated. On the day of the interview in the *Times*, I asked an Egyptian diplomat why he thought Hussein had done what he did.

“Certainly, being turned down on his two requests put him in a mood to do it,” the diplomat said. “But the last straw was Reagan’s humiliating him by taking his case to a Jewish lobby. It was as if Jordan could have arms only if those people approved it.” Reports seeping out of the royal palace in Amman confirmed this view.

I asked Osama el-Baz where he thought matters stood now.

“The United States is isolating itself from the moderate Arabs and limiting its credibility in the Arab world,” he said. “It is hypersensitive to advice from the Arab world. It doesn’t distinguish between advice from friends and advice from enemies. But when Arab friends criticize, it shows they are still betting on the United States, not attacking it. We are criticizing as a friend. We hope that the United States changes its attitude and starts living up to our expectations. We haven’t given up on the United States. We are upset and disappointed, but we haven’t given up altogether.”

I also asked Osama and a few other Egyptian officials to describe Syria’s strategy. The gist of their replies (which were very similar) was that Syria wants to control Lebanon’s affairs, keep both Jordan and the Palestinians in check, and be recognized by outside powers as the key player on the Arab side. According to these Egyptians, Syria relies for all this on the unwillingness of Israel’s government to take steps to induce moderate Arabs to enter the peace process. By refusing to put pressure on Israel to take these steps—freezing the settlements program and removing its forces from Lebanon are the most important ones—Washington stands accused in Cairo of helping the Syrians. And it is doubted there whether Washington can do anything to cut the Syrians back down to size: first, because that would risk a direct confrontation with their nominal protector, the Soviet Union; and, second, because for all its intransigence Syria retains the financial and political support of American allies—Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states.

The diplomats in most capitals are pessimistic. Although Washington’s influence on the peace process in the Middle East is judged essential, the Administration has left the field, feeling discouraged and defeated by all the other parties—especially the moderate Arabs, who say, with no disagreement from the diplomats, including Americans, that the Administration brought about most of the difficulties in which it finds itself. The Reagan people shrug off their problems with the Arab moderates, saying, "They have no place else to go." Admittedly, these states don't have a good alternative to their American connection. However, the volatility of public opinion in the Middle East could one day stand rational policy on its head and provoke irrational behavior. There is plenty of precedent for that kind of thing.

Hussein and Mubarak didn't help. By appealing over the Administration's head to the American public, which may not have listened, they probably did their cause more harm than good. Also, Mubarak stumbled again—in a speech on May 1st—by saying he would break relations with any government that moved its Embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. His target seemed to be the United States Congress; a great many of its members are pressing for such a move of the American Embassy there. Predictably, Mubarak's threat merely hardened their position and complicated the task of those within the Administration, including Reagan, who strongly oppose the move and wish to sustain the high level of American aid to Egypt, which Congress must vote on. Mubarak has lost some credibility within the Administration. He can easily recover that, but he and Hussein would do well to adopt a common line, coördinate their contacts with the Administration, and operate discreetly—to resist the temptation to say aloud what they think. Mubarak, the diplomats say, cannot be Sadat—not, at least, in Washington. But because he is a more widely admired figure in Egypt and the Middle East than Sadat was he could become what Sadat never was—the link between Washington and the Arab moderates.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Golds and Blues

LAST June, the New York Philharmonic, once its regular season was done, presented a seven-concert contemporary-music festival called Horizons '83, subtitled "Since 1968, a New Romanticism?" With the question mark, Jacob Druckman, the Philharmonic's composer-in-residence and the artistic director of the festival, proposed that in music there had been a swing from what he called (in a program-book essay) "the Apollonian, the Classical—logical, rational chaste, and explainable' toward "the Dionysian, the Romantic—sensual, mysterious, ecstatic, transcending the explainable." Among the works played at the festival were David Del Tredici's "All in the Golden Afternoon," Aaron Jay Kernis's "Dream of the Morning Sky," Frederic Rzewski's "Le Silence des Espaces Infinis." Composers not played were Pierre Boulez, Milton Babbitt, Iannis Xenakis, and Elliott Carter—grouped in Mr. Druckman's essay as presenting "the quintessential statement of those Apollonian ideals . . . an elevation of rationalism to unprecedented heights." That there has been "a return to Romanticism" was not really in question—a return to tonality, to the sound of the full symphony orchestra, to the symphony itself, to opera. Mahler's music fills our concert halls. Close academic study of once-scorned composers such as Donizetti, Bellini, and early Verdi flourishes and is found respectable. Modern composers are carried on the tide and help to swell it. Karlheinz Stockhausen is engaged on an opera more ambitious than "The Ring;" Peter Maxwell Davies proclaims the influence of Schumann and Sibelius on his symphonies; Charles Wuorinen proves Schoenberg's dictum that there is still plenty of good music to be written in—or at least on—C. Mr. Druckman was criticized by some both for his categorizations and for his choices. In fact, Horizons '83 presented seven concerts of uncommon interest, which stirred debate, inevitably inconclusive, on reasons for the New Romanticism and on its dangers as well as its delights. (Boulez, in an interview reported in the current *New York Review of Books*, discerns a "protective phenomenon . . . a kind of *anxiety in trying to find a refuge in old* values that are no longer relevant.") And it demonstrated the very wide diversities of matter and manner, of intent and technique, to be found in scores that could all fairly be placed within the pale.

This year, the Philharmonic gave us Horizons '84, subtitled "The New Romanticism—A Broader View." It was a ten-concert event (in nine days), and one of even greater interest. Several essays in a good program book edited by Linda Sanders, pondered the broader issues. Three concerts devoted to music in whose creation computers had played a part formed a small festival within the festival, and two concerts presented "The New Virtuosity"—in works by composer-performers who have mastered extended instrumental and vocal techniques. I'll leave consideration of them to later reviews, even though it means delaying any account of the most exciting première, Wuorinen's "Bamboula Squared," for orchestra and quadraphonic tape. I've not attended another contemporary-music festival on this scale with so few duffed or dull pieces. Admittedly, the programs were largely retrospective, reaching from Babbitt's "Correspondences," of 1966-67, toward only three large premières: works by Roger Reynolds and George Crumb, and the Wuorinen. "Where have we got to?" rather than "Where are we going to?" was the question. If there was not the excitement of a pathbreaking new piece by a Stockhausen, a Boulez, a Ligeti, there were few pigs in pokes. Only one of the composers—Diamánda Galás—was under thirty.

Plainly not by chance, those four composers named for exclusion in 1983 were this year all represented: Boulez by "Domaines," Babbitt by "Correspondences," Xenakis by "Khal Perr," and Carter by his Brass Quintet. "Today's exceptions," Mr. Druckman wrote in the program book, "are often as worthy of attention as that music which moves with the tide," and "this year we can take a broader view and include some of those other musics which are in no way romantic but which are also strong and vital." Stronger, more vital, worthier of attention, many listeners may have felt; three, at least, of the four pieces dominated the programs in which they were played, and "Correspondences" might have done so, too, had it been interpreted and executed with the verve and brilliance that Babbitt's music always calls for. The Carter was played by the American Brass Quintet, for whom it was written, ten years ago. Three of the players have changed since then, but the ensemble's performance becomes ever more lyrical, confident, and nuanced. And it is hard to think of a definition of "romantic" that must exclude this character-filled, vivid dialogue. In Avery Fisher Hall (where all the concerts were held), the big solo calls and the full, solemn, swelling chordal passages rang out bravely, while the fleet, scurrying, whispered episodes were excellently audible. In fact, Fisher Hall, so often found unsatisfactory as a home for nineteenth-century Romantic music, lent itself admirably to bright modern music for small forces and to works meant to be heard partly or wholly through loudspeakers.

The program including the Carter Quintet was completed by four orchestral pieces, played by the Philharmonic, conducted by Leonard Slatkin. Christopher Rouse's "The Infernal Machine" (1981) is a five-minute trifle for large orchestra which is going the rounds as a piece of modern music making few demands on listeners' intelligence or patience. The title is from Cocteau, but there is nothing Oedipal about the program. The work is, in its composer's accurate description (my italics), "a brief orchestral showpiece inspired by the vision of a great self-sufficient machine eternally in motion *to no particular purpose*." It's cleverly scored. The St. Louis Symphony, conducted by Mr. Slatkin, gave the New York première in March, in Carnegie Hall. I thought it ingenious but empty both then and at this second hearing, yet would defend its inclusion on the Horizons bill, if only as an example of what our more conservative conductors are choosing to play. There followed Robert Beaser's "The Seven Deadly Sins," a song cycle composed in 1979 for baritone and piano, here receiving its première in a recension where the baritone (Jan Opalach) was drowned by an accompaniment for full orchestra. I've twice admired "The Seven Deadly Sins" in its piano-accompanied version; the orchestra obscures its trenchant, witty setting of Anthony Hecht epigrams. Next, there was Thea Musgrave's "Peripeteia" (1981), a capable, modestly adventurous composition, which needs more carefully balanced and more colorful execution than it received. The concert ended with Donald Erb's "Prismatic Variations" (1983), a harmless, agreeable work, made entertaining by the presence of about a hundred extra players (here the Bergen Youth Orchestra) scattered through the audience and blowing harmonicas, delicately tinging on telephone bells, ringing glasses, or blowing across the tops of soda-pop bottles. Mr. Slatkin prefaced the performance with a demonstration of these effects; the last of them gave forth an ethereal, dovelike sound, reminiscent of the twelve ocarinas in Penderecki's "And Jacob Awaked."

The Babbitt and Xenakis works appeared in computer-music programs. The Boulez ended an evening of mainly French music, conducted by Gilbert Amy, which began with Betsy Jolas's elegantly terse "Quatre Plages" (1968), for string orchestra—not a beach piece, but with *plage* signifying "a portion of time occupied by a specific type of sound-structure." Amy's own "Shin'anim Sha'ananim," or "Angels of the Throne" (1979), which was played by Speculum Musicae, is a glowing, ecstatic composition. For years, Boulez has spoken of reworking "Domaines" (1968)—limpid stichomythia between a peripatetic clarinettist and small groups of players seated on points of a circle around him—in a more elaborate way. "I shall integrate the soloist with the group in front of which he is playing. . . . The structure is too simple. . . . What is needed is a more complex structure, and above all more ensemble work." The result should be enthralling. But there is something very satisfying in the lucidity of the familiar "Domaines," with its "geographical representation of what happens in the score." Stanley Drucker was the accomplished protagonist.

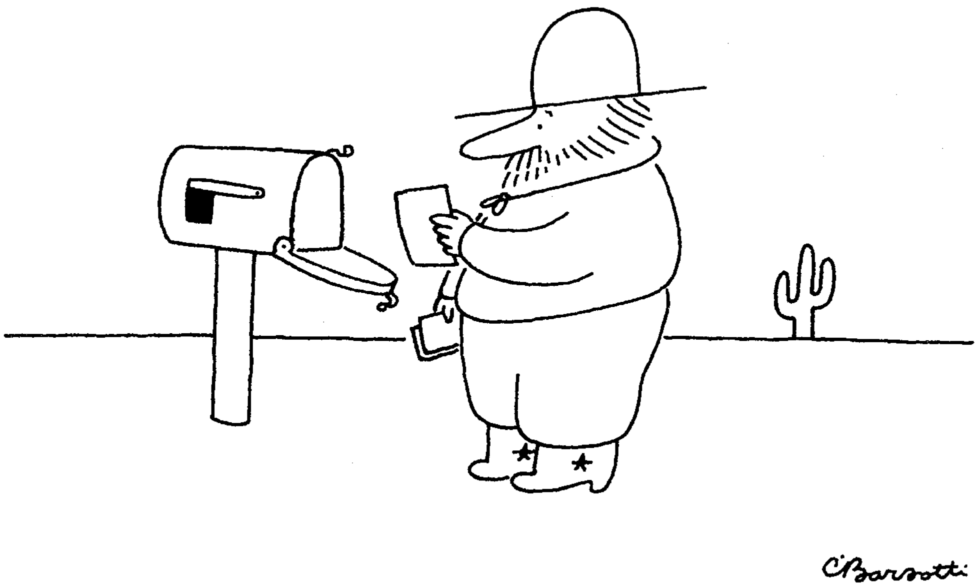
THE festival opened, aptly, with Henze's "Tristan" (1973), in its American première. Henze has ever been a romantic. As Paul Griffiths puts it in the program book:

> When, in the middle 1950s, Stockhausen was working on "Gruppen" and Boulez on "Le Marteau sans Maître," Henze was writing opera, ballets, and symphonic pieces. For him, the only change brought about by the new climate of the 1970s was a change in status. Instead of being regarded as an outsider, he became a rallying point for young composers, particularly in Germany, and this coincided with the change in his political outlook, his resolve to march with his younger colleagues on the road to socialism.

"Tristan," commissioned by the London Symphony Orchestra, is a long (nearly forty-five-minute) six-movement composition for piano, electronic tapes, and large orchestra. It grew from Henze's dreams, his nightmares, his mourning political (for Salvador Allende, for Chile) and personal (for his librettists W. H. Auden and Ingeborg Bachmann, who both died while he was engaged on the fifth movement); from adventures with strange new sounds discovered and collected in Peter Zinovieff's electronic studio; from memories; from citations direct or oblique, newly scored or electronically transformed, of Wagner's "Tristan," the old Florentine "Lamento di Tristano," Brahms' First Symphony, Chopin's Funeral March. The first movement opens with the exposition of a twelve-note row, "tenderly," on the piano—a slow melody lapped in chromatic harmonies—and ends on a long, soft chord of A minor. Into the chord there steals a quaint, sweet twangling—the "Lamento" played on Renaissance instruments, tape-transformed. The fifth movement is a set of three alarming dances, "tormenting, reeling hallucinations and grotesques" (I quote from a vivid essay Henze wrote about the piece), silenced at last by "a scream of death—no longer simply that of Isolde or Tristan, but of the whole suffering world—which seems to burst the bounds of concert music." In the finale, a boy's voice (an echo of Stockhausen's "Gesang der Jünglinge"?) reads two moving sentences telling of the death of Yseult, from the "Tristan" of the twelfth-century poet Thomas, in A. T. Hatto's English translation, while a heartbeat thuds on the tape and the strings play the start of Wagner's third act. Then

> bells ring out, as if from Venice's many towers, and from the tape there sounds, like a chaconne, swelling and waning, electronic transformations of this ancient music, glittering like the sea on an autumn evening when the golds and blues so often evoked by Trakl are shining and red maple leaves float on the canals. In this light, in these sounds, in the lamenting and the silences, all that has accompanied the composition comes together: places and people, the Klagenfurt cemetery, the Santiago football stadium, the deaths and the manners of death which have impoverished mankind. . . .
>
> A black gondola appears, comes from the portal of the Vendramin Palace, bearing a veiled woman and the coffin that accompanies her; Tadzio disappears over the horizon. . . . Buffets of wind greet me. Dust and yellow maple leaves blow across the Campo, and a flock of grey pigeons flutters toward me as if bringing further fearful news.

In its richness of allusion, in its multiplicity of techniques, in its tonal episodes, in its use of orchestra, of tape music, and of soloist, and in its programmatic content, "Tristan" brought together much of what was separately explored during the suc-



"You've been selected to appear in the forthcoming edition of 'Who's Who on the Lone Prairie.'"

ceeding days. It was well played, with the Philharmonic under the composer's baton and Emanuel Ax as the pianist—if not quite as securely as it is on the Deutsche Grammophon recording. A second performance would have formed a fitting, culminating close to the festival.

Henze has from the start—when, after the war, he emerged as a prodigiously accomplished young composer with Schoenbergian and Stravinskian techniques at his fingertips and something of his own to say—been an absorber: heedless of fashionable fame (like Romain Rolland's Jean-Christophe, he fled the "music marketplace" to pursue his own visions) but quick to discern what might be valuable, eloquent, and pertinent to his own purposes on the waves thrown up by the busy fifties, sixties, and seventies. Boulez, in that interview, talks with not unjustified scorn of fashion—"the 'stereophonic' year, the 'chance' year, the 'formless' year, the 'novel tone colors' year." He might have added the "total serialization" year, the "peripatetic players" year. But during those years Boulez himself made waves, testing notions of, especially, total serialization and determinate choice to what might have proved their breaking point had the compositions in which he embodied them not been so strong, so logical, and so musically rewarding. And in most of those years discoveries were made that composers have continued to profit by, as Henze does. Where Boulez can say, "The phenomenon of our heritage is no longer important to me," Henze brings the past and an ever-expanding present together. Penderecki, whose First Symphony (1973) completed the first Horizons concert, has been a man of mode, applying vanguard manners to big themes (the Passion and the Resurrection of Christ, Auschwitz, "Paradise Lost") in a way that has impressed the public. The symphony was commissioned by Perkins Engines, a British diesel manufacturer, and was played for its workers, in Peterborough Cathedral, by the L.S.O. They may have been diverted by hearing factory noises so skillfully imitated and organized. At a talk before the concert, Penderecki said he no longer composed music in this manner, because orchestras hated playing it. Yet the Philharmonic's performance, under the composer's baton, seemed efficient enough.

AT the penultimate concert, Oliver Knussen's one-act fantasy opera "Where the Wild Things Are" (1979-83) had its American première. It was the only Horizons event conducted by Zubin Mehta (who the day before had been conducting Covent Garden's new production of "Aida"). The opera is based on Maurice Sendak's story-and-picture book of the same title (1963), whose hero, Max, seems to be as familiar to children today as Alice, Winnie-the-Pooh, Peter Rabbit, and Mrs. Tittlemouse were in my nursery. Sendak wrote the libretto. The opera, incomplete at its Brussels première in 1980 and at a London concert performance in 1982, was staged with considerable success at London's National Theatre earlier this year, in a Glyndebourne production directed by Frank Corsaro, designed by Sendak, and played by the London Sinfonietta, under the composer's baton. The book's lack of morality bothers me somewhat. Max behaves very badly—in a way to recall an Auden-Britten petition in the closing litany of their "Paul Bunyan," for deliverance from "children brought up to believe in self-expression"—and is sent to bed without his supper. But instead of being punished he is rewarded with an exciting adventure, and supper waits for him at the end of it. The opera, however, adds a touch missing in the book (and Mr. Corsaro's production underlined it): during a wild rumpus, one of the Wild Things "literally loses its head in the chaos," and Max realizes that bad behavior may be not merely uncouth but also destructive and unkind. And so, like the Child in the Colette-Ravel opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," which underlies "The Wild Things," he "earns" his reward. Nevertheless, I remain uneasy about the implicit allegory of a white boy's being innately superior to lesser breeds without the Law and about his ability, Mowgli-like, to subdue wild creatures by looking them straight in the eye.

The Philharmonic performance was high-spirited but coarse-grained. The voices were rudely overamplified, and the orchestral playing had none of the delicacy and shimmer and fine, sensitive phrasing that the Sinfonietta brought to the piece. In fact, if I'd not heard (on tape) and seen (on videotape) the Glyndebourne production—with the same delightful Max, Karen Beardsley—I'd be wondering why "The Wild Things" has been so much praised.

Another British music-theatre piece, Harrison Birtwistle's "Down by the Greenwood Side" (1969), had its New York première at the final concert. This is a grimmer drama, its central figure being the Cruel Mother of the old ballad (played by Susan Belling) who plunges a penknife both long and sharp into the hearts of her two unwanted babes. Like "The Wild Things," it suffered from the lack of dramatic presentation, from unnatural amplification of the voices, and from being played in a hall far too large for it.

The Knussen was preceded by Crumb's "A Haunted Landscape," conducted by Arthur Weisberg—a Philharmonic commission. This is eighteen minutes of exquisite mood music; perhaps one should say "moods music," for the composer in his program note talks of the "tiny, subtle nuances of emotion and sensibility" induced by contemplation of landscapes that history has made numinous; he instances Jerusalem, Delphi, and West Virginia woods where "one senses the ghosts of the vanished Indians." It's a mysterious, transcendental emotion (Boulez might grow impatient with it) that lends itself to music; passages of "The Ring," Holst's "Egdon Heath," Tippett's "The Midsummer Marriage" come to mind. Crumb's score, laid out over an unchanging *ppp* low B-flat pedal on two double-basses, is a thing of rustlings, tappings, tickings, fine-spun hazy chords, pulsings, sudden chirrups, exclamations or solemn proclamations from brasses or winds. In one passage, three clarinets seem to wheel overhead like birds of augury.

—ANDREW PORTER

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune*]

"HELEN KELLER—The Miracle Continues" is a well-intentioned but superficial TV special examining the famous author's life in depth.

BOOKS

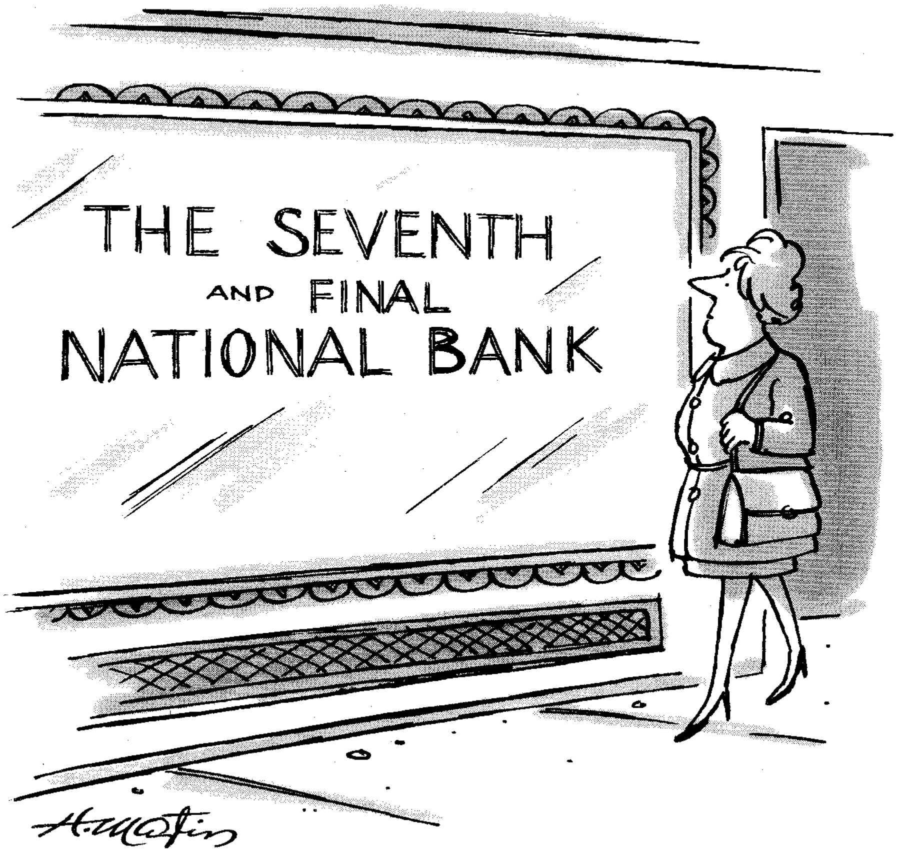
What It Was Really Like

WILLIAM L. SHIRER'S "The Nightmare Years: 1930-1940" (Little, Brown; $22.50) creates a sense of realism; to borrow from the vocabulary of high fidelity, it has presence. The recollections of an American foreign correspondent in Nazi Germany, this is the second volume in Mr. Shirer's autobiographical series "20th Century Journey: A Memoir of a Life and the Times." It opens in Bombay, where he had been sent by the Chicago *Tribune*, and takes us to settings as diverse as Kabul, Ur, Tighina on the Dniester, and Vienna, where in 1932 he learned about the Depression at first hand—he was fired. Thence to Spain, London, and Paris, and a job on the Paris *Herald*. The Depression had turned that cheerful city sullen, and an assortment of Fascist movements ran wild in the streets. On the night of February 6, 1934, they converged in an attack on the Chamber of Deputies. Mr. Shirer describes the two-day battle that, for the time being, saved the Third Republic, and adds as a historical note that it was "the bloodiest encounter in the streets of Paris since the Commune of 1871."

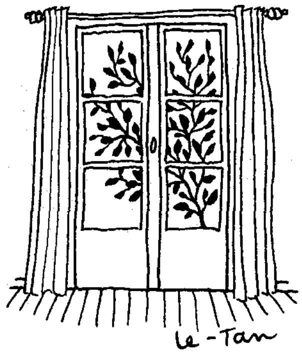
Mr. Shirer finds a perfect balance between self and selflessness: we grasp his steady viewpoint as his lively curiosity works on the world around him. He never seems hasty or compressed, but he needs fewer than twenty pages to bring us Afghanistan in 1930, a mountainous kingdom torn between ruin and modernization, barbarism and intimations of civility—elephant races, hanged rebels, furious mullahs, trigger-happy tribesmen, and a clutch of intriguing diplomats. Travelling with him, we appreciate why nothing he had seen of rambunctious Afghans or street-fighting French prepared him for the shock of reporting the Nazi rally at Nuremberg in the fall of 1934. He was dumbfounded by the German people's joy in their self-strangulation, the frenzy with which they responded to Hitler, the exaltation with which they cheered the martial parades and pageants, and their delight at losing their individuality in vast, hysterical hordes. He gives us both the sight and the sound of Hitler's oratory in 1934. (He found Hitler's speeches banal, nasty, and often "ridiculous.") As the tale continues, he notes changes of mood or style. He compares Hitler with other orators he heard and public personages he met; the greatest contrast—no surprise—is with Gandhi.

Mr. Shirer recalls that "Hitler, wherever he went, [was] always surrounded by a pack of men in brown uniforms, a good many of whom looked like gangsters . . . There was rarely anyone in civilian clothes." When Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazis' dim-witted racial theorist, gave a series of small, informal parties to introduce foreign correspondents to Germany's new rulers, Mr. Shirer discovered that the Nazi bigwigs were a collection of ne'er-do-wells, vulgarians, deviants, bullies, and crooks. Göring, the most attractive of them, was dealing in stolen art, and tried to involve Mr. Shirer in the black market. Theft permeated Nazism—Mr. Shirer recalls a German official stealing tobacco and S.S. men stealing the Rothschilds' silver. (I suspect that a factor in the acceptance of riffraff rulers was—and is—bad-conscience populism: the product of guilt and inexperience which induces a cosseted youngster to idolize the town drunk under the impression that the fellow is a "real" worker or peasant. It is a sentimental reversal of the old-time Tory's confusion between "the mob" and "the people," and quite as harmful.)

In 1937, Edward R. Murrow, CBS's chief European correspondent, hired Mr. Shirer as the network's second man in Europe. The story of a new medium now joins that of Nazism, and their interaction provides a fascinating sidelight on history. In 1937, the network's radio correspondents did not gather and broadcast news; they arranged for programs, performers, and shortwave transmitters, and Shirer remembers that his first months on the job were devoted largely to rounding up children's choruses for a series called "Columbia's American School of the Air." The Nazis' takeover of Austria changed CBS's concept of overseas staff. On March 12, 1938, Mr. Shirer flew from Vienna to London and broadcast an eyewitness account of the Anschluss—"the first time CBS had ever allowed one of its own staff to go on the air and report the news first-hand." This innovation was immediately followed by another: Murrow and Mr. Shirer agreed to arrange a news roundup from European capitals—an unprecedented task, which they



undertook with no idea how they could achieve it. And then—overnight, it appears—their novelties became routine. Mr. Shirer makes us aware of the continuing technical problems of shortwave radio reporting in the thirties, but American audiences simply took rapid—or immediate—news transmission as their due. He helped supply it from Rome, Berlin, Prague, Munich, Danzig, Warsaw—all those way stations to the Second World War—and his memoir conveys the agony of not knowing what to hope for. By the time of the Munich agreement, his judgment told him that only war would stop Hitler, yet he could not welcome war.



Neither could the German people. After the string of international promises that Hitler had broken with impunity, they may have expected another cheap success in the summer of 1939. Mr. Shirer recalls the apathy—the trancelike resignation or, perhaps, indifference—of Berliners on the day war came. Even the Reichstag, whose sole function by 1939 was to cheer Hitler, was curiously unenthusiastic. The author also recalls his own fearful isolation in wartime Berlin, which was blacked out both literally and figuratively: he had no news from abroad except what the Nazis chose to tell. He remembers getting used to darkness and shortages but not to "the continual announcements of executions"—"Every day . . . the newspapers announced a few beheadings: for listening to the BBC, for 'endangering the defensive power of the German people,' and so on."

As a war correspondent and a citizen of a neutral nation, Mr. Shirer tried to report impartially from the German side of the blitzkrieg of 1940; he followed the German Sixth Army through Belgium and France, and tells us that he believed it was invincible. He had no inkling that its formidable, high-spirited soldiers could be defeated as they were at Stalingrad, in 1942-43. However, he did begin to doubt Germany's ultimate victory, as a result of a junket the Nazis laid on in August of 1940 to persuade American correspondents that a German invasion of England was imminent: the Germans showed the Americans armadas taking off in what were at the time the largest air assaults in history, but Mr. Shirer noted that the bomber formations returned depleted; an American naval attaché in Berlin had explained to him what amphibious-landing preparations would look like, and thus he could recognize that a flotilla the Germans displayed was a sham. He sat out British bombings of the German-held Channel ports, and noticed that the Germans were building coastal defenses in France. When he realized that the Nazis counted on deceiving the journalists so that their reports would bluff the British, he declined to broadcast any report of this trip. But the Germans went on trying to use neutral reporters. In Berlin, to maintain their pretense that British air raids on the city were negligible, they took away Mr. Shirer's standard microphone and gave him a device that he had to hold to his lips, so that it could not pick up the sound of bombs exploding outside the studio. Then he learned that the Nazis were planning to frame him as a spy, and in December of 1940 he left Germany. He returned in 1945 to the ruins of Berlin; he last saw the surviving Nazi leaders, no longer strutting or stealing, seated in the dock at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials that year.

Mr. Shirer's closing pages express perplexity and awe at the destruction that Nazism brought about. These are the emotions of a victim rather than a victor, and reflect the fact that we were all defeated by Nazism, whose concentrated savagery left us, the heirs of European civilization, with ineradicable self-doubt. The bodies dangling in Kabul might repel a Westerner; the announcements of beheadings in German newspapers called into question the West's entire heritage. Mr. Shirer's vigorous freshness does not soothe our unease. He tells us how everything looked (the barrenness of the Khyber Pass, the lushness of Normandy) and sounded (the drone of bombers, the thud of artillery), and he contrives to convey tumult, conflict, and confusion in sentences that remain lucid. He does not argue, he illustrates—for example, in discussing the anti-human passion that drove Nazism to harry and debase those quintessentially human activities art and religion. His involvement with the evolution of broadcasting reminds us how often our century's inventions have been used against us: the Nazis used radio to spread lies efficiently. His portraits of individuals convey a feeling for quality across a very wide range, from an enchanting guitarist, Andrés Segovia, to an obsessed traitor, his fellow-broadcaster Lord Haw-Haw.

Mr. Shirer does not editorialize, but as a newsgatherer in a place where propaganda was more readily available than news he cannot help emphasizing what the Nazis did to journalism. Since they wished all their usurpations to appear welcome, he had to find many stories at secret meetings with informants. He recalls intermittently abandoning such trysts, because so many of his sources were arrested. It was difficult to report the truth without displeasing the Nazis, and the Nazis expelled correspondents who displeased them. Year by year, the atmosphere within the country grew more claustrophobic and paranoid. Time after time, Mr. Shirer left Germany on an assignment and returned to read headlines screaming non-events: "German-Austria Saved from Chaos;" "Extortion, Plundering, Shooting—Czech Terror in Sudeten German Land Grows Worse from Day to Day;" "Czech Soldiers Attack German Reich;" and on to "Warsaw Threatens Bombardment of Danzig" and "Complete Chaos in Poland—German Families Flee." Sealed off from alternative sources of information, the Germans had no sure way of knowing that their government and their soldiers were the attackers.

Some Americans—unfortunately, some in government—forget that freedom of the press and freedom of information and expression are not frills or electives or accessories; they are not privileges bestowed but rights essential to the working and the preservation of modern political democracy. Mr. Shirer has produced an exceptionally powerful argument for these freedoms: in his prose, we live through what happens without them. —Naomi Bliven

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"Maryland knows Walter Mondale, and it knows him well. That's why his support is so broad and so deep, and that's why he's going to win," said Senator Paul S. Sarbanes (D, Maryland), chairman of the Mondale campaign in the state. Mr. Mondale has been campaigning for the former vice president as vigorously as if he, himself, were running.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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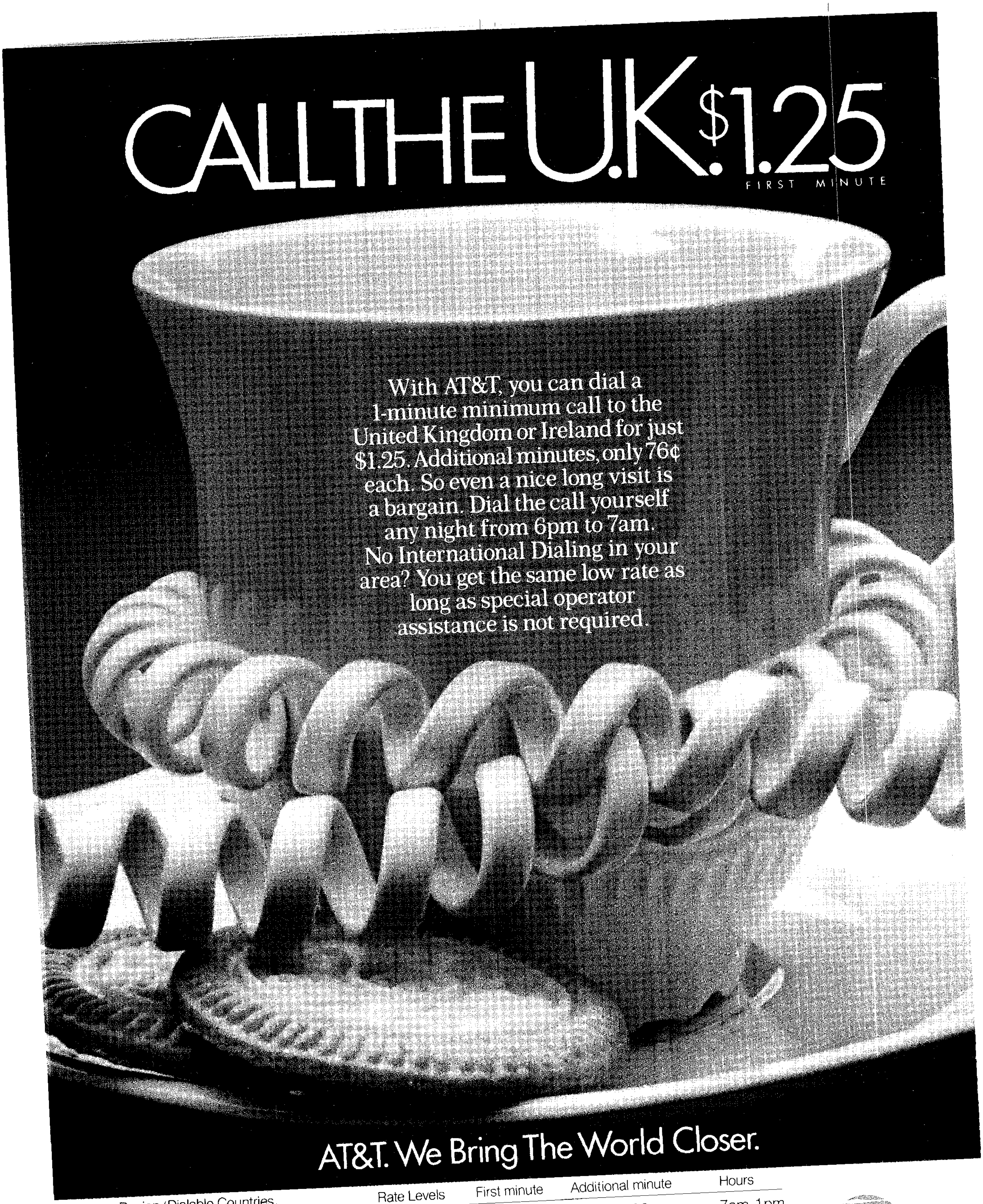

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